

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

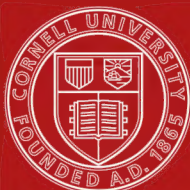


BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 088 424 407



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://archive.org/details/cu31924088424407>

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
IT WAS NOT HE BUT SHE WHO BECAME EMBARRASSED	
(p. 217)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?"	48
SHE COMPLETELY LOST HER COMPOSURE	329

THE HARVESTER'S BREAKFAST	25
"TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY"	457

ANNA KARÉNIN

1873-1876

Parts I. and II.

ANNA KARÉNIN

“Vengeance is mine, I will repay.”

PART THE FIRST

I.

ALL happy families resemble each other; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was mixed in the house of the Oblónskis. The wife had found out that her husband had a liaison with the French governess, who had been living in their house, and informed her husband that she could not live with him. / This situation had lasted for more than two days, and was felt painfully by husband and wife, by all the members of the family, and by the housefolk. All the members of the family and the housefolk felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that people who met accidentally in a tavern were more closely connected than they, the members of the family and the housefolk of the Oblónskis. The wife had not left her rooms, and it was now the third day that Oblónski had kept away from the house. The children ran everywhere as though at a loss what to do; the Englishwoman had had a quarrel with the stewardess, and had written a note

to a friend of her's asking her to find her a new place; the cook had left the evening before, during dinner; the scullion and the coachman asked to be paid off.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepán Arkádevich Oblónski, — Stíva as he was called in society, — awoke at the usual hour, that is at eight o'clock, not in his wife's sleeping-room, but in his cabinet, on a saffron divan. He turned his plump, well-fed body on the springs of the divan, as though intending to fall asleep again for a long time, and on the other side firmly embraced a pillow and pressed his cheek against it; but suddenly he sprang up, sat down on the divan, and opened his eyes.

"Yes, yes, how was it?" he thought, trying to recall a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes. Alábin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but in something American. Yes, Darmstadt was somewhere in America. Yes, Alábin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, — and the tables sang '*Il mio tesoro*,' no, not '*Il mio tesoro*,' but something better, and there were some little decanters, who were women, too," he kept recalling.

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes sparkled merrily, and he felt to musing, and smiled. "Yes, it was nice, very nice. There were many fine things there, such as you can't mention in words, and can't express by thoughts, while awake." And, noticing a strip of light which beat side-wise through one of the cloth blinds, he merrily threw his feet down from the divan, found, by means of his feet, the gold-saffron slippers which his wife had embroidered for him (a present for his last year's birthday), and, without rising, in accordance with an old habit of nine years' standing, stretched forth his hand to the place where, in his sleeping-room, his morning-gown used to hang. He then suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife's chamber, but in his cabinet, and he recalled the reason why; the smile left his face and he knit his brow.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he grunted, as he recalled all that had happened. And before his imagination again rose all the details of his quarrel with his wife, the whole hopelessness of his situation, and, most painfully of all, his own guilt.

"Yes! She will not forgive, and she cannot. And what is most terrible of all is that I am the cause of it; I am the cause of it, but I am not guilty. That is where the whole tragedy lies," he thought. "Oh, oh, oh!" he kept muttering in despair, as he recalled the most painful impressions from that quarrel.

Most unpleasant to him was that first minute when, returning from the theatre, happy and satisfied with himself, with an enormous pear for his wife in his hand, he had not found her in the drawing-room, or, to his surprise, in his cabinet, but had finally discovered her in the sleeping-room with the unfortunate note, which had disclosed everything, in her hand.

She, that eternally busy and bustling Dolly, whom he had always regarded as short-sighted, was sitting motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair, and anger.

"What is this? This?" she asked, pointing to the note.

And, in this recollection, as is often the case, Stepán Arkádevich was tormented not so much by the event itself as by the answer he gave to these words of his wife.

At that moment there happened to him what happens to people when they are suddenly accused of something disgraceful. He had not had time to prepare his face for the attitude which he took up before his wife after the discovery of his guilt. Instead of feeling offended, denying, justifying himself, asking forgiveness, even remaining indifferent, — anything would have been better than what he did, — his face quite involuntarily ("cerebral reflexes," thought Stepán Arkádevich, who was fond of physiology),

quite involuntarily smiled a habitual, kindly, and, therefore, stupid smile.

This stupid smile he was unable to forgive himself. When Dolly saw it, she shuddered as from a physical pain, burst, with her customary vehemence, into a torrent of cruel words, and ran out of the room. Since then she had not wished to see her husband.

"That stupid smile was the cause of everything," thought Stepán Arkádevich.

"But what is to be done? What is to be done?" he said to himself, in despair, without finding an answer.

II.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH was a man who was upright toward himself. He could not deceive himself and assure himself that he repented his deed. He could not repent the fact that he, a handsome, passionate man of thirty-four years of age, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children, who was but one year younger than he. What he regretted was that he had not concealed his act better from her. But he felt the whole gravity of his situation, and he was sorry for his wife, his children, and himself. Maybe he would have been able to conceal his sins better from her if he had suspected that the news would affect her so. He had never given the question any serious consideration, but he had dimly imagined that his wife had been suspecting that he was not true to her, and that she connived at it. It even seemed to him that she, an exhausted, aged, no longer pretty woman, a simple and in no way remarkable, though good mother of a family, ought to be condescending to him from a feeling of justice. It had turned out to be the opposite.

"Oh, it is terrible! Ugh, ugh, ugh! Terrible!" Stepán Arkádevich kept repeating, without being able to find a way out. "How nice it all was before! How well we lived together! She was satisfied, happy with her children; I did not interfere with her and allowed her to do with the children and with the house what she pleased. Of course, it is not nice that *she* had been a governess in

our house. It is not nice! There is something trivial and base in courting your governess. But what a governess!" (He vividly recalled Mlle. Roland's black, roguish eyes, and her smile.) "But so long as she was in our house, I did not take any liberties with her. And worst of all is that she is already — And all that as though on purpose! Oh, oh, oh! What, what shall I do?"

There was no answer, except that general one which life gives to all complicated and insoluble questions. It was this: It is necessary to live with the demands of the day, that is, to forget oneself. It was impossible to forget himself in sleep, at least, not until night; he could not return to the music which the decanter women gave forth; consequently he had to forget himself in the sleep of life.

"We shall see later," Stepán Arkádevich said to himself. He rose, put on a gray morning-gown, lined with blue silk, knotted the tasselled cord, and, expanding his broad pectoral cavity in a long breath, with habitual, brisk steps of his out-toeing feet, which so lightly carried his plump body, walked over to the window, raised the shade, and gave a loud ring of the bell. In response to this, there entered at once his old friend, valet Matvyéy, carrying his clothes and boots, and a telegram. Soon after Matvyéy entered a barber with his shaving utensils.

"Have the papers come from the court?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, taking the telegram, and sitting down at the mirror.

"They are on the table," replied Matvyéy. He looked interrogatively, with sympathy, at his master, and after a little while added, with a sly smile: "The liveryman has sent a man."

Stepán Arkádevich made no reply, and only looked at Matvyéy in the mirror; from their glances, which met in the looking-glass, it could be seen how well they under-

stood each other. Stepán Arkádevich's glance seemed to ask: "Why do you say this? Don't you know?"

Matvyéy put his hands into the pockets of his jacket, put forth one foot, and, silently, good-naturedly, and with a barely perceptible smile, looked at his master.

"I told him to come two Sundays from now, and not to bother you or himself in vain until then," he uttered an obviously prepared phrase.

Stepán Arkádevich saw that Matvyéy wanted to jest and to attract attention. He tore open the telegram and read it, completing the meaning of the ever incoherent words of a despatch, and his face lighted up.

"Matvyéy, sister Anna Arkádevna will be here tomorrow," he said, arresting for a moment the glossy, chubby hand of the barber who was cleaning up the swath between the long, curly side-whiskers.

"Thank God," said Matvyéy, intimating by this answer that he understood, as well as the master, the meaning of that visit, that is, that Anna Arkádevna, Stepán Arkádevich's favourite sister, might help in patching up a peace between husband and wife.

"Does she come alone, or with her husband?" asked Matvyéy. Stepán Arkádevich could not talk because the barber was busy with his upper lip, and so he raised one finger. Matvyéy nodded to the mirror.

"Alone. Shall we fix up-stairs?"

"Report to Dárya Aleksándrovna, and do as she orders."

"To Dárya Aleksándrovna?" Matvyéy repeated, as though in doubt.

"Yes, do. And take the telegram, and let me know what she says!"

"You want to try," was what Matvyéy understood, but he only said: "Yes, sir."

Stepán Arkádevich was already washed and had his hair combed, when Matvyéy, stepping slowly in his creak-

ing boots, and carrying the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. The barber was gone.

"Dárya Aleksándrovna sends word that she is going to leave. 'Let him,' that is you, 'do as he pleases,'" he said, laughing with his eyes only. Putting his hands in his pockets and inclining his head to one side, he stared at his master.

Stepán Arkádevich kept silence. Then a kindly and somewhat pitiful smile appeared on his handsome face.

"Ah? Matvyéy?" he said, shaking his head.

"All right, sir, it is coming on," said Matvyéy.

"Is it coming on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think so? Who is there?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, hearing outside the door the rustling of a woman's dress.

"It is I," was heard the firm, agreeable voice of a woman, and through the door was thrust the stern, pockmarked face of Matréna Filímonovna, the nurse.

"Well, Matréna?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, going up to her at the door.

Though Stepán Arkádevich was as guilty as he could be toward his wife, and himself was conscious of it, nearly everybody in the house, even the nurse, Dárya Aleksándrovna's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well?" he said, gloomily.

"Go, sir, and beg her pardon. Maybe God will be merciful. She suffers so much, — it is a pity to look at her, and everything in the house is going topsyturvy. You ought to pity the children, sir. Beg her pardon, sir! What is to be done? He who likes to coast must drag up the sled."

"But she will not receive me —"

"Do what you can! God is merciful. Pray to God, sir! Pray to God!"

"All right, go!" said Stepán Arkádevich, suddenly

blushing. "Let me get dressed," he turned to Matvyéy, with determination flinging down his morning-gown.

Matvyéy, blowing off something invisible, was holding the arched shirt, with which he in evident pleasure clad the well-fed body of his master.

III.

HAVING dressed himself, Stepán Arkádevich sprinkled perfume over himself, straightened out his shirt-sleeves, with a habitual motion arranged in his pockets the cigarettes, the pocket-book, the matches, and the watch with its double chain and charm, and, shaking out his handkerchief, and feeling himself clean, perfumed, healthy, and physically happy, in spite of his misfortune, went, slightly jerking with both legs, into the dining-room, where his coffee was waiting for him, and where lay, by his coffee, letters and papers from the court.

He read the letters. One was a very disagreeable one, — from a merchant who was buying timber from his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell it; but now, before he and his wife made up, there could be no question of it. The worst of the matter was that the financial interest entered into the present affair of his reconciliation with his wife. The thought that this interest might influence him, that he would try to be reconciled for the sake of that timber sale, was offensive to him.

Having finished his letters, Stepán Arkádevich moved up the papers from the court, rapidly turned over the leaves of two cases, made a few remarks on them with a large pencil, and, pushing the papers aside, betook himself to his coffee: while drinking it, he unfolded the still damp morning paper and began to read it.

Stepán Arkádevich subscribed to a liberal paper, — not of the extreme, but of the tendency to which the majority belonged. And although neither science, nor

art, nor politics especially interested him, he firmly held to those opinions on all these subjects which the majority and his gazette professed, and changed them only when the majority changed them, or, to be more correct, — he did not change them, but they themselves changed in him imperceptibly.

Stepán Arkádevich chose neither direction nor views, but these directions and views came to him of their own accord, just as he did not choose the shape of his hat or coat, but took those that everybody wore. For him, living as he was in a certain society, with the need of some mental activity, which generally is developed at maturity, it was as necessary to have views as it was to have a hat. If there ~~was~~ a reason why he preferred the liberal tendency to the conservative, to which many of his circle belonged, it was not due to his finding the liberal tendency more sensible, but because it more nearly fitted in with his mode of life. The liberal party said that in Russia everything was bad, and, indeed, Stepán Arkádevich had many debts, while there was a definite want of money. The liberal party said that marriage was an obsolete institution and that it was necessary to reconstruct it, and, indeed, his domestic life gave him little pleasure and compelled him to lie and pretend, which was so contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather implied, that religion was only a check for the barbarous part of the population, and, indeed, he could not endure even a short divine service without a pain in his legs, and could not comprehend what those terrible and turgid words about the world to come were for, when he was happy enough in this.

At the same time, Stepán Arkádevich, who was fond of a merry joke, now and then took pleasure in baffling some inoffensive man by telling him that, if a man is to take any pride at all in his genealogy, there was no sense in stopping at Rúrik and rejecting the first ancestor, the ape.

Thus the liberal tendency became his habit, and he was fond of his gazette, as of a cigar after dinner, for the light mist which it raised in his head.

He read the leader, in which was explained how perfectly foolish the present-day wail was that radicalism was threatening to swallow all the conservative elements, and that the government was obliged to take measures for crushing the revolutionary hydra, that, on the contrary, "in our opinion, the danger lies not in the imaginary revolutionary hydra, but in the stubbornness of traditionalism, which trigs progress," and so forth. He read also another article, a financial one, in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned, and pins were stuck into the ministry. With his characteristic quickness of perception, he comprehended the meaning of each pin : by whom and at whom and for what purpose it was directed, and this, as always, afforded him a certain amount of pleasure. But on that day his pleasure was poisoned by his recollection of Matréná Filímonovna's advices, and because everything in the house was going wrong. He also read that Count Beist, it was rumoured, had gone to Wiesbaden, and that there was no longer any gray hair, and about the sale of a light vehicle, and about the proposition made by a young person ; but these bits of information did not afford him such ironical enjoyment as on former occasions.

Having finished his newspaper, a second cup of coffee, and a white loaf with butter, he got up, brushed off the crumbs from his waistcoat, and, adjusting his clothes over his broad chest, gave a merry smile, not because there was anything particularly agreeable in his soul, — the good digestion had evoked that happy smile.

But this happy smile at once reminded him of everything, and he fell to musing.

Two childish voices (Stepán Arkádevich recognized them as those of Grísha, the youngest boy, and of Tányá,

the eldest daughter) were heard behind the door. They had been dragging something, which they dropped.

"I told you that you couldn't put passengers on the roof!" the girl cried, in English. "Pick them up now!"

"Everything is topsyturvy," thought Stepán Arkádevich, "and the children are running about by themselves." And he walked over to the door and called them. They threw away a box, which represented a train, and went up to their father.

The girl, her father's favourite, ran in boldly, embraced him, and, laughing, hung on his neck, enjoying, as always, the familiar odour of perfume which his side-whiskers emitted. Kissing him finally on his face, which was flushed from the inclined attitude, and beaming with tenderness, the girl unlocked her arms and wanted to run back; but her father retained her.

"How is mamma?" he asked, caressing his daughter's smooth, tender neck. "Good morning," he said, smiling at the boy, who was greeting him.

He was conscious of loving this boy less, and always tried to be impartial; but the boy felt it and did not reply with a smile to his father's cold smile.

"Mamma? She is up," replied the girl.

Stepán Arkádevich heaved a sigh.

"It means another night that she has not slept," he thought.

"Is she happy?"

The girl knew that her parents had quarrelled, and that her mother could not be happy, and that her father ought to have known it, and that he only pretended when he asked so lightly about it. And she blushed for her father. He comprehended it at once, and also blushed.

"I do not know," she said. "She told us not to study, but to take a walk to grandmother's with Miss Hull."

"You may go, my dear little Tánia. Oh, wait!" he said, still holding her back and patting her tender hand.

He took down from the mantel a candy-box, which he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces of candy, selecting her favourite chocolate and cream.

"For Grísha?" said the girl, pointing to the chocolate candy.

"Yes, yes." And again patting her little shoulder, he kissed her at the roots of her hair and on the neck, and dismissed her.

"The carriage is ready," said Matvyéy. "A lady petitioner is waiting," he added.

"How long has she been here?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"About half an hour."

"How many times have I told you to announce them at once?"

"I had to let you at least finish your coffee," said Matvyéy, in a coarse, friendly tone, at which it was impossible to get angry.

"Well, bring her in at once," said Oblónski, knitting his brow from annoyance.

The petitioner, Staff-Captain Kalínin's wife, asked for something impossible and senseless; but Stepán Arkádevich, as was his wont, made her sit down, attentively, without interrupting her, listened to what she had to say, and gave her detailed advice about whom to address and how to do it, and even briskly and neatly wrote for her, in his large, broad, beautiful, legible hand, a note to a person that might be useful to her. Having dismissed her, Stepán Arkádevich took his hat and stopped to consider whether he had not forgotten something. He found that he had forgotten nothing except what he wanted to forget, — his wife.

"Oh, yes!" he lowered his head, and his handsome face assumed a melancholy expression. "To go, or not to go?" he said to himself. And an internal voice told him that he must not go; that there could be nothing but

hypocrisy; that it was impossible to correct and mend their relations, because it was impossible to make her again attractive and love-inspiring, or to make himself an old man incapable of love. Nothing could come of it now but hypocrisy and lying; and hypocrisy and lying were contrary to his nature.

"However, it will have to be sometime; it certainly cannot remain as it is," he said, trying to brace himself. He straightened himself up, drew out a cigarette, lighted it, took two puffs, threw it away into a mother-of-pearl ash-tray, with rapid steps crossed the drawing-room, and opened another door into his wife's sleeping-room.

IV.

DÁRYA ALEKSÁNDROVNA, in a sack and with her now thin, once thick and beautiful, braids pinned up on the back of her head, with a drawn, lean face and large, frightened eyes bulging out from her emaciated face, was standing amidst things scattered in the room, in front of an open chiffonière, from which she was choosing something. When she heard her husband's footsteps, she stopped, looking at the door, and vainly trying to give her face a stern, contemptuous expression. She felt that she was afraid of him and of the present meeting.

She was trying to do that which she had endeavoured to do ten times those three days: to pick out her things and those of her children, in order to take them to her mother,—and again she could not make up her mind to do it; even now, as on the former occasions, she said to herself that it could not remain so, that she must undertake something, punish, disgrace him, have him suffer at least a small part of the pain which he had caused her. She still kept saying to herself that she would leave him, but she felt that it was impossible; it was impossible because she could not give up regarding him as her husband and loving him. Besides, she felt that if she barely managed to look after five children here in the house, they would be much worse off there where she intended to go with all of them. As it was, her youngest boy had grown ill in the last three days because he had not got the right kind of a soup, and the rest had hardly had a dinner the day before. She felt that it was

impossible to leave; but she kept deceiving herself, and continued to pick out things, pretending that she was going away.

Upon seeing her husband, she dropped her hands in the drawer of the chiffonière, as though looking for something, and glanced around at him only when he had come quite close to her. But her face, to which she wanted to give a stern and determined expression, expressed discomfiture and suffering.

"Dolly!" he said, in a soft, timid voice. He drew his head into his shoulders and wanted to have a pitiable, humble look, but he none the less beamed with freshness and health. With a rapid glance she surveyed from head to foot his whole figure, which beamed with freshness and health. "Yes, he is happy and satisfied!" she thought. "And I?— And that disgusting kindness of his, for which all love and praise him: I hate that kindness," she thought. Her mouth was set, and the facial muscle on the right side of her pale, nervous face began to quiver.

"What do you wish?" she said, in a rapid, strange chest tone.

"Dolly!" he repeated, with a tremble in his voice, "Anna will be here to-day."

"What is that to me? I cannot receive her!" she exclaimed.

"But we ought to, Dolly —"

"Go, go, go," she shouted, without looking at him, as though this cry had been provoked by physical pain.

Stepán Arkádevich could be calm, thinking of his wife, could hope that everything was "coming on," according to Matvyéy's expression, and could quietly read the newspaper and drink coffee; but when he saw her emaciated, suffering face, heard that tone of voice, submissive to fate and despairing, he gasped for breath, a lump rose in his throat, and his eyes sparkled with tears.

"O Lord, what have I done? Dolly! For God's sake!

— If — ” He could not continue: the sobs stopped in his throat.

She slammed the chiffonière to and looked at him.

“ Dolly, what can I say ? — Only this: forgive me ! — Remember, cannot nine years of life atone for minutes, minutes — ”

She lowered her eyes and listened; waiting to hear what he had to say, as though imploring him in some way to change her belief.

“ Minutes of infatuation — ! ” he muttered, and wanted to proceed, but at this word her lips were again compressed, as though from physical pain, and again the muscle leaped on the right side of her face.

“ Go away, go away from here ! ” she cried, more piercingly still, “ and don’t talk to me about your infatuations and about your abominations ! ”

She wanted to go away, but tottered and took hold of the back of a chair to steady herself. Her face expanded; her lips puffed up; her eyes were filled with tears.

“ Dolly ! ” he muttered, sobbing. “ For God’s sake think of the children ! They are not to blame ! I am to blame, so punish me and make me expiate my guilt ! I am prepared to do all I can ! I am guilty, — there are no words strong enough to say how guilty I am. But, Dolly, forgive me ! ”

She sat down. He heard her hard, loud breathing, and he was inexpressibly sorry for her. She was several times on the point of speaking, but could not do so. He waited.

“ Thou thinkest of the children, to play with them, but I know that they are now lost,” she said, apparently repeating one of the phrases which she had been saying to herself more than once in the last three days.

She had employed “ thou ” to him, and he looked at her gratefully, and made a move to take her hand, but she stepped aside in detestation.

"I remember the children, and so shall do everything in the world to save them; but I do not know myself how to save them: whether by taking them away from their father, or by leaving them with their lewd father, — yes, with their lewd father — Tell me, after what was happened — can we live together? Is it possible to do so? Tell me, is it possible?" she repeated, raising her voice. "After my husband, the father of my children, has entered into a love relation with their governess —"

"What shall I do? What?" he said, in a pitiful voice, himself not knowing what he was saying, and bending his head lower and lower.

"I detest you, I loathe you!" she shouted, getting more and more excited. "Your tears are water! You have never loved me; you have no heart! You are not noble! I detest you, I despise you! You are a stranger to me, yes, a complete stranger!" She pronounced in pain and malice the word "stranger" which to her sounded so terrible.

He looked at her, and the malice which was expressed in her face frightened and surprised him. He did not understand that it was his pity for her which so irritated her. She saw his pity for her, but not love. "No, she hates me. She will not forgive me," he thought.

"It is terrible! Terrible!" he muttered.

Just then a child began to cry in another room, having evidently fallen down; Dárya Aleksándrovna listened, and her face was suddenly softened.

It apparently took her several seconds to regain her senses, as though she did not know where she was and what she ought to do; then she rose quickly and moved toward the door.

"She does love my child," he thought, observing the change of her face at the cry of the child, "*my* child; how, then, can she hate me?"

"Dolly, one word more," he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the people, the children! Let all know that you are a scoundrel! I shall leave to-day, and you can stay here with your paramour!"

And she left, slamming the door.

Stepán Arkádevich drew a sigh, wiped his face, and with soft steps left the room. "Matvyéy says, 'It is coming on'; but how? I do not see even the possibility. Oh, oh, how terrible! And how trivial her cry was!" he said to himself, recalling her cry and the words "scoundrel" and "paramour." "Maybe the girls have heard her! Terribly trivial, terribly!"

Stepán Arkádevich stood alone several seconds, dried his eyes, sighed, and, expanding his breast, left the room.

It was a Friday, and a German clock-maker was winding up the clock in the dining-room. Stepán recalled his joke about this accurate bald-headed clock-maker, which was that "the German himself was wound up for a lifetime, in order to wind up clocks," and he smiled. Stepán Arkádevich was fond of a good joke. "And maybe it is coming on! *Coming on* is a good little word," he thought. "I must tell it!"

"Matvyéy!" he called. "Fix everything with Márya in the sofa-room for Anna Arkádevna," he said to Matvyéy, who had made his appearance.

"Yes, sir."

Stepán Arkádevich put on his fur coat, and went out on the porch.

"Will you dine at home?" asked Matvyéy, who was seeing him out.

"It depends. Here, take this for what may be needed," he said, handing him ten roubles from his pocketbook. "Will it be enough?"

"Whether enough, or not, I shall have to manage, I suppose," said Matvyéy, slamming the carriage door to, and stepping back on the porch.

In the meantime Dárya Aleksándrovna, having quieted

the child, and judging from the sound of the carriage that he had left, again returned to the sleeping-room. That was her only retreat from domestic cares, which assailed her the moment she came out of it. Even now, in the short time during which she had stepped into the nursery, the English governess and Matréná Filímonovna had managed to address a number of questions to her, which suffered no delay, and to which she alone could reply: "What were the children to put on for the walk? Were they to get milk? Had they not better send for another cook?"

"Oh, let me alone, let me alone!" she said, and, after returning to the sleeping-room, she sat down in the same place from which she had been speaking with her husband, clinching her emaciated hands with the rings that slipped down her bony fingers, and began in imagination to review the whole past conversation.

"He has gone! I wonder how he finished up with *her*," she thought. "Is it possible he sees her still? Why did I not ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. Even if we remain living in one house, we are strangers! For ever strangers!" she again repeated that word which to her was so terrible. "How I loved him, O God, how I did love him! — How I loved him! And do I not love him now? Do I not love him more than ever? What is most terrible is —" she began, but did not finish her thought because Matréná Filímonovna thrust her head through the door.

"Will you not order me to send for my brother?" she said. "We will get some kind of a dinner ready; for yesterday the children had nothing to eat until six."

"All right, I will be out in a minute to attend to it. Have you sent for fresh milk?"

And Dárya Aleksándrovna buried herself in the cares of the day, and for awhile drowned her sorrow in them.

V.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH had studied well at school, thanks to his good ability, but had been lazy and mischievous, and so graduated way down the list; but, in spite of his sporting life, inconsiderable rank, and youthful age, he occupied an honourable, lucrative post of chief in one of the Moscow courts. This place he had obtained through the husband of his sister Anna, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich Karénin, who held one of the most prominent posts in the ministry to which the court belonged; and if Karénin had not got this appointment for his brother-in-law, a hundred other persons, brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts would have procured for Stíva Oblónski this place, or another similar position, with something like six thousand roubles salary, which he needed because his affairs, in spite of his wife's considerable fortune, were in a bad shape.

Half of Moscow and of St. Petersburg were Stepán Arkádevich's relatives or friends. He was born in the midst of those people who were or became the mighty of this world. One-third of the statesmen, the old men, had been his father's friends, and had known him in his baby shirts; another third were on an intimate footing with him, speaking "thou" to him, and the remainder were good friends of his; consequently, the distributors of the earthly benefits, in the shape of posts, tenures, concessions, and the like, were all his friends and could not overlook one of their own; and so Oblónski did not have to put forth any special effort in order to get a profitable place; all he had to do was not to refuse, not to be envious, nor

quarrel, nor be offended, which he, with his characteristic kindness of heart, never did. It would have seemed ridiculous to him if any one had told him that he would not get a position with such a salary as he needed, the more so since he did not demand anything extraordinary; all he wanted was what his comrades received, and he could attend to such duties as well as anybody.

Stepán Arkádevich was not only loved by all who knew him, for his kindly, cheerful manner and undoubted honesty; but in him, in his handsome, bright appearance, sparkling eyes, black brows and hair, whiteness and glow of face, there was something which affected people who met him with a physical sensation of friendliness and mirth. "Aha! Stíva! Oblónski! There he is!" people nearly always said, with a joyful smile, when they met him. Even though it should have happened that after a conversation with him it turned out that nothing joyful had occurred, — on the next day all again met him with the same expressions of joy.

This was the third year that he had occupied the post of chief in one of the courts of Moscow, and during that time he had gained not only the love, but also the respect of his associates, subordinates, and superiors, and of everybody who had anything to do with him. His chief qualities, which had won him universal respect in his service, consisted, in the first place, in an extraordinary indulgence to people, which was based on the consciousness of his own faults; in the second place, in his absolute liberalism, not the liberalism which he had fished out from newspapers, but that which was in his blood, and on account of which he treated all men, no matter what their condition or calling might be, with absolute equality; and, in the third, and most important, place, in a complete indifference to the business to which he attended, so that he was never carried away and never made any mistakes.

Upon arriving at his place of service, Stepán Arkádevich went to his small cabinet, accompanied by a respectful porter with a portfolio, put on his uniform, and entered the courtroom. The scribes and serving-men all rose, greeting him merrily and respectfully. Stepán Arkádevich passed as hurriedly as ever to his seat, pressed the hands of the members, and sat down. He jested and talked precisely as much as was proper, and proceeded to business. No one knew better than Stepán Arkádevich how to find the exact limit of freedom, simplicity, and official bearing which was necessary for the pleasant transaction of business. The secretary, like all the rest in Stepán Arkádevich's court, merrily and respectfully came up with some documents, and said, in that familiar and liberal tone which had been introduced by Stepán Arkádevich:

"We have at last managed to get some information from the Government office of Pénza. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

"And you have it at last?" said Stepán Arkádevich, putting the paper in the document. "Well, gentlemen —" And the session began.

"And you knew," he thought, inclining his head with a significant look, while listening to the report, "what a guilty boy their chairman was but half an hour ago!" And his eyes laughed at the reading of the report. The work was to last uninterruptedly until two o'clock, when there was to be a recess and a breakfast.

It was not yet two o'clock when the large glass door of the court-hall was suddenly opened, and somebody entered. All the members, below the emperor's portrait and back of the mirror of justice, looked at the door, glad to have a distraction; but the janitor, who was standing at the entrance, immediately drove the intruder out, and closed the glass door after him.

When the case was read, Stepán Arkádevich got up

and stretched himself, and, paying his due to the liberalism of the time, drew a cigarette out of his pocket in the courtroom, and went to his cabinet. Two of his associates, Nikítin, who had become old in the service, and Page of the Chamber Grinéwich came out with him.

"We shall have time enough to finish it after breakfast," said Stepán Arkádevich.

"I should say so," said Nikítin.

"That Fomín must be a fine rascal," said Grinéwich about one of the persons in the case which they were examining.

Stepán Arkádevich frowned at Grinéwich's words, thus intimating that it was not proper to form a judgment in advance, and made no reply to him.

"Who was it that came in?" he asked the janitor.

"A fellow came without asking, your Excellency, the moment I turned away. He wanted to see you. I told him that when the members came out —"

"Where is he?"

"He must have gone out into the vestibule, for he has been walking up and down here. That man there," said the janitor, pointing to a strongly built, broad-shouldered man, with a curly beard, who, without taking off his sheep-fur cap, was swiftly and lightly running up the worn steps of the stone staircase. A lean official, with a portfolio, who was descending, stopped and disapprovingly looked at the feet of him who was running, and then glanced interrogatively at Oblónski.

Stepán Arkádevich was standing at the head of the staircase. His good-natured, beaming face, which protruded from the embroidered collar of his uniform, shone more brightly still when he recognized the man who was running up the stairs.

"That's it! Levín, at last!" he said, with a friendly, derisive smile, surveying Levín, who was coming up toward him. "So thou didst not mind looking me up in my

lair!" said Stepán Arkádevich, not satisfied with a pressure of the hand, and kissing his friend. "How long hast thou been here?"

"I have just arrived, and I wanted very much to see thee," replied Levín, timidly and at the same time angrily and restlessly looking about him.

"Come to my cabinet," said Stepán Arkádevich, who knew the egoistic and grim timidity of his friend. Taking hold of his arm, he drew him along, as though leading him past dangerous places.

Stepán Arkádevich was on "thou" terms with nearly all of his acquaintances: with old men of sixty years of age, with boys of twenty, with actors, with ministers, with merchants, and with adjutants-general, so that many of those who were on "thou" terms with him were on the two extreme points of the social ladder, and would have been very much surprised if they had found out that they had something in common through Oblónski. He spoke "thou" to everybody with whom he drank champagne, and he drank champagne with everybody, and so, if, in the presence of his subordinates, he met some of his *shameful* "thous," as he, jestingly, called many of his friends, he, with characteristic tact, knew how to minimize the unpleasantness of this impression for his subordinates. Levín was not a shameful "thou," but Oblónski with his tact felt that Levín thought that he, perhaps, did not wish to show his familiarity with him in the presence of the subordinates, and so Oblónski hastened to take him to his cabinet.

Levín was almost of the same age as Oblónski, and their "thou" relations were not due to drinking champagne alone. Levín was the companion and friend of his first youth. They loved each other, in spite of the difference of their characters and tastes, as two friends love each other who have become intimate in their first youth. And yet, in spite of it, as often happens with people who

have chosen different fields of action, each of them justifying the other's activity, in his heart detested it. It seemed to each of them that the life which he himself was leading was the only real life, and that the one which his friend was leading was merely an apparition. Oblónski could not withhold a light derisive smile at the sight of Levín. This was by no means the first time Stepán Arkádevich saw him coming to Moscow from the country, where he was doing something, but what it really was Stepán Arkádevich never could well make out, nor was he interested to know. Levín always arrived in Moscow agitated, nervous, a little oppressed and irritated by this oppressive feeling, and generally with an entirely new, unexpected view of things. Stepán Arkádevich laughed at this and loved it. Even so Levín in his innermost soul despised the city life of his friend, and his service, which he regarded as trifling, and he made fun of it all. But there was this difference, that Oblónski, doing what everybody was doing, laughed self-confidently and good-naturedly, while Levín laughed diffidently and sometimes angrily.

"We have been waiting for you for a long time," said Stepán Arkádevich, as he entered the cabinet and let go Levín's arm, as though to indicate that the danger was past here. "Very, very glad to see you," he continued. "Well, how are you? When did you get here?"

Levín kept silence, glancing at the unfamiliar faces of Oblónski's associates, and especially at the hand of elegant Grinéwich, with such long, white fingers, such long, yellow nails bent at the end, and such enormous shining cuff-buttons, that these hands apparently absorbed his whole attention and did not give him any freedom of thought. Oblónski noticed this and smiled.

"Oh, yes, let me make you acquainted," he said. "My associates: Filípp Iványch Nikítin, Mikhaíl Stanislávich

Grinéwich," and, turning to Levín, "a new man of the County Council, a gymnast, who can raise two hundred pounds with one hand, a cattle-raiser and hunter, and my friend, Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín, a brother of Sergyéy Iványch Koznyshév."

"Happy to know you," said the old man.

"I have the honour of knowing your brother, Sergyéy Iványch," said Grinéwich, offering him his thin hand with the long nails.

Levín frowned, coldly pressed the hand, and immediately turned to Oblónski. Though he had great respect for his half-brother of the same mother, the well-known author, he could not bear being addressed, not as Konstantín Levín, but as the brother of the famous Koznyshév.

"No, I am no longer interested in the County Council. I have quarrelled with everybody, and I no longer attend the assemblies," he said, turning to Oblónski.

"So suddenly!" Oblónski said, with a smile. "But how? Why?"

"It's a long story. I will tell you some day," he said, but immediately began to tell it to him. "Well, to be brief, I convinced myself that there is no such a thing as County Council activity, and that there can be none," he said, as though some one had offended him. "On the one hand, it is a toy, — they play parliament, — and I am not sufficiently young, nor sufficiently old, to waste my time with toys; on the other hand" (he hemmed), "it is a means for the county coterie to make money. In former days there used to be guardianships and courts, and now it is the County Council, not in the shape of bribes, but in the shape of unearned salaries," he spoke vehemently, as though one of the men present were disputing his opinion.

"Oho! I see, you are again in a new phase, in the conservative," said Stepán Arkádevich. "However, we shall speak later of it."

"Yes, later; but I wanted to see you," said Levín, looking hatefully at Grinévich's hand.

Stepán Arkádevich gave a scarcely perceptible smile.

"I thought you said that you would never again put on European clothes?" he said, examining his new suit, which was evidently made by a French tailor. "Yes, I see, it is a new phase."

Levín suddenly blushed, not as grown persons blush, — lightly, without noticing it themselves, — but as boys blush, — feeling that they are ridiculous in their bashfulness, and consequently feeling more ashamed, and blushing more, almost to tears. It was so strange to see this intelligent, manly face in such a boyish state that Oblónski quit looking at him.

"But where shall we see each other? I have something very, very important to talk to you about," said Levín.

Oblónski seemed to be reflecting.

"Listen! We shall drive to Gúrin's for breakfast, and there we shall have a chat. I am at liberty until three."

"No," replied Levín, after a moment's thought, "I have to make a few calls yet."

"All right, then we shall dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing special, — only a couple of words, something to ask, and then to chat."

"Then tell me the couple of words now, and at dinner we shall chat."

"It's like this," said Levín, "however, it's nothing special."

His face suddenly assumed an evil expression, due to his effort to overcome his bashfulness.

"What are the Shcherbátskis doing? As ever?" he asked.

Stepán Arkádevich, who had known for a long time that Levín was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty, gave

a scarcely perceptible smile, and his eyes had a merry sparkle.

"You said 'a couple of words,' but I cannot answer you in a couple of words because — Excuse me for a minute —"

There entered the secretary. With a respectful familiarity and a certain modest consciousness of his superiority over his chief in the knowledge of his business, which is common to all secretaries, he walked over to Oblónski, to whom, under the guise of a question, he began to explain a certain difficulty. Stepán Arkádevich, without listening to all he had to say, graciously put his hand on the secretary's sleeve.

"No, you do as I told you," he said, softening the remark with a smile; and, giving him a brief explanation of how he understood the affair, he pushed aside the papers and said: "Do it like that, if you please, Zakhár Nikítch."

The embarrassed secretary withdrew. Levín, who during the consultation with the secretary had completely regained his composure, stood leaning with both his arms on a chair, and on his countenance there was an expression of derisive attention.

"I don't understand it, I don't," he said.

"What do you not understand?" Oblónski said, also smiling a merry smile, and taking out a cigarette. He was expecting some strange act from Levín.

"I do not understand what you are doing," said Levín, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you do it so seriously?"

"Why?"

"Because there is nothing to do."

"You think so, but we are overwhelmed with work."

"Paper work. Well, yes, you have a gift for it," added Levín.

"That is, you think that I have a lack of something?"

"Perhaps so," said Levín. "Still, I admire your greatness, and I am proud to have such a great man for my friend. But you have not answered my question," he added, with a desperate effort looking straight into Oblónski's eyes.

"All right, all right. Wait awhile and you will come to it. It is well so long as you have three thousand desyatínas in Karázin County, and such muscles, and such freshness, as in a girl of twelve years, — but you will come to it yet. About what you asked me, — there is no change, but what a pity you have not been here for so long a time!"

"Why?" Levín asked, in fright.

"Nothing," replied Oblónski. "We shall talk of it. What did you really come for?"

"Oh, we shall talk of it later," said Levín, again blushing to his ears.

"All right. So it is agreed?" said Stepán Arkádevich. "You see, I would invite you to the house, but my wife is not at all well. Say, if you want to see them, they will certainly be this afternoon, between four and five, in the Zoological Garden. Kitty is going to skate there. Go there, and I will come for you, and we will drive somewhere to dinner."

"Very well. Good-bye, then!"

"Remember! I know you, — you will forget yet, or suddenly you will return to the country!" Stepán Arkádevich called out to him, laughing.

"No, I will, sure."

And, recalling that he had forgotten to greet Oblónski's associates, when he was already at the door, Levín left the room.

"He is, no doubt, a very energetic gentleman," said Grinévich, after Levín had left.

"Yes, my friend," said Stepán Arkádevich, shaking his head. "What a lucky fellow! Three thousand desya-

tínas in Karázin County, everything ahead, and how much freshness! Not like you or me!"

"What have you to complain about, Stepán Arkádevich?"

"It is bad, miserable," said Stepán Arkádevich, heaving a deep sigh.

VI.

WHEN Oblónski had asked Levín what he had really come for, Levín had blushed and become angry at himself for having blushed, because he could not have answered him, "I have come to propose to your sister-in-law," though that was the only reason why he had made the journey.

The houses of the Levíns and the Shcherbátskis were old, noble Moscow houses, which had always been in close, friendly relations. This intimacy had become strengthened during Levín's student days. He had prepared himself with the young Prince Shcherbátski for the university and had entered it together with him. Prince Shcherbátski was the brother of Dolly and of Kitty. At that time Levín frequently called at the house of the Shcherbátskis, and fell in love with that house. However strange it may appear, Konstantín Levín was in love with the house as a whole, with the family, especially with the feminine part of it. Levín himself did not remember his mother, and his only sister was older than he, so that in the house of the Shcherbátskis he for the first time saw that *milieu* of an old, cultured, honourable aristocratic family, of which he had been deprived by the death of his parents. All the members of this family, especially the feminine part of it, appeared to him as though covered with a mysterious, poetical curtain, and he not only failed to see any defects in them, but behind that poetical curtain, which veiled them, he assumed the most exalted sentiments and all possible perfections.

Why the three young ladies had to speak French and English on alternate days ; why they, at stated hours, one after another played the piano, the sounds of which could be heard up-stairs in their brother's room where the students studied together ; why, at stated hours, there came teachers of French literature, of music, of drawing, of dancing ; why, at stated hours, all three young ladies with Mlle. Linon drove in a carriage to the Tver Boulevard, wearing their velvet fur coats, — Dolly's coat being long, Natalie's half-long, Kitty's entirely short, so that her well-shaped legs in tightly fitting red stockings were plainly visible ; why they had to walk on the boulevard, accompanied by a lackey with a gold cockade on his hat ; all that and many more things which took place in their mysterious world he did not understand, but he knew that everything which was doing there was beautiful, and he was in love with the very mysteriousness of everything which occurred there.

During his student life he came very near falling in love with the eldest, Dolly, but she was soon married to Oblónski. Then he began to fall in love with the second. He seemed to feel that he had to fall in love with one of the sisters but could not make out which one in particular. But Natalie married the diplomat Lvov, the moment she made her appearance in society. Kitty was a mere child when he left the university. Young Shcherbátski entered the navy and was drowned in the Baltic Sea, and Levín's relations with the Shcherbátskis, in spite of his friendship with Oblónski, became less frequent. But when, this last year, Levín in the beginning of winter arrived in Moscow, after a year in the country, and saw the Shcherbátskis, he comprehended with which of the three he was really fated to fall in love.

One would think that nothing could have been simpler than for him, a man of good family, rather wealthy than otherwise, thirty-two years of age, to have proposed to

Princess Shcherbátski, — in all probability he would have been at once regarded as a suitable match. But Levín was in love, and so it seemed to him that Kitty was such perfection in every respect, such a transcendental being, and he himself such an earthly, humble creature, that there could not even be a possibility that others, and she herself, should consider him at all worthy of her.

Having passed two months in Moscow as if in a state of intoxication, nearly every day seeing Kitty in society, whither he began to go in order to see her, he suddenly decided that it could not be, and left for the country.

Levín's conviction that it could not be was based on the fact that in the eyes of her relatives he was a disadvantageous, unworthy match for charming Kitty, and that Kitty herself could not love him. To the thinking of her relatives he had no definite, habitual activity and position in the world, while his companions were, at his age of thirty-two, one a colonel and aid-de-camp, another a professor, or a director of a bank and of railways, or a chairman of a court, as Oblónski; but he (he knew full well how he must appear to others) was a landed proprietor who was interested in the breeding of cows, shooting of snipes, and building of structures, that is, he was a fellow without any talent, who had not turned out to be anything, and who, in the opinion of society, was doing precisely what worthless men did.

Mysterious, charming Kitty herself could not love such a homely man as he thought himself to be, and, above everything else, such a simple, insignificant man. Besides, his former relations to Kitty — those of an adult to a child, on account of his friendship for her brother — seemed to him a new obstacle in his love. An unattractive, good fellow, such as he regarded himself to be, might be loved like a friend, he thought, but to be loved by that love, which he himself felt for Kitty, one had to be handsome and, above all, a distinguished man,

He had frequently heard it said that women loved homely, simple men, but he did not believe it, because he judged from himself, and he could love only handsome, mysterious, distinguished women.

But, after staying two months in the country, he convinced himself that it was not one of those infatuations which he had experienced in his first youth; that this feeling did not give him a moment of rest; that he could not live without solving the question whether she would be his wife, or not; that his despair was only due to his imagination, and that he had no proofs that he would be refused. And so he now came to Moscow with the firm resolution of proposing and marrying, if he should be accepted. Or—he could not think of what would become of him if he should be refused.

VII.

HAVING arrived in Moscow on the morning train, Levín stopped at the house of his elder half-brother, on his mother's side, Koznyshév. He dressed himself and entered the cabinet, intending to tell his brother at once why he had come, and to ask his advice; but he was not alone. In the cabinet was sitting a famous professor of philosophy, who had arrived from Khárkov for the explicit purpose of clearing up a misunderstanding which had arisen between them on an important philosophical question.

The professor had been fiercely attacking the materialists, and Sergyéy Koznyshév had been following the controversy with interest and, having read the professor's last article, had given him his objections in a letter: he had accused the professor of making too great concessions to the materialists. And so the professor at once came to see him, in order to arrive at some understanding. The question under discussion was one which was then in vogue: Is there a line of demarcation between psychic and physiological phenomena in human activity, and where is it?

Sergyéy Ivánovich received his brother with his habitual kindly, cold smile. Having introduced him to the professor, he continued his discussion.

The little man in spectacles, with a narrow brow, for a moment tore himself away from the conversation, in order to exchange greetings, and again continued his dispute, without paying any attention to Levín. Levín sat down

in the hope that the professor would leave soon, but before long himself became interested in the subject under discussion.

Levín had in periodicals come across the articles of which they were talking, and, having studied the natural sciences at the university, had read them with interest as being the evolution of the familiar foundations of the natural sciences, but had never connected these scientific deductions about the origin of man as an animal, about reflexes, about biology and sociology, with those questions about the meaning of life and death for himself, which of late had been troubling him more and more.

As he listened to his brother's conversation with the professor, he noticed that they combined the scientific questions with questions of the heart, several times closely approached the latter, but each time, the moment they touched on that which to him seemed to be of prime importance, immediately hurried away from it, and again lost themselves in the sphere of minute subdivisions, reservations, quotations, hints, and references to authorities, so that he had difficulty in following them.

"I cannot admit," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, with his customary clearness and precision of expression and elegance of diction, "I cannot under any condition agree with Keys that my whole conception of the external world springs from the impressions. The very fundamental concept of existence is not acquired by me through sensation, for there does not even exist a special organ for the transmission of that concept."

"Yes; but they, Wurst, and Knaust, and Pripásov, will answer you that your consciousness of existence springs from the totality of all sensations, that this consciousness of existence is the result of sensations. Wurst even says directly that, as soon as there are no sensations, there is also no concept of existence."

"But I will say —" began Sergyéy Ivánovich.

Here it again seemed to Levín that, as they were approaching the main issue, they again departed from it, and he decided to propose a question to the professor.

"So, if the senses are destroyed, if my body dies, there can be no existence?" he asked.

The professor, with annoyance, and as though with mental pain from the interruption, looked around at the strange questioner, who resembled more a man who tows boats than a philosopher, and transferred his eyes to Sergyéy Ivánovich, as though to ask, "What shall I say?" But Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was far from speaking with the same effort and one-sidedness as the professor, and in whose head there was left enough room both to answer the professor and understand that simple and natural point of view from which the question was put, smiled, and said:

"We have not yet the right to decide this question —"

"We have no data," confirmed the professor, continuing his argument. "No," he said, "I point out to you that if, as Pripásov says distinctly, sensation has for its foundation impression, we must strictly distinguish these two concepts."

Levín was not listening any longer; he waited for the professor to leave.

VIII.

AFTER the professor had left, Sergyéy Ivánovich turned to his brother.

"I am very glad that you have come. For how long? How is the farm?"

Levín knew that farming little interested his elder brother, and that he asked him about it only to please him, and so he answered only by telling him of the sale of wheat, and about money matters.

Levín wanted to tell his brother of his intention to marry, and to ask his advice,—he had firmly decided to do so; but when he saw his brother and heard his conversation with the professor, and when he later heard that involuntarily condescending tone with which his brother asked him about farm matters (their maternal estate was indivisible, and Levín had charge of both parts), Levín felt that for some reason he could not begin to speak with his brother about his intention of marrying. He felt that his brother would not look upon the matter as he should like him to.

"Well, how is the County Council with you?" asked Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was very much interested in the institution, and ascribed a great significance to it.

"Really, I do not know —"

"What? But are you not a member of the administration?"

"No, I am no longer; I have stepped out," replied Levín, "and I no longer attend the meetings."

"I am sorry!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, knitting his brow.

To justify his action, Levín began to tell of what took place at the meetings in his county.

"It is always that way!" Sergyéy Ivánovich interrupted him. "We Russians are always that way. Maybe it is a good feature in us, this ability to see our shortcomings; but we overdo it, we take consolation in irony, which is ever ready on our tongues. Let me tell you that if such rights as our county institutions were granted to any other European nation,—the Germans and English would work out liberty from them, but we Russians only laugh."

"But what is to be done?" Levín said, guiltily. "This was my last experiment. And I tried it with all my heart. I can't. I am unfit."

"No, not unfit," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "but you do not look at the matter right."

"Maybe," Levín replied, gloomily.

"Do you know, brother Nikoláy is here again."

Brother Nikoláy was Konstantín Levín's eldest brother and Sergyéy Ivánovich's half-brother, a ruined man, who had wasted a great part of his fortune, who moved in the strangest and worst kind of society, and who had quarrelled with his brothers.

"You don't say!" Levín cried out, in terror. "How do you know?"

"Prokófi saw him in the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he? Do you know?" Levín got up from his chair, as though getting ready to leave at once.

"I am sorry I told you about it," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head at the agitation of his younger brother. "I had them find out where he lived, and sent him his note to Trúbin, which I paid. This is what he writes to me," and Sergyéy Ivánovich gave his brother

a note which he took out from underneath a paper-weight.

Levín read what was written in a strange handwriting, resembling his own: "I humbly ask to be left alone. That is all I demand from my amiable brothers. — Nikoláy Levín."

Levín read it, and, without raising his head, with the note in his hands, stood in front of Sergyéy Ivánovich.

In his heart there struggled the desire now to forget his unfortunate brother, and the consciousness that this would not be good.

"Evidently he wants to offend me," continued Sergyéy Ivánovich, "but he cannot offend me, and I should like to assist him with all my heart, but I know that it is impossible to do so."

"Yes, yes," repeated Levín. "I understand and appreciate your relation to him; but I will go to see him."

"If you want to, do so, but I advise you not to go," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "That is, so far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of it, for he will not bring discord between you and me; but for your own sake, I advise you not to go. He cannot be helped. However, do as you please."

"Maybe he cannot be helped, but I feel, especially at this moment, — well, that is another matter, — I feel that I cannot be at rest."

"I do not understand that," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "This much I know," he added, "it is a lesson in humility. I have begun to look differently and more leniently at what is called baseness, ever since brother Nikoláy has turned out to be what he is — You know what he has done —"

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible!" repeated Levín.

Having received his brother's address from Sergyéy Ivánovich's lackey, Levín wanted to go to see him at once, but, after some reflection, he decided to put off his visit until the evening. First of all, in order to have peace

of mind, it was necessary to settle the affair which had brought him to Moscow. From his brother's, Levín drove to Oblónski's court, and then, having learned all about the Shcherbátskis, he went where he was told he could see Kitty.

IX.

AT four o'clock, Levín, hearing his beating heart, got out of the cab at the Zoological Garden, and along a path went to the coasting-hills and the skating-rink, quite sure that he would find her there, because he had seen the carriage of the Shcherbátskis at the entrance.

It was a clear, frosty day. At the entrance stood rows of carriages, sleighs, sledges, and gendarmes. Neat-looking people, whose hats glistened in the bright sun, swarmed at the entrance and on the swept paths, between the Russian huts with the carved gables; the old, curly birches of the garden, weighted down by the snow, seemed to have been clad in new, solemn vestments.

He walked along the path toward the rink, saying to himself: "I must not be agitated, — I must calm myself. What is the matter with you? What do you want? Keep quiet, stupid!" he addressed his heart. And the more he tried to calm himself, the more did he gasp for breath. He met an acquaintance, who called his name, but he did not even recognize him. He went up to the coasting-hills, where clanged the chains of the descending and ascending sleds, and where the coasting sleds creaked, and the merry voices resounded. He went a few steps farther, and before him lay the rink, and amidst all the skaters he immediately recognized her.

He knew that she was there, from the joy and terror that took possession of his soul. She was standing and talking to a lady, at the opposite end of the rink. There was nothing peculiar, it seemed, in her apparel or in her

pose ; but for Levín it was just as easy to tell her in that crowd as to tell a rose-bush in the nettles. Everything was illuminated by her. She was a smile that brightened everything around her.

"I wonder whether I can go to her over the ice," he thought. The place where she was appeared to him as an inaccessible sanctum, and there was a minute when he almost went away : he felt so terribly. He had to make an effort over himself, and to reflect that all kinds of people were walking about her, and that he himself might have come there to skate. He went down, and for a long time avoided looking at her, as at the sun, but he saw her, as the sun, without looking at her.

On that day of the week, and at that time of the day, there were gathered on the ice people belonging to one circle, — all mutual acquaintances. There were there experts in skating, who made a display of their art, and those who were learning to skate behind chairs, with timid, awkward motions, and boys, and old people, who skated for hygienic reasons. All of them appeared to Levín as especially favoured by fortune, for they were there, near her. All the skaters, it seemed, quite indifferently caught up with her, or flew past her, even spoke with her, and quite independently of her enjoyed themselves, making good use of the splendid ice and fine weather.

Nikoláy Shcherbátski, Kitty's cousin, in a short jacket and tight pantaloons, was sitting on a bench with his skates on his feet. Upon seeing Levín, he called out :

"Oh, Russian champion skater ! How long have you been here ? Splendid ice, so put on the skates !"

"I have no skates with me," replied Levín, marvelling at that boldness and ease of manner in her presence, and not for a moment losing sight of her, though he was not looking at her. He felt that the sun was getting nearer to him. She was in the corner ; she was skating toward

him, timidly placing her feet in the high shoes on the ice. A boy in Russian costume, who waved his hands desperately and bent his body down to the ground, was trying to skate ahead of her. She did not skate very firmly; having taken out her hands from her little muff, which was hanging down by a cord, she held them ready and, looking at Levín, whom she had recognized, smiled at him and at her fear. When the slide came to an end, she gave herself a push with her lithe foot and skated up to Shcherbátski; and, catching him with her hand, she, smiling, nodded at Levín. She was prettier than he had imagined her.

When he thought of her, he could vividly imagine her, all of her, especially the charm of that little blond head, with the expression of childlike brightness and goodness, which was so freely poised on her stately, girlish shoulders. The childlike expression of her face in connection with the slender beauty of her figure formed her especial charm, which he well understood; but what always struck him in her, as something unexpected, was that expression of her mild, quiet, and truthful eyes, and especially her smile, which always transferred Levín into a fairy world, where he felt himself touched and mollified, such as he could remember himself in the rare days of his early childhood.

"Have you been here long?" she said, giving him her hand. "Thank you," she added, when he picked up her handkerchief which had fallen out of her muff.

"I? Not long, yesterday — that is, to-day — I arrived," replied Levín, who, in his agitation, did not at once understand her question. "I wanted to call at your house," he said; but, recalling with what purpose he had come to see her, he immediately became embarrassed, and blushed. "I did not know that you could skate, and skate well."

She cast a fixed glance at him, as though wishing to know the cause of his confusion.

"I appreciate your praise. There is a tradition here



“ ‘ Have you been here long ? ’ ”

that you are a champion skater," she said, brushing off with her little black-gloved hand the needles of hoarfrost which had settled on her muff.

"Yes, at one time I was an impassioned skater; I wanted to reach perfection."

"You seem to do everything with a vim," she said, smiling. "I am so anxious to see you skate. Put on your skates, and let us skate together!"

"Skate together! Is it possible?" thought Levín, looking at her.

"I will put them on at once," he said.

And he went away to put on skates.

"You have not been here for a long time, sir," said the rink-keeper, holding up his foot and screwing in the skate. "Since you there have been no crack gentlemen skaters. Is it all right?" he said, tightening the strap.

"All right, all right, be quick, if you please," replied Levín, with difficulty repressing a smile of happiness, which involuntarily appeared on his face. "Yes," he thought, "this is life, this is happiness! *Together*, she said, *let us skate together*. Shall I tell her now? But I am afraid to say it for the very reason that I am happy, happy at least in hope — And then? — But I must! I must, I must! Avaunt thee, weakness!"

Levín stood up, took off his overcoat, and, taking a run over the ice, which was rough near the hut, came out where it was smooth, and was borne on with ease, as though by a mere effort of the will increasing, diminishing, and directing his pace. He approached her timidly, but her smile again calmed him.

She gave him her hand, and they went together, increasing their pace, and the faster they went, the more firmly she pressed his hand.

"With you I should learn much faster; I somehow have confidence in you," she said to him.

"And I have confidence in myself, when you lean on

me," he said; but he immediately became frightened at what he had said, and blushed. And, indeed, the moment he had pronounced these words, her face suddenly lost its kindness, as though the sun had disappeared behind the clouds, and Levín recognized the familiar play of her face, which indicated an effort of thought: a wrinkle swelled on her smooth brow.

"Has anything unpleasant happened to you? However, I have no right to ask you," he said, rapidly.

"Why not? No, nothing unpleasant has happened," she replied, coldly, and immediately added: "You have not seen Mlle. Linon?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her, — she likes you so much."

"What is this? I have grieved her. O Lord, aid me!" thought Levín. He ran up to an old Frenchwoman with gray locks, who was sitting on a bench. She met him as an old friend, smiling and displaying her false teeth.

"Yes, we are growing," she said to him, indicating Kitty with her eyes, "and we are growing old. *Tiny bear* is big now!" continued the Frenchwoman, laughing, as she reminded him of his joke about the three young ladies, whom he used to call "three bears" from an English fairy-tale. "Do you remember, you used to call them so?"

He positively did not remember, but she had been laughing at this joke for the last ten years, and she liked it.

"Go now, go to skate! Our Kitty skates well now, does she not?"

When Levín skated up to Kitty, her face was no longer severe, and her eyes looked as truthful and kindly as before, but it seemed to him that in her kindness there was a special, feignedly calm tone. And he felt sad. She talked to him about her old governess and about her oddities, and then asked him about his own life.

"Don't you feel lonely in the country in winter?" she asked.

"No, I do not, I am very busy," he said, feeling that she was making him submit to her quiet tone, from which he would be unable to issue, just as it had happened in the beginning of winter.

"Have you come to stay long?" Kitty asked him.

"I do not know," he replied, without thinking what he was saying. The thought came to him that if he submitted to that tone of hers, with its calm friendship, he would again leave without deciding anything, and so he made up his mind to become indignant.

"You do not know?"

"I do not. That depends on you," he said, immediately becoming horrified at his words.

She had either not heard his words, or did not wish to hear them; in any case, she acted as though she had stumbled, struck her foot twice and quickly skated away from him. She ran up to Mlle. Linon, said something to her, and started for the little house where the ladies were taking off their skates.

"O Lord, what have I done! O Lord my God! Help me, instruct me!" said Levín, praying and, at the same time, feeling the necessity for violent motion, skating at full speed, and describing inner and outer circles.

Just then one of the young men, the best of the new skaters, came out, on his skates, from the coffee-house, with a cigarette in his mouth, and at full speed started down the steps, rattling and leaping up in his course. He flew down on the ice and, without changing the free position of his arms, glided along over the smooth expanse.

"Oh, it's a new trick!" said Levín. He immediately ran up-stairs in order to try this new trick.

"Don't kill yourself,—it takes practise!" Nikoláy Shcherbátski shouted to him.

Levín walked up the steps, took a run as fast as he could, and flew down, balancing himself in the unaccustomed motion with his arms. On the last step he caught his foot, but, barely touching the ice with his hand, he made a violent motion, regained his balance, and, laughing, skated on.

"A fine fellow, a dear fellow," Kitty thought at that time, as she came out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a smile of calm caressing, as at a beloved brother. "Am I guilty of anything? Have I done anything bad? They say it is coquetry. I know that it is not him that I love; still it is so jolly with him,— he is such a fine fellow. But why did he say that?" she thought.

When Levín saw Kitty, who was going away, and her mother, who met her on the steps, he stopped, red from the rapid motion, and began to think. He took off his skates and at the entrance of the garden caught up with the mother and the daughter.

"Very glad to see you," said the princess. "We receive, as always, on Thursdays."

"That is, to-night?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," the princess said, dryly.

This dryness grieved Kitty, and she could not restrain herself from a wish to obliterate her mother's coldness. She turned her head to him and said, with smile:

"Good-bye!"

At just that time Stepán Arkádevich, with his hat poised sidewise, beaming in face and eyes, entered the garden like a merry victor. But, upon reaching his mother-in-law, he with a melancholy, guilty face replied to her questions about Dolly's health. After his quiet, low-spirited conversation with his mother-in-law, he straightened out his chest and took Levín's arm.

"Well, are we going?" he asked. "I have been think-

ing about you all the time, and I am very, very glad that you have come," he said, looking significantly into his eyes.

"Come, come," replied happy Levín, who was still hearing the sound of the voice saying: "Good-bye," and seeing the smile with which it was said.

"Shall it be the England or the Hermitage?"

"It makes no difference to me."

"All right, we shall go to the England," said Stepán Arkádevich, selecting that restaurant, because he owed more there than in the Hermitage. He for that reason did not consider it proper to avoid that hotel. "Have you a cab? Very well, for I have dismissed my carriage."

The two friends were silent during the whole way. Levín was thinking of what the change of expression in Kitty's face might signify, and now assured himself that there was hope, and now fell into despair and saw clearly that his hope was senseless, and yet he felt himself an entirely different man, quite different from what he had been before her smile and her words, "Good-bye."

Stepán Arkádevich on the way was composing the menu of the dinner.

"You like turbot?" he said to Levín, as they were getting near the hotel.

"What?" Levín asked him. "Turbot? Yes, I like turbot *awfully*."

X.

WHEN Levín entered the hotel with Oblónski, he could not help observing a certain peculiarity of expression, like a repressed beam of joy, in Stepán Arkádevich's countenance and whole figure. Oblónski took off his overcoat and with hat poised jauntily entered the dining-room, giving orders to the waiters in dress coats and with napkins, who were swarming around him. Exchanging greetings on the right and on the left with his acquaintances who happened to be there, and who, as everywhere, were happy to see him, he went up to the buffet, took a fish appetizer after his vódka, and said something to the Frenchwoman behind the counter, who was done up in ribbons, laces, and curlers, so that even that Frenchwoman laughed out heartily. The only reason Levín did not take any vódka was that that Frenchwoman was offensive to him: she seemed to him to be made up of false hair, rice powder, and toilet vinegar. He quickly moved away from her as from a dirty spot. His whole soul was brimful of the recollection of Kitty, and in his eyes shone a smile of triumph and of happiness.

"This way, your Serenity, if you please! Here your Serenity will not be disturbed," said a particularly persistent, old, white-haired waiter with broad hips, over which lay sprawling the skirts of his dress coat. "If you please, your Serenity," he said to Levín, attending also to Stepán Arkádevich's guest, in order to show his respect for him.

In a twinkling he spread a clean cloth over the round

table under the bronze chandelier, though it was already covered with a cloth, moved up two velvet chairs, and stopped in front of Stepán Arkádevich, with a napkin and a bill of fare in his hands, waiting for his orders.

"If you so wish, your Serenity, a private cabinet will soon be free: Prince Golítsyn is there with a lady. We have received fresh oysters."

"Oh, oysters!"

Stepán Arkádevich fell to musing.

"Levín, had we not better change the plan?" he said, putting his finger on the menu. His face expressed serious perplexity. "Are you sure the oysters are fresh?"

"Flensburg oysters, your Serenity. There are no Ostende oysters."

"Let it be Flensburg oysters, but are they fresh?"

"They were received yesterday, sir."

"Well, had we not better begin with oysters, and then change the whole plan? Eh?"

"It makes no difference to me. I prefer beet soup and buckwheat porridge; but that we can't get here."

"Porridge *à la Russe*, if you please?" said the waiter, bending over Levín, like a nurse over her baby.

"No, without jesting, whatever you will choose will be all right. I have been skating, and so I am hungry. Don't imagine," he added, upon noticing a dissatisfied expression on Oblónski's face, "that I do not appreciate your selection. I will eat with pleasure and I will eat a great deal of it."

"I should say so! Say what you please, but it is one of the pleasures of life," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Well, then, my dear, let us have two dozen of oysters! No, it is not enough, — three dozen; soup with herbs —"

"*Printanière*," interposed the waiter.

But it apparently did not please Stepán Arkádevich to afford the waiter the pleasure of calling the courses in French.

"With herbs, you know. Then turbot with a thick sauce, then, — roast beef; be sure it is good. Then, capons, or something; well, and preserves."

The waiter, recalling Stepán Arkádevich's habit of not giving the orders according to the French bill of fare, did not repeat after him, but gave himself the pleasure of repeating the whole order to himself according to the card: "*Soupe printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarché, pou-lard à l'Estragon, macédoine de fruit* —" and, whirling around as if he were on springs, he put down a stitched card and, picking up another, a wine card, brought it up to Stepán Arkádevich.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you please, only not too much of it, — champagne will do," said Levín.

"What? To start on? However, I do not care, you are right. Do you like it with a white seal?"

"*Cachet blanc*," interposed the waiter.

"Well, let us have that brand with the oysters, and we shall see later."

"Yes, sir. What table wine do you order?"

"Let us have *Nuit*. No, classic Chablis will be better."

"Yes, sir. Do you wish *your* cheese?"

"All right, *Parmesan*. Or do you like something else?"

"No, it makes no difference to me," said Levín, unable to repress a smile.

And the waiter, with the dangling coat skirts, ran away, and five minutes later flew in with a dish containing opened oysters on mother-of-pearl shells, and with a bottle between his fingers.

Stepán Arkádevich crumpled the starched napkin, stuck it into his waistcoat, and, calmly putting down his hands, started to eat the oysters.

"Not bad," he said, tearing away the swishing oysters from the mother-of-pearl shells with a silver fork, and swallowing one after another. "Not bad," he repeated,

turning up his moist, shining eyes, now at Levín, and now at the waiter.

Levín, too, ate the oysters, though a piece of white bread with cheese would have pleased him more. But he took delight in looking at Oblónski. Even the waiter, who had uncorked a bottle and was pouring out the sparkling wine in the broad-rimmed thin glasses, adjusting his white tie, glanced at Stepán Arkádevich with an evident smile of enjoyment.

"Are you not very fond of oysters?" said Stepán Arkádevich, draining his glass. "Or are you worried? Eh?"

He wanted Levín to be merry. But Levín was not low-spirited, — he was simply oppressed. With what there was on his mind, he felt ill at ease and awkward in the restaurant, among cabinets, where they dined with ladies, amidst this hurry and bustle; this setting of bronzes, mirrors, gaslight, waiters, — all this was offensive to him. He was afraid of soiling that which was on his soul.

"I? Yes, I am worried; and, besides, all this oppresses me," he said. "You can't imagine how queer all this is for me, a country dweller, just like the nails of the gentleman that I saw in your cabinet —"

"Yes, I noticed that the nails of poor Grinéwich interested you very much," Stepán Arkádevich said, laughing.

"I can't," replied Levín. "Try and put yourself in my place! Look at it from the standpoint of a country dweller. We in the country try to get our hands into such a shape that they are fit for work; for this purpose we pare our nails and now and then roll up our sleeves. And here people purposely let their nails grow as long as they can, and attach saucers in the place of cuff-buttons, so that they can't do a thing with their hands."

Stepán Arkádevich laughed merrily.

"This is a sign that he has no use for coarse labour. His brain works —"

"Maybe. Still it looks queer to me, just as it is queer that, while we country dwellers try to have a meal as quickly as possible so as to be ready for work, you and I try to eat as slowly as possible, and for that purpose eat oysters."

"Of course," Stepán Arkádevich interrupted him. "But this is the purpose of culture: to make an enjoyment of everything."

"Well, if that is a purpose, I should prefer to be a savage."

"You are a savage as it is. All of you Levíns are savages."

Levín drew a sigh. He thought of his brother Nikoláy, and he felt ashamed and pained, and he frowned; but Oblónski started to talk of a subject which immediately attracted his attention.

"Well, will you call this evening on our people, that is, on the Shcherbátskis?" he said, with a significant sparkle of his eyes, pushing aside the empty rough-faced shells, and moving up the cheese.

"Yes, I will, by all means," replied Levín. "Though it looked to me as though the princess was not very cordial in inviting me."

"Don't say that! Nonsense! It is her way — Now, my dear, bring us in the soup! — That is her manner, *grande dame*," said Stepán Arkádevich. "I will be there myself, only I must first go to the song recital at Countess Bónin's. What a savage you are! How is one to explain your sudden disappearance from Moscow? The Shcherbátskis kept asking me about you all the time, as though I would know it. I know this much, — you always do what nobody else would."

"Yes," said Levín, slowly and in agitation. "You are right, I am a savage. But my savagery does not consist in my departing, but in my having arrived now. I have come —"

"Oh, what a fortunate fellow you are!" Stepán Arkádevich interposed, looking into Levín's eyes.

"Why?"

"I can tell the mettled steeds by the brands stamped on their thighs, and a youth in love I tell by the sparkle of his eyes," declaimed Stepán Arkádevich. "Everything is before you."

"And is everything behind you in your case?"

"No, not exactly, but with you it is the future, and with me the present, and the present with a heaping measure."

"Why?"

"It is not good. Well, I do not want to talk about myself, and, besides, it is impossible to explain everything," said Stepán Arkádevich. "So, what did you come to Moscow for? Oh, there, take this away!" he called out to the waiter.

"Don't you guess?" replied Levín, without taking his eyes, which were luminous in their depth, off Stepán Arkádevich.

"I guess, but cannot begin talking about it. From this alone you may see whether I have guessed rightly or not," said Stepán Arkádevich, looking with a sly smile at Levín.

"What will you say to me about it?" said Levín, in a quivering voice, and feeling that every muscle of his face was trembling. "How do you look upon it?"

Stepán Arkádevich slowly drained his glass of Chablis, without taking his eyes away from Levín.

"I?" said Stepán Arkádevich. "There is nothing I should wish so much, nothing! Nothing could be better."

"But are you not mistaken? Do you know what we are talking about?" muttered Levín, his eyes penetrating his interlocutor. "Do you think it possible?"

"I do. Why should it not be?"

"Really, you think it can be? Do tell me all you

think! But, but, if I get a refusal? — And I am even convinced — ”

“Why should you think so?” said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling at his agitation.

“I sometimes think so. It would be terrible for me, and for her, too.”

“In any case, there is nothing terrible for a girl in this. Any girl is proud of a proposal.”

“Yes, any girl, but not she.”

Stepán Arkádevich smiled. He knew well that feeling of Levín; he knew that for him all the girls in the world were divided into two classes: one of these consisted of all the girls in the world, but her, and these possessed all the human weaknesses, and were very common girls; the other class was composed of her alone, and she had no faults and was higher than everything human.

“Wait, take some sauce!” he said, holding back Levín’s hand, as he was pushing the sauce away from him.

Levín submissively took some sauce, but did not give Stepán Arkádevich a chance to eat.

“No, wait, just wait!” he said. “You must understand that for me it is a question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one about it. And I cannot speak to any one but you about it. Now, we are in everything strangers: we have different tastes, and views, and everything; but I know that you love me and understand me, and so I love you very much. But, for God’s sake, be absolutely frank with me!”

“I am telling you what I think,” said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling. “But I will tell you more still: my wife is a most remarkable woman — ” Stepán Arkádevich sighed, as he recalled his relations with his wife, and, after a moment’s silence, continued:

“She has the gift of foresight. She sees people through and through; more than that: she knows what will happen, especially in matters of marriage. For example, she

predicted that Miss Shakhóvski would marry Brénteln. No one would believe it, but so it turned out to be. And she is on your side."

"How is that?"

"That is, she not only is very fond of you, but she says that Kitty will certainly be your wife."

At these words Levín's face suddenly beamed with a smile, such as is very near to tears of contrition.

"Does she say that!" exclaimed Levín. "I always said that she was charming, your wife I mean. That will do! No more about it!" he said, getting up.

"All right, but sit down!"

But Levín could not sit. He twice crossed the cage room with a firm gait, blinked, so as not to show the tears, and then again sat down at the table.

"You must understand," he said, "that it is not love. I have been in love, but this is something different. It is not my feeling, but some external power that has taken possession of me. The reason I then left was because I made up my mind that it could not be, you understand, as a happiness which does not exist on earth; but I struggled with myself, and I see that without it there is no life. And it must be decided —"

"Why did you leave at that time?"

"Oh, wait! Oh, what a mass of thoughts! How much I must ask! Listen. You can't imagine how much you have done for me by what you have told me. I am so happy that I am really abominable; I have forgotten everything. I learned to-day that brother Nikoláy — you know, he is here — I have forgotten him too. It seems to me that he, too, is happy. It is a kind of madness. But one thing is terrible — You are married, you know the sensation — it is terrible to think that we old men, with a past — not of love, but of sins — suddenly approach a pure, innocent being; it is detestable, and so a man cannot help feeling himself unworthy."

“ Well, you have not many sins to your name.”

“ Oh, still,” said Levín, “ still, ‘ in disgust reading my life, I tremble, and curse, and bitterly regret — ’ Yes.”

“ What is to be done? Such is the course of the world,” said Stepán Arkádevich.

“ I have one consolation, as in that prayer which I have always loved, which is, that I shall be forgiven, not according to my deserts, but according to the acts of mercy. It is only thus that she can forgive.”

XI.

LEVÍN drank his glass, and both were silent.

"I must tell you one more thing. Do you know Vrónski?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"No, I do not. Why do you ask?"

"Let us have another," Stepán Arkádevich turned to the waiter, who was filling the glasses and prowling about when he was not wanted.

"You have to know Vrónski, because he is one of your rivals."

"What about Vrónski?" said Levín, and his face changed from that expression of childish transport, which Oblónski had been admiring, and looked mean and disagreeable.

"Vrónski is one of the sons of Kiríll Ivánovich Vrónski, and one of the finest specimens of the St. Petersburg gilded youths. I became acquainted with him in Tver, when I served there, and he came to attend the conscription. He is dreadfully rich, handsome, has great connections, is aid-de-camp, and, at the same time, a very dear, good fellow. But he is more than merely a good fellow. As I have found out here, he is cultured, and very clever: he will go far yet."

Levín frowned and kept silence.

"Well, he made his appearance soon after you, and, as I understand, he is up to his ears in love with Kitty, and you understand that the mother —"

"Excuse me, but I do not understand a thing," said

Levín, with a gloomy scowl. And he immediately thought of his brother, and that he was abominable to have forgotten him.

"Wait, wait!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling and touching his hand. "I told you what I know, and I repeat that in this delicate and gentle matter, so far as one can guess, I think the chances are on your side."

Levín threw himself back in the chair; his face was pale.

"But I should advise you to settle the matter as soon as possible," continued Oblónski; filling up his glass.

"No, thank you, I cannot drink any more," said Levín, pushing away his glass. "I shall be intoxicated — Well, and, how are you getting on?" he continued, apparently wishing to change the subject.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to settle the matter at once. I advise you not to speak of it to-night," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Go there to-morrow morning, in classic fashion, to propose, and may God bless you —"

"You have been talking of coming to hunt on my estate. Come in the spring!" said Levín.

He now regretted with all his soul his having begun that conversation with Stepán Arkádevich. His *particular* feeling was defiled by the conversation about the rivalry of some St. Petersburg officer and by the propositions and the advices of Stepán Arkádevich.

Stepán Arkádevich smiled. He understood what was going on in Levín's soul.

"I will go some day," he said. "Yes, my friend, women are the screw around which everything turns. My own affairs are in a bad, in a very bad shape. All on account of women. Tell me frankly," he continued, taking a cigar and holding the wine-glass with one hand, "give me some advice!"

"What about?"

"It is like this. Suppose you are married, you love your wife, and you are infatuated with another woman —"

"Excuse me, but I positively cannot understand it — it is the same as though, having dined here, I should go past a bakery and steal a loaf."

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes glistened more than usual.

"I do not see it. A loaf sometimes is so fragrant that you can't restrain yourself.

"*Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begiehr;
Aber doch wenn's nicht gelungen,
Hatt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir!*"

Saying this, Stepán Arkádevich smiled a sly smile. Levín himself could not help smiling.

"Yes, but jesting aside," continued Oblónski. "You must remember that the woman is a sweet, meek, loving being, a poor, lonely creature who has sacrificed everything. Now that the deed is done, — is she to be abandoned? Of course, it is possible to separate, so as not to destroy the domestic life, but is she not to be pitied and provided for?"

"You must pardon me. You know, for me all women are divided into two classes — that is, no — more correctly there are women, and there are — I have never seen, and never shall see charming fallen creatures; and such as that made-up Frenchwoman at the counter, with the curlers, are for me an abomination, and all fallen women are the same."

"And the one in the Gospel?"

"Oh, stop! Christ would never have said those words if he had known how they would be misused. Those words are all some people remember out of the whole Gospel. However, I am not saying what I think, but what I feel. I loathe fallen women. You are afraid of spiders, and I

of that vermin. No doubt you have not studied the spiders and do not know their habits; even so it is with me."

"It is easy enough for you to talk that way; it is like that gentleman in Dickens who throws all troublesome questions with his left hand over his right shoulder. But the negation of a fact is not an answer. What is to be done, tell me what is to be done! Your wife is growing old, and you are full of life. Before you have a chance to look around, you observe that you no longer can love your wife, however much you may respect her. And here suddenly a love-affair turns up, and you are lost, lost!" Stepán Arkádevich said, in gloomy despair.

Levín smiled.

"Yes, you are lost," continued Oblónski. "But what is to be done?"

"Don't steal loaves!"

Stepán Arkádevich laughed out loud.

"Oh, you moralist! But you must understand that there are two women: one insists only on her rights, and these rights are your love, which you cannot give her; and the other sacrifices everything to you, and demands nothing. What are you going to do? How is one to act? It is a terrible tragedy."

"If you want my confession in the matter, I will tell you that I do not believe that there is a tragedy here. And for this reason: in my opinion, love — both loves, which, you will remember, Plato defines in his 'Banquet,' — both loves serve as a touchstone for people. Some people understand only one of them, and some the other. And those who understand only the non-Platonic love, speak in vain of a tragedy. With such a love there can be no tragedy. Much obliged for the pleasure you have given me, — good-bye, that is all there is to the tragedy. And for the Platonic love there can be no tragedy, because in such a love everything is clear and pure, because —"

Just then Levín thought of his sins and of his inner struggle, through which he had passed. And he suddenly added :

"However, maybe you are right. It is very possible — But I do not know, I positively do not know."

"So you see," said Stepán Arkádevich, "you are a very purposive man. That is your virtue and your fault. You are yourself a purposive character, and you want the whole of life to be composed of purposive phenomena, — and that is not the case. You despise the public official activity because you want affairs always to correspond to their purposes, — and that does not happen. You also want the activity of a man always to have a purpose, love and domestic life always to be the same, — but that does not happen. All the diversity, all the charm, all the beauty of life is composed of shadow and light."

Levín sighed and made no reply. He was thinking of his own affair, and did not listen to Oblónski.

Suddenly they both felt that, although they were friends, though they dined together and drank wine, which ought to bring them nearer still, each of them was thinking only of his own affairs, and that they were not interested in each other. Oblónski had more than once experienced that extreme alienation, instead of approximation, which happens after a dinner, and knew what was to be done in such cases.

"The bill!" he exclaimed, and went into the adjoining hall, where he at once met an adjutant, an acquaintance of his, with whom he entered into a conversation about an actress and her keeper. And immediately, in his chat with the adjutant, Oblónski felt a relief and easement from his conversation with Levín, who always caused him too great a mental and moral strain.

When the waiter appeared with the bill for twenty-six roubles and kopeks, with the customary addition for the *pourboire*, Levín, who, as a country dweller, at any other

time would have been shocked by his part of the bill, which was fourteen roubles, now gave no attention to it, paid his bill, and drove home to change his clothes and to call on the Shcherbátskis, where his fate was to be decided.

XII.

PRINCESS KITTY SHCHERBÁTSKI was eighteen years old. This was the first winter that she had been out in society. Her success was greater than had been that of either of her sisters, and even more than her mother had expected. Not only were nearly all the young people, who danced with her at the Moscow balls, in love with her, but even this very first winter two serious matches presented themselves to her: Levín and, soon after his departure, Count Vrónski.

Levín's appearance in the beginning of winter, his frequent calls and patent love of Kitty, were the cause of the first serious conversation between Kitty's parents about her future, and of disputes between the prince and his wife. The prince was on the side of Levín, and said that he did not wish anything better for Kitty. But the princess, with the characteristic feminine habit of getting around a question, said that Kitty was too young, that Levín had not in any way indicated that he had any serious intentions, that Kitty had no attachment for him, and similar things; but she did not say the main thing, which was, that she expected a better match for her daughter, and that Levín was not sympathetic to her, and that she did not understand him. When Levín suddenly departed, the princess was happy, and she said to her husband, triumphantly: "You see, I was right." But when Vrónski made his appearance, she was happier still, being quite firm in her conviction that Kitty would make not merely a good match, but even a brilliant one.

For the mother there could be no comparison whatsoever between Vrónski and Levín. What did not please the mother in Levín were his strange and sharp judgments, his awkwardness in society, which, she thought, was based on pride, and his to her distinctly savage life in the country, with his occupations with the cattle and the peasants; and she was very much displeased because he, being in love with her daughter, had been calling at the house for six weeks, and all the time waiting and watching, as though he were afraid that he would do them too great an honour if he proposed, and because he did not understand that, calling so often at a house where there was a marriageable girl, it was incumbent on him to declare his suit. And suddenly he left, without making any declaration. "It is fortunate that he is so little attractive that Kitty has not fallen in love with him," thought the mother.

Vrónski satisfied all the wishes of the mother. He was very rich, clever, of a distinguished family, on the road to a brilliant military career at court, and an attractive man. One could not expect anything better.

Vrónski openly courted Kitty at balls, danced with her, and called at her house, consequently there could be no doubt as to the seriousness of his intentions. But, in spite of that, her mother was all that winter in a terrible unrest and agitation.

The princess herself had married thirty years before, the match having been made by an aunt of hers. The fiancé, of whom everything was known in advance, came and saw the fiancée, and they saw him; the match-making aunt found out their mutual impressions, and informed both parties of them; the impressions were favourable; then, at an appointed day, the proposal was made to the parents, and they, who had been expecting it, accepted it. Everything took place so easily and so simply. At least it so appeared to the princess. But she

had found in the case of her daughters that this seemingly customary affair of getting one's daughters married was not at all such an easy and simple matter. How many frights they had had, how many thoughts they had thought, how much money was spent, and how many conflicts she had had with her husband, when marrying their two eldest daughters, Dárya and Natalie! Now, in taking their youngest out into society, they passed through the same fears, the same doubts, and still greater quarrels, than they had had in the case of the elder daughters.

The old prince was, like all fathers, particularly exacting in reference to the honour and purity of his daughters; he was senselessly jealous of his daughters, and especially of Kitty, who was his favourite, and at every step made scenes with the princess for compromising the daughter. The princess had been used to it from the elder daughters, but now she felt that her husband's exactions had a better foundation. She saw that of late many things had changed in society manners, and that a mother's duties were more difficult than ever. She saw that the girls of Kitty's age formed some kind of societies, attended some kind of university courses, freely kept company with men, drove by themselves in the streets, many of them no longer curtsied, and, what was worse, were firmly convinced that it was their business, and not that of their parents, to choose husbands for themselves. "Nowadays they do not give girls in marriage, as was the case in former days," was what all these young girls, and even all older people, thought and said. But how they gave daughters in marriage in these days was what the princess was unable to find out. The French method, which was for the parents to decide the fate of their children, was rejected and criticized; the English custom of granting the girl full liberty was not accepted, either, and was impossible in Russian society.

The Russian custom of match-making was regarded as something monstrous, — all laughed at it, even the princess. But how one was to marry or be given in marriage was something which nobody knew anything about. All with whom the princess happened to talk told her the same thing:

“It is about time, I tell you, to give up that old custom. It is the young people who are to marry, and not the parents; consequently it ought to be left to the young people to arrange it as they know best.”

It was all right for those to talk that way who had no daughters; but the princess knew that with such intimate relations the daughter might fall in love, and that she might fall in love with one she could not marry, or who was not fit for a husband. No matter how much people tried to impress upon the princess that in our day the young people ought to decide their own fate, she could not believe it, just as she could not believe that at any time loaded revolvers might be good toys for children five years of age. And thus the princess was worried more about Kitty than she had been about her other daughters.

Now she was afraid that Vrónski might stop at the mere courting of her daughter. She saw that her daughter was already in love with him, but she consoled herself with the thought that he was an honourable man, and so would not do so. But, at the same time, she knew how, with the present free relations between the sexes, it would be an easy matter to turn a girl's head, how, in general, men thought lightly of such a crime. The previous week Kitty had told her mother the conversation which she had had with Vrónski during a mazurka; this conversation partly calmed the princess; but she could not be entirely at rest. Vrónski had told Kitty that he and his brother were so accustomed to submit to their mother in everything that they never decided to under-

take anything important without first consulting her. "Even now I am waiting for my mother's arrival in St. Petersburg, as for a specially happy event," he had said.

Kitty had told this without ascribing any importance to these words. But the princess understood them differently. She knew that his mother was expected any day, and that she would approve of her son's choice, and it seemed strange to her that he kept from proposing for fear of offending his mother; still, she was so anxious to get her daughter married, and, above all, wanted so much to have her agitation allayed, that she believed it. However painful it now was for the princess to see the misfortune of her eldest daughter, Dolly, who was getting ready to leave her husband, the agitation about the impending fate of her youngest daughter absorbed all her feeling. On the present day, since Levín had made his appearance, she had received a new cause for unrest. She was afraid that her daughter, who at one time had had a feeling, she thought, for Levín, from an overscrupulous sense of honesty might refuse Vrónski, and, in general, that Levín's arrival might entangle and delay the affair which was so near a solution.

"How long has he been here?" the princess asked about Levín, when they returned home.

"He arrived to-day, mamma."

"I want to tell you this much — " began the princess, and Kitty divined, from her serious and animated face, what she would be talking about.

"Mamma," she said, blushing, and rapidly turning around to her, "if you please, if you please, do not speak to me of it. I know, I know all about it."

She wanted the same that her mother wanted, but the motives of her mother's wishes offended her.

"I only wanted to say that, having given hopes to one —"

"Mamma, darling, for God's sake, don't speak! It is so terrible to speak of it."

"I will not," said the mother, when she saw the tears of her daughter, "but only this, my dear: you promised me that you would have no secret from me. Is it so?"

"Never, mamma, never," replied Kitty, blushing, and looking straight into her mother's face. "But I have nothing to speak of now. I — I — if I wished, I would not know what to say and how — I do not know —"

"No, she cannot tell an untruth with those eyes," thought the mother, smiling at her agitation and happiness. The princess smiled at the thought that what was going on in her daughter's soul now seemed so enormous and significant to her.

XIII.

KIRTY experienced after dinner and until evening a feeling which is akin to what a young man experiences before a battle. Her heart beat vehemently, and her thoughts could not be arrested on anything.

She felt that that evening, when the two were to meet for the first time, would be decisive for her fate. She constantly brought them before her mind, now each separately, and now both together. When she thought of the past, she with pleasure and tenderness stopped on the recollection of her relations with Levín. The reminiscences of childhood and of Levín's friendship with her deceased brother lent a special, poetic charm to her relations with him. His love of her, of which she was convinced, flattered and pleased her. And it was such a joy to think of Levín. In her recollection of Vrónski she experienced a strange, uneasy feeling, although he was in the highest degree a calm man of the world; there seemed to be something false, — not in him, he was too simple and sweet, — but in herself, whereas with Levín she felt herself simple and clear. But, on the other hand, when she thought of her future with Vrónski, there arose before her a brilliant and happy perspective, while with Levín the future looked dim to her.

Upon going up-stairs in order to dress herself for the evening, and looking into the mirror, she to her joy noticed that this was one of her good days and that she was in full possession of her powers, — and this she needed for

what was impending: she was conscious of an external calm and free grace of motion.

At half-past seven, just as she had gone down to the drawing-room, the lackey announced: "Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín." The princess was still in her room, and the prince was not going to come out. "That's it," thought Kitty, and all her blood rushed to her heart. She was frightened at her paleness, when she saw herself in the mirror.

Now she knew for certain that he had purposely come earlier in order to find her alone and propose to her. And it was then for the first time that the whole matter presented itself to her from an entirely different, a new side. It was then only that she understood that the question did not touch her alone,—with whom she was to be happy and whom she loved,—but that this moment she would have to offend a man whom she loved. And she would offend him cruelly — For what? Because a dear man loved her, was in love with her. But there was nothing to be done; it had to be so, it must be so. "O Lord, must I myself tell him that?" she thought. "Shall I really tell him that I do not love him? It will be an untruth. What, then, shall I tell him? Shall I say that I love another? No, that is impossible. I will go away, I will go away!"

She had gone as far as the door, when she heard his steps. "No, it is not honest! What am I to be afraid of? I have done no wrong. Come what may, I will tell the truth. With him I shall not be ill at ease. Here he is," she said to herself, upon seeing his whole robust, timid figure, with his luminous eyes directed toward her. She looked straight into his face, as though imploring him to spare her, and gave him her hand.

"I am not on time,—it seems I am too early," he said, surveying the empty drawing-room. When he saw that his expectations were realized, that no one

was in the way of his declaration, his face became gloomy.

"Oh, no," said Kitty, sitting down at the table.

"But I really wanted to find you alone," he began, without sitting down or looking at her, in order not to lose his courage.

"Mamma will come out soon. She tired herself out yesterday. Yesterday —"

She was talking, without knowing what her lips were saying, and did not take her imploring and caressing glance off him.

He looked up at her; she blushed and grew silent.

"I told you that I did not know whether I had come to stay long — that it depended on you —"

She kept bending her head lower and lower, not knowing what she would answer to what was approaching.

"That it depended on you," he repeated. "I wanted to say — I wanted to say — I came for this — that — To be my wife!" he muttered, not knowing himself what he was saying; but, feeling that the most terrible had been said, he stopped and looked at her.

She was breathing heavily, without looking at him. She was experiencing a feeling of transport. Her soul was brimful of happiness. She had not expected at all that the expression of his love would produce such a powerful impression on her. But that lasted only a moment. She thought of Vrónski. She raised her bright, truthful eyes to Levín, and, upon seeing his despairing face, hastened to reply:

"It cannot be — forgive me."

How near, how important for his life she had been to him but a minute ago! And how strange and distant she was now for him!

"It could not be otherwise," he said, without looking at her.

He bowed and was on the point of leaving.

XIV.

BUT just then the princess entered. On her face was expressed terror, when she saw them alone and observed their disturbed countenances. Levín bowed to her, without saying anything. Kitty was silent and did not raise her eyes.

"Thank God, she has refused," thought the mother, and her face beamed with the habitual smile with which she on Thursdays received guests. She sat down and began to ask Levín about his life in the country. He sat down again, waiting for the arrival of guests in order to get away unnoticed.

Five minutes later entered Kitty's friend, Countess Nórdston, who had married the winter before.

She was a dry, sallow-faced, sickly, nervous woman with black sparkling eyes. She loved Kitty, and her love for her, like the love of all married women for young girls, was expressed in her desire to get Kitty married according to her ideal of happiness: she wanted her to marry Vrónski. Levín, whom she had frequently met at their house in the beginning of the winter, had always been unsympathetic to her. Her invariable favourite occupation, at meeting him, consisted in making fun of him.

"I am so happy when he looks at me from the height of his grandeur: he then breaks off his clever discourse with me, because I am stupid, or he becomes condescending to me! I like to see him condescending! I am so glad he cannot bear me," she said of him.

She was right, for Levín, indeed, could not bear her, and despised her,—for what she was so proud, and re-

garded as her special desert, — for her nervousness, her refined contempt, and her indifference for everything coarse and worldly.

Between Countess Nórdston and Levín there established itself that peculiar relation, not uncommon in society, when two people, remaining outwardly in amicable relations, despise each other to such an extent that they cannot even address one another in a serious manner, and are unable to offend each other.

Countess Nórdston immediately made for Levín.

"Ah! Konstantín Dmítrievich! You have again come to our debauched Babylon," she said, giving him her tiny yellow hand, at the recollection of what she had heard him say in the beginning of the winter, that Moscow was a Babylon. "Well, has Babylon improved, or have you become demoralized?" she added, looking smilingly at Kitty.

"It flatters me very much, countess, to have you remember my words," replied Levín, who had regained his composure, and from force of habit at once fell into a jestingly inimical relation with Countess Nórdston.

"Why, of course! I note everything down. Well, Kitty, have you been skating again?"

And she began to speak with Kitty. However awkward it was for Levín to leave just then, it would have been easier for him to commit that awkwardness than to remain the whole evening and see Kitty, who now and then glanced at him and avoided his look. He was on the point of getting up, but the princess, noticing that he was silent, turned to him.

"Have you come to stay a long time in Moscow? I thought that you were taking part in the County Council, and so couldn't absent yourself long."

"No, princess, I no longer am interested in the County Council," he said. "I have just come for a few days."

"There is something peculiar about him," thought

Countess Nórdston, gazing at his stern, serious face. "He somehow does not enter into our discussions. But I will bring him out. I enjoy nothing better than to make a fool of him before Kitty, and I will do so now."

"Konstantín Dmítrievich," she said to him, "please explain to us what it all means,— you know about such things: in our Kalúga village all the peasants and their wives have spent everything in drink, and now do not pay us anything. What does it mean? You always praise the peasants so."

Just then another lady entered the room, and Levín got up.

"Excuse me, countess, I really do not know a thing about it, and cannot tell you anything," he said, looking at a military gentleman who entered the room after the lady.

"That must be Vrónski," thought Levín, and, to convince himself of it, he looked at Kitty. She had already cast her eyes at Vrónski, and now was looking at Levín; and, by this one glance of her involuntarily shining eyes, Levín knew that she loved that man, knew it as well as though she had told him in so many words. But what kind of a man was he?

Now, — right or wrong, — Levín could not help remaining; he had to find out what kind of a man was the one whom she loved.

There are some people who, meeting their fortunate rival in whatever it may be, are ready to turn away from all the good that there is in him, and to see nothing but his faults; there are people who, on the contrary, are anxious to discover in their fortunate rival those qualities by which he has vanquished them, and, with a pinching pain in their hearts, look only for the good that there is in him. Levín belonged to this latter class. And he did not find it difficult to discover the good and attractive in Vrónski. It at once struck the observer. Vrónski

was a medium-sized, firmly built, dark-complexioned man, with a good-natured, handsome, extremely calm, and firm face. In his face and figure, from the close-cropped black hair and freshly shaven chin, to the broad, brand-new uniform, everything was simple and at the same time elegant. Permitting the lady to pass in, Vrónski went up to the princess, and then to Kitty.

Just as he was approaching her, his beautiful eyes glistened with peculiar softness, and, respectfully and cautiously leaning over her, with a barely perceptible, happy, modestly triumphant smile (as Levín thought), he offered her his small, broad hand.

Having greeted all, and said a few words, he sat down, without once looking at Levín, who did not take his eyes off him.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said the princess, pointing to Levín. "Konstantín Dmítrievich Levín, Count Aleksyéy Kirílovich Vrónski."

Vrónski got up and, looking in a friendly manner into Levín's eyes, pressed his hand.

"This winter, I think, I was to have dined with you," he said, smiling his simple, open smile, "but you suddenly left for your village."

"Konstantín Dmítrievich despises and hates the city and us city dwellers," said Countess Nórdston.

"Evidently my words affect you powerfully, since you remember them so well," said Levín. Recalling that he had said so before, he blushed.

Vrónski looked at Levín and Countess Nórdston, and smiled.

"Do you live all the time in the country?" he asked. "It is lonesome there in the winter, I suppose?"

"Not if you have an occupation, and a person is not lonesome with himself," Levín replied, sharply.

"I love the country," said Vrónski, acting as though he had not noticed Levín's tone.

"But I hope, count, that you would not agree to living always in the country," said Countess Nórdston.

"I do not know, I have never tried it for any length of time. I have experienced a strange sensation," he continued. "Nowhere have I been so homesick for the country, the Russian village, with its bast shoes and peasants, as when I passed a winter with my mother at Nice. Nice is in itself tiresome, you know. And even Naples and Sorrento are good only for a short time. And it is there that one most vividly thinks of Russia, particularly of the country. They are —"

He was addressing both Kitty and Levín, and transferring his calm, friendly glance from the one to the other; he was evidently saying anything that occurred to him.

Upon noticing that Countess Nórdston wanted to say something, he stopped, without finishing his sentence, and began attentively to listen to her.

The conversation did not die down for a moment, so that the old princess, who had always in reserve, in case of failing themes, two heavy guns, the classical and the real education, and the universal military service, had no chance to bring them out, while Countess Nórdston had no occasion to tease Levín.

Levín wanted to take part in the general conversation, but could not. Though he kept saying to himself, "Now I must go," he did not leave, but remained as though waiting for something.

The conversation ran on turning tables and spirits, and Countess Nórdston, who was a believer in spiritualism, began to tell of the miraculous things she had seen.

"Oh, countess, do take me there, for God's sake, do! I have never seen anything unusual, though I have been looking for it everywhere," Vrónski said, smiling.

"All right, next Saturday," replied Countess Nórdston. "And you, Konstantín Dmítrievich, do you believe?" she asked Levín.

"Why do you ask me? You know what I would say."

"But I wish to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is," replied Levín, "that all these turning tables prove that the so-called cultured society does not stand above the peasants. They believe in the evil eye, and bewitchments, and charms, and we —"

"So you do not believe?"

"I cannot believe, countess."

"But if I myself saw it?"

"The peasant women, too, say that they have seen the house spirit."

"So you think that I am telling an untruth?"

And she gave a cheerless smile.

"No, Másha, Konstantín Dmítrievich says that he cannot believe," said Kitty, blushing for Levín, and Levín understood it and, getting even more excited, wanted to retort, but Vrónski, with his frank, merry smile, immediately came to the rescue of the conversation, which was threatening to become unpleasant.

"You do not at all admit the possibility?" he asked. "Why? We admit the existence of electricity, which we do not know; why, then, can there not be a new force, still unknown to us, which —"

"When that electricity was discovered," Levín quickly interrupted him, "it was only the phenomenon that was discovered, and it was unknown where it came from and what it produced, and centuries passed before an application of it was thought of. But the spiritualists, on the contrary, began by having planchettes write and spirits appear, and only then they began to talk about an unknown force."

Vrónski listened attentively to Levín, as he always did, apparently interested in his words.

"Yes, but the spiritualists say: Now we do not know

discover what that force is. No, I do not see why it cannot be a new force, if — ”

“ Because,” Levín again interrupted him, “ in electricity you get a certain phenomenon every time you rub pitch against wool, while here it does not take place every time, — consequently it is not a natural phenomenon.”

Evidently feeling that the conversation was assuming too serious a turn for a drawing-room, Vrónski made no reply, but, trying to change the subject, smiled a merry smile and turned to the ladies.

“ Let us try it at once, countess,” he began ; but Levín wanted to finish his thought.

“ I think,” he continued, “ that this attempt of the spiritualists to explain their miracles by some new force is very unfortunate. They talk of a spiritual force, and want to subject it to material tests.”

All were waiting for him to finish, and he felt it.

“ And I think that you will make an excellent medium,” said Countess Nórdston. “ There is something enthusiastic in you.”

Levín opened his mouth wide, was on the point of saying something, blushed, and said nothing.

“ Let us test the tables at once, princess, if you please,” said Vrónski, and, turning to her mother : “ You do not object ? ”

Vrónski got up, looking for a small table.

Kitty rose to get a small table and, passing by Levín, their glances met. She was sorry for him with all her soul, the more so since she pitied him in his misfortune, of which she herself was the cause. “ If it is possible for you to forgive me, do so,” her glance said. “ I am so happy.”

“ I hate everybody, and you, too, and myself,” his glance replied, and he took his hat. But it was not fated for him to leave. They were just getting ready to settle themselves around the table, and Levín was on the point

of leaving, when the old prince entered; having greeted the ladies, he turned to Levín.

"Ah!" he began, joyously. "How long? I did not know thou wast here. Very glad to see you."

The old prince at times addressed Levín as "thou" and at others as "you." He embraced Levín and, speaking with him, did not notice Vrónski, who got up and calmly waited for the prince to address him.

Kitty felt how, after what had happened, her father's kindness was oppressive to Levín. She also saw how coldly her father at last replied to Vrónski's bow, and how Vrónski in amiable perplexity looked at her father, trying to understand, and still not understanding, how one could be inimicably disposed toward him, and she blushed.

"Prince, let us have Konstantín Dmítrievich," said Countess Nórdston. "We want to make a test."

"What test? Turning tables? Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but, in my opinion, it is more fun to play the ring game," said the old prince, looking at Vrónski and divining that it was he who had started it. "There is some sense in the ring game."

Vrónski, in surprise, looked with his firm eyes at the prince and, barely smiling, at once turned to Countess Nórdston, to speak to her about the ball which was to take place the following week.

"I hope that you will be there," he turned to Kitty.

The moment the old prince turned away from him, Levín, unnoticed by any one, left the room, and the last impression which he carried away on that evening was the smiling, happy face of Kitty, who was answering Vrónski's question about the ball.

XV.

WHEN the evening was over, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levín, and, in spite of the pity which she felt for him, she was happy at having had a *proposal*. She had no doubt but that she had acted right. But, when she retired, she could not fall asleep for a long time. One impression pursued her persistently. It was Levín's face with the overhanging eyebrows and his kindly eyes gazing gloomily underneath them, when he stood talking to her father and looking at her and at Vrónski. And she felt so sorry for him that tears came to her eyes. But immediately she thought of him for whom she had exchanged him. She vividly recalled that manly, firm face, that noble calm, and in everything the beaming kindness to everybody; she recalled the love for her felt by him whom she loved, and again she felt joyous, and with a smile of happiness lay down on her pillow. "I am sorry. I am sorry, but what is to be done? It is not my fault," she said to herself; but an inner voice told her something different. She did not know whether she regretted having misled Levín, or having refused him. But her happiness was poisoned by doubts. "O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy!" she kept saying to herself, until she fell asleep.

At that time, down-stairs, in the prince's small cabinet, was taking place one of the frequently repeated scenes between the parents on account of their favourite daughter.

"What? It is this," cried the prince, waving his arms, and immediately wrapping himself in his squirrel-fur

morning-gown, "you have no pride, no dignity! You are disgracing and ruining the girl with that base, stupid suit!"

"But, pray, for God's sake, prince, what have I done?" said the princess, almost in tears.

Happy and satisfied after her conversation with her daughter, she had come, as usual, to bid him good night, and, though she had had no intention of speaking to him about Levín's proposal and Kitty's refusal, she hinted to her husband that she thought the affair with Vrónski all settled, and that it would be decided as soon as his mother should arrive. It was in response to these words that her husband flew up so and began to shout indecent words.

"What have you done? It is this: in the first place, you entice a fiancé, and all of Moscow will be talking about it, and rightly so. If you give evening entertainments, invite everybody, but not chosen prospective fiancés. Invite all those *puppies*" (thus the prince called all the Moscow young men), "call a piano player, and let them dance, but not as this evening, — fiancés. It makes me sick, sick, I say, to see it, and you have succeeded in turning the girl's head. Levín is a thousand times better man than he. He is a St. Petersburg dandy, such as are turned out by a machine, all of one fashion, and a worthless lot. Even if he were a prince of the blood, my daughter has no need of him."

"But what have I done?"

"It is this —" the prince cried, in anger.

"I know, if we are to listen to you," the princess interrupted him, "we shall never get our daughter married. If so, we had better go into the country."

"It would be better."

"Hold on. I am not currying favour with him, am I? Not in the least. He is a very nice young fellow, and in love, and she, I think —"

"Yes, that's what you think! And she will really fall

in love with him, and he has marrying as much in mind as I have! Oh! If my eyes did not see it all! 'Ah, spiritualism! Ah, Nice! Ah, at the ball!'" And the prince, imagining that he was impersonating his wife, curtsied at every word. "Yes, when we shall have caused Kitty's misfortune, when indeed she will take it into her head —"

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think, I know: that's what we men have eyes for. I see a man who has serious intentions, — that is Levín; and I see a merry bird, like that quill-driver, who thinks only of having a good time."

"When you take something into your head —"

"Yes, you will think of it when it is too late, as with Dolly."

"All right, all right, we shall not speak of it," the princess stopped him, as she thought of unhappy Dolly.

"Very well, and good night!"

And making the sign of the cross over each other and kissing, the two separated, each of them feeling that they persisted in their own opinions.

The princess had been firmly convinced that that evening had decided Kitty's fate, and that there could be no question about Vrónski's intentions; but her husband's words troubled her. And upon returning to her chamber, she, like Kitty, in terror before the uncertainty of the future, several times repeated inwardly: "O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy!"

XVI.

VRÓNSKI had never known what domestic life was. His mother had in her youth been a brilliant society woman, who at her marriage, but especially later, had had many love-affairs, which were known to everybody. His father he hardly remembered, and he had been brought up in the Corps of Pages.

After leaving the school as a very young, brilliant officer, he at once fell into the rut of the rich St. Petersburg military men. Though he now and then frequented St. Petersburg society, all his love-interests lay outside that circle.

In Moscow he for the first time experienced, after his luxurious and coarse St. Petersburg life, the charm of an intimate friendship with a fashionable, sweet, innocent girl, who fell in love with him. It never even occurred to him that there could be anything objectionable in his relations with Kitty. At balls he danced chiefly with her, and he called at her house. He talked with her about things that people in society generally talk about, — namely, all kinds of nonsense, to which he, however, unwittingly lent a special significance for her. Although he had never told her anything which he might not have said in the hearing of everybody, he felt that she was getting more and more dependent on him, and the more he felt it, the greater was the pleasure it gave him, and his feeling for her grew more tender. He did not know that his mode of action in regard to Kitty had a special name, that it was an enticement of a young lady without

the intention to marry, and that this enticement was one of the bad acts so common among brilliant young men, such as he was. It seemed to him that he was the first to have discovered this pleasure, and he took delight in his discovery.

If he could have heard what her parents had said on that evening, if he could have transferred himself to the standpoint of the family, and have found out that Kitty would be unhappy if he did not marry her, he would have been very much surprised and would not have believed it. He could not have believed that that which afforded him, and especially her, such great enjoyment, could be bad. Still less would he have believed that he ought to marry her.

Marriage never presented itself to him as a possibility. He not only had no love for a family life, but in the family, and especially in the husband, he, according to the commonly accepted view of bachelor society, imagined something foreign, hostile, and, above all, something ridiculous. But, although Vrónski did not even suspect what the parents were saying, he, on going away from the Shcherbátskis that evening, felt that the secret spiritual union, which existed between him and Kitty, had become so firmly rooted on that evening that it was necessary to do something. But he could not make out what could be and ought to be done.

"It is charming," he thought, returning from the Shcherbátskis and carrying away from them, as ever, a pleasant feeling of purity and freshness, which was partly due to the fact that he had not smoked for a whole evening, and, at the same time, a new sensation of meekness of spirit at the sight of her love for him. "It is charming to think that nothing was said by either me or her, but that we so understood each other in that invisible conversation of glances and intonations, and that she told me this evening more distinctly than ever that she loved

me. And it was so sweet, and simple, and, above all, so trustful! I feel myself better and purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is much which is good in me. Those dear enamoured eyes! When she said, 'Very —'

"What of it? Nothing. I am happy, and so is she." And he began to reflect where to pass the rest of the evening.

He surveyed in imagination the places which he might visit. "The club? A game of bezique, champagne with Ignátov? No, I won't go there. *Château des fleurs*, — there I shall find Oblónski, couplets, cancan? No, I am tired of that. That's what I love the Shcherbátskis for, — it makes me better. I will go home."

He went straight to his room at Dussot's, ordered a supper, and then, having undressed himself, no sooner put his head down on his pillow than he fell soundly asleep

XVII.

ON the next morning, at eleven o'clock, Vrónski drove to the station of the St. Petersburg Railway to meet his mother, and the first person whom he met on the steps of the large staircase was Oblónski, who was expecting his sister by the same train.

"Ah, your Serenity!" exclaimed Oblónski. "Whom are you after?"

"To meet my mother," Vrónski replied, smiling, like everybody else who met Oblónski. He pressed his hand, and both ascended the stairs together. "She is to be here to-day from St. Peterburg."

"I was waiting for you until two o'clock. Where did you go to from the Shcherbátskis?"

"Home," replied Vrónski. "I must confess, I felt so good after the Shcherbátskis that I did not care to go elsewhere."

"I can tell the mettled steeds by the brands stamped on their thighs, and I tell a man in love by the sparkle of his eyes," declaimed Stepán Arkádevich, just as he had done to Levín.

Vrónski smiled in such a way as though he did not deny it, but at once changed the subject:

"Whom are you meeting here?" he asked.

"I? A pretty woman," said Oblónski.

"You don't say!"

"*Honni soit qui mal y pense!* Sister Anna."

"Oh, Anna Karénin!" said Vrónski.

"You, no doubt, know her."

"I think I do. Or no — Really, I do not remember," Vrónski replied, absently, dimly connecting with the name of Karénin something affected and tedious.

"But you certainly know Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, my famous brother-in-law. Everybody knows him."

"That is, I know him by reputation and by sight. I know that he is clever, learned, divine, or something to that effect. But, you know, he is not in my line," said Vrónski.

"Yes, he is a very remarkable man; a little conservative, but an excellent man," remarked Stepán Arkádevich, "an excellent man."

"Well, so much the better for him," said Vrónski, smiling. "Oh, you are here!" he turned to a tall old lackey of his mother's, who was standing at the door. "Come in here!"

In addition to the general pleasure which Vrónski found, like everybody else, in Oblónski's company, he felt himself drawn more closely to him even by this, that he in his imagination connected him with Kitty.

"Well, shall we give the diva a dinner on Sunday?" he said to him, taking his arm with a smile.

"By all means. I will collect the subscriptions. Oh, did you get acquainted last night with my friend Levín?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"Certainly. He somehow went away very soon."

"He is a fine fellow," continued Oblónski. "Don't you think so?"

"I do not know," replied Vrónski. "Why is it that all the Muscovites, — of course, excepting those with whom I speak," he added, jestingly, "have something odd about them? They seem all to rear up, get angry, as though they wished to make you feel —"

"They have that peculiarity, yes, they have!" said Stepán Arkádevich, with a merry smile.

"How soon will it be here?" Vrónski turned to an attendant.

"The train has just left the station," replied the attendant.

The approach of the train became more and more defined by the hurried preparations at the station, the running of the baggage-carriers, the appearance of the gendarmes and attendants, and the arrival of persons to meet their friends. Through the frost steam could be seen workmen in short fur coats and soft felt boots, crossing the rails of subsidiary roads. There were heard the whistle of a locomotive on distant rails and the moving of something heavy.

"No," said Stepán Arkádevich, who was dreadfully anxious to tell Vrónski of Levín's intentions in regard to Kitty. "No, you have not properly estimated my Levín. He is a very nervous man and at times is disagreeable, it is true; but at times he is very nice. He has such an honest, truthful nature, and such a golden heart. But last night there was some special reason," Stepán Arkádevich proceeded with a significant smile, quite forgetful of the sincere sympathy which he had experienced the day before toward his friend, and now experiencing a similar sensation, only this time toward Vrónski. "Yes, there was a reason why he could have been either very happy, or very unhappy."

Vrónski stopped and asked directly :•

"How is that? Or did he last night propose to your *belle sœur*?"

"Perhaps," said Stepán Arkádevich. "I thought so yesterday. Yes, if he went away early and was out of humour, it must be so — He has been in love so long, and I am sorry for him."

"You don't say! It seems to me she may count on a

better match," said Vrónski, and, expanding his breast, he began to walk around. "Still, I do not know him," he added. "Yes, it is a painful situation! That is the very reason why the majority prefer to cultivate the acquaintance of a Clara. There your failure only proves that you have not enough money, while here your dignity is on the scales. But here is the train."

Indeed, the locomotive was whistling in the distance. A few minutes later the platform shook, and, puffing steam which the frost sent downwards, there rolled up the locomotive, with the evenly and slowly falling and expanding connecting rod of the middle wheel, and the bowing, fur-wrapped, hoarfrost-covered engineer; and back of the tender, more slowly and more strongly shaking the platform, began to pass the baggage-car, with a whimpering dog in it; finally, trembling before their stop, came the passenger-cars.

A dashing conductor, whistling while in motion, leaped down, and after him, one after another, came out the passengers: an officer of the Guard, holding himself straight and casting a stern glance about him; a mercurial merchant with a wallet, smiling merrily; a peasant with a bag over his shoulders.

Vrónski, who was standing beside Oblónski, was watching the cars and those who were coming out, and had entirely forgotten about his mother. What he had just learned about Kitty excited and pleased him. His breast instinctively expanded, and his eyes sparkled. He felt himself a victor.

"Countess Vrónski is in this compartment," said the dashing conductor, walking over to Vrónski.

The conductor's voice wakened him and made him think of his mother and their meeting. In his innermost soul he did not respect his mother, and, without rendering himself an account of it, did not love her, though in accordance with the ideas of that circle in which he was

living, and in accordance with his education, he could not imagine any relations with her other than those which were in the highest degree submissive and respectful, and the more externally submissive and respectful, the less he respected and loved her in his heart.

XVIII.

VRÓNSKI followed the conductor up to the car, and, as he entered the compartment, he stopped to make way for a lady who was coming out.

With the habitual tact of the man of the world, Vrónski, by a mere glance at this lady's exterior, at once sized her up as belonging to high life. He begged her pardon and wanted to step in, but felt the necessity of looking at her once more, not because she was very beautiful, nor on account of that elegance and modest grace, which were visible in her whole figure, but because in the expression of her sweet face, as she passed by him, there was something peculiarly amiable and gentle. As he looked back, she, too, had turned her head. Her shining, gray eyes, which looked dark under the thick lashes, rested kindly and fixedly on his face, as though she recognized him, and were immediately transferred to the waiting crowd, as though searching for some one. In this short glance Vrónski had time to notice a reserved animation, which played on her face and flitted between her sparkling eyes and the barely perceptible smile that curved her ruddy lips. It was as though a superabundance of something filled her whole being, which instinctively found its expression in a sparkle of her eyes, or in a smile. She had purposely put out the light in her eyes, but the light shone instinctively in her faint smile.

Vrónski entered the car. His mother, a dry old woman with black eyes and locks, blinked, as she looked at her son, and faintly smiled with her thin lips. Rising

from the seat and handing the maid a little bag, she gave her small dry hand to her son and, raising his head from her hand, kissed him in the face.

"Did you get the telegram? Are you well? Thank God."

"Have you had a pleasant journey?" asked the son, sitting down near her, and instinctively listening to the feminine voice behind the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met at the entrance.

"Still I do not agree with you," said the lady's voice.

"It is a St. Petersburg way of looking at it, madam."

"Not a St. Petersburg, but a woman's way," she replied.

"Well, let me kiss your hand."

"Good-bye, Iván Petróvich. See whether my brother is here, and send him to me!" she said at the very door and again stepped into the compartment.

"Well, have you found your brother?" said Vrónski's mother, turning to the lady.

Vrónski now recalled that it was Anna Karénin.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Pardon me, I did not recognize you, and then our acquaintance has been so short," said Vrónski, bowing, "that you very likely do not remember me."

"I do," she said. "I should have recognized you because your mother and I have done nothing during the whole journey, it seems to me, but talk about you," she said, allowing at last the repressed animation to find expression in a smile. "But my brother is still not here!"

"Aléshe, go and call him!" said the old countess.

Vrónski went on the platform and called out:

"Oblónski! Here!"

But Anna did not wait for her brother: when she espied him, she left the car with a determined, light step. And the moment the brother came up to her, she, with a motion that surprised Vrónski by its firmness and grace,

embraced her brother's neck with her left arm, drew him swiftly toward herself, and gave him an impassioned kiss. Vrónski did not take his eyes away from her and smiled, himself not knowing why. But, upon recalling that his mother was waiting for him, he returned to the car.

"She is very sweet, don't you think so?" the countess said about Anna Karénin. "Her husband put her into the compartment with me, and I was very glad of it. We have been conversing the whole way down. And you, they say — *vous filez le parfait amour*. *Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux*."

"I do not know what you are referring to, mamma," the son replied, coldly. "Well, mamma, let us go!"

Anna Karénin again entered the car in order to bid the countess good-bye.

"Well, countess, you have found your son, and I my brother," she said, merrily. "All my stories are exhausted, anyway, and I should not have had anything else to tell."

"Oh, no," said the countess, taking her hand, "I could travel around the world with you without getting tired. You are one of those charming women with whom it is a pleasure both to converse and to keep silent. Don't even think of your son, please; you cannot help being separated sometimes."

Anna Karénin stood motionless, holding herself extremely erect, and her eyes smiled.

"Anna Arkádevna has a son," said the countess, explaining it to her son, "I think he is eight years old, and she has never been separated from him, and so she is all the time worried because she has gone away from him."

"Yes, the countess and I have been talking all the time, I about my son, and she about hers," said Anna Karénin, and again a smile lighted up her face, — a friendly smile, which referred to him.

"That must have been tiresome to you," said he, imme-

diately catching in its flight the ball of coquetry, which she threw at him. But she evidently did not wish to continue the conversation in that tone, and turned to the old countess :

“Thank you very much. I did not notice at all how yesterday passed. Good-bye, countess.”

“Good-bye, my dear,” replied the countess. “Let me kiss your pretty face. I will tell you frankly, like an old woman, that I love you.”

Though it was a hackneyed phrase, Anna Karénin apparently fully believed her and was glad of it. She blushed, gently bent down, offered her face to the countess’s lips, again straightened herself up, and with the same smile, which hovered between the lips and the eyes, gave Vrónski her hand. He pressed the small hand offered him, and, as though it were something especial, was glad of that energetic pressure, with which she firmly and boldly shook his hand. She went out at a rapid gait, which carried with peculiar lightness her fairly plump body.

“Very sweet,” said the old woman.

The son was thinking the same. He accompanied her with his eyes until her graceful figure had disappeared, and a smile stopped on his face. He saw her through the window going up to her brother, putting her hand on his, talking with him in an animated manner, apparently about something which had nothing in common with him, Vrónski, and that seemed annoying to him.

“Well, mamma, are you quite well?” he repeated, turning to his mother.

“Everything is well, all right. Alexander was very sweet. And Marie has become very pretty. She is very interesting.”

And she began once more to tell about what interested her most, about the christening of her grandchild, which had taken her to St. Petersburg, and about the emperor’s especial favour to her eldest son.

"Here is Lavrénti," said Vrónski, looking through the window. "Now let us go, if you please."

The old majordomo, who was travelling with the countess, came to the car to announce that everything was ready, and the countess rose in order to leave.

"Let us go, — there is but a small crowd here now," said Vrónski.

The maid took the bag and the dog, the majordomo and the porters took the other bags. Vrónski took his mother under her arm. Just as they were leaving the car, several men with frightened faces ran by. The station-master, too, in his cap of an odd colour, was running. Apparently something unusual had happened. The people from the train rushed back to see.

"What? What? Where? Did he throw himself down? Run over?" were the remarks made by those who passed by.

Stepán Arkádevich, with his sister under his arm, themselves with frightened faces, returned, and stopped at the car door, to avoid the crowd.

The ladies entered the car, and Vrónski and Stepán Arkádevich followed the crowd to find out the details of the calamity.

A guard, who either was drunk or too much wrapped up against the frost, had not heard the sound of the backing train, and had been crushed to death.

Even before Vrónski and Oblónski returned, the ladies had learned the details from the majordomo.

Both Oblónski and Vrónski had seen the disfigured corpse. Oblónski was apparently suffering. He was frowning, and seemed to be ready to weep.

"Oh, how terrible! Oh, Anna, if you had seen it! Oh, how terrible!" he muttered.

Vrónski was silent, and his beautiful face was serious, but completely calm.

"Oh, if you had seen it, countess!" said Stepán Arká-

devich. "His wife, too, is there — It is terrible to see her — She threw herself on the body. They say that he himself provided for a very large family. It is terrible!"

"Cannot something be done for her?" Anna Karénin said, in an agitated whisper.

Vrónski looked at her, and immediately went out of the car.

"I will be back in a minute, mamma," he added, turning around at the door.

When he returned, a few minutes later, Stepán Arkádevich was already talking to the countess about a new singer, and the countess impatiently looked at the door, awaiting her son.

"Now let us go!" Vrónski said, upon entering.

They left together; Vrónski preceded with his mother. Anna Karénin walked behind with her brother. At the exit the station-master ran up to Vrónski.

"You have handed my assistant two hundred roubles. Will you kindly inform me for whom it is intended?"

"For the widow," said Vrónski, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not understand why you should ask."

"You gave it?" Oblónski called out behind. Pressing his sister's hand, he added: "Very sweet, very sweet! Is it not so? he is a fine fellow! My regards to you, countess!"

And he stopped with his sister, looking for her maid.

When they came out, Vrónski's carriage had already left. The people who were coming out of the station were still talking about the accident.

"What a terrible death!" said a gentleman who was passing by. "They say he was cut in two."

"I, on the contrary, think it is easy and sudden," said another.

"Why don't they take proper precautions?" said a third.

Anna Karénin sat down in the carriage, and Stepán Arkádevich saw, to his surprise, that her lips were trembling, and that she with difficulty repressed her tears.

"What is the matter with you, Anna?" he asked, after they had travelled several hundred yards.

"It is a bad omen," she said.

"What nonsense!" said Stepán Arkádevich. "You have come, and that is the main thing. You can't imagine how much reliance I place on you."

"Have you known Vrónski for a long time?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Yes?" Anna said, softly. "Now, let us talk about yourself," she added, tossing her head, as though she wished physically to dispel something superfluous, which was worrying her. "Let us talk about your affairs! I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes, my whole hope rests in you," said Stepán Arkádevich.

"Well, tell me everything."

And Stepán Arkádevich began to tell her.

Upon driving up to the house, Oblónski helped his sister down, sighed, pressed her hand, and went to the court-building.

XIX.

WHEN Anna entered the small drawing-room, Dolly was sitting there with a white-haired, chubby boy, who even now resembled his father, and was listening to the recital of his French reading lesson. The boy read, while twisting in his hand the loosely fastened button of his blouse, which he was trying to pull off. His mother several times took his hand away, but the chubby hand returned to the button. The mother tore off the button and put it into her pocket.

"Keep your hands quiet, Grísha," she said, returning to her spread, her old work, which she took up in moments of tribulation. Now she was knitting nervously, throwing up her finger and counting the meshes. Though she had sent word to her husband the day before that she did not care whether his sister was coming or not, she had everything prepared for her arrival, and was in agitation waiting for her sister-in-law.

Dolly was crushed by her sorrow, — all absorbed by it. Yet she remembered that Anna, her sister-in-law, was the wife of one of the most distinguished men in St. Petersburg, and a St. Petersburg *grande dame*. Thanks to this circumstance, she did not carry out what she had told her husband, that is, she did not forget that her sister-in-law was to arrive.

"When it comes to that, Anna is not to blame," thought Dolly. "I know nothing but the best of her, and I have seen from her nothing but kindness and friendship toward me."

It is true, as much as she could recall her impression at the house of the Karénins at St. Petersburg, she did not like their home; there was a false ring in the composition of their domestic life.

"But why should I not receive her? If only she will not take it into her head to console me!" thought Dolly. "All those consolations, and admonitions, and that Christian forgiveness I have thought over a thousand times, — they are not good for anything."

All those days Dolly had been alone with her children. She did not wish to speak of her sorrow, and with this sorrow on her mind she could not talk of any extraneous matters. She knew that, one way or another, she would tell Anna everything; now she was glad of the thought that she would unburden herself, and now she was annoyed at the necessity of speaking of her humiliation with her, his sister, and of listening to her ready phrases of admonition and consolation.

As frequently happens, she had been looking all the time at her watch, in expectancy of her guest, but had missed the time when she arrived, and so had not heard the bell.

When she heard the rustle of a gown and the sound of light steps at the door, she turned back, and on her careworn face there was an involuntary expression, not of joy, but of surprise. She got up and embraced her sister-in-law.

"What, already here?" she said, kissing her.

"Dolly, how glad I am to see you!"

"And so am I," said Dolly, with a faint smile, trying to discover from the expression of Anna's face whether she knew. "No doubt she does," she thought, noticing compassion in her countenance. "Come, I will take you to your room," she continued, trying to put off the minute of explanation as long as possible.

"Is this Grísha? O Lord, how he has grown!" said

Anna, and, kissing him, without taking her eyes off Dolly, she stopped and blushed. "No, let me stay here!"

She took off her shawl and her hat, and, catching it in a strand of her black, fluffy hair, she tossed her head until she freed her hair.

"You beam with happiness and health!" said Dolly, almost with envy.

"I? Yes," said Anna. "O Lord, Tánya! Just of the age of my Serézha!" she added, turning to the girl who was running in. She took her in her arms and kissed her. "A charming girl, charming! Show them all to me!"

She called them all, and not only remembered their names, but also the ages, months, characters, diseases of all the children, and Dolly could not help appreciating it.

"Let us go to them!" she said. "It's a pity Vása is now asleep."

Having surveyed all the children, they sat down, alone, in the drawing-room, at a cup of coffee. Anna took hold of the tray, and then pushed it away.

"Dolly," she said, "he has told me."

Dolly gave Anna a cold glance. She now expected feignedly compassionate phrases; but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly dear!" she said. "I do not want to speak to you for him, nor to console you; that is impossible. But, my darling, I am simply sorry, sorry for you with all my heart."

Tears suddenly appeared behind the thick lashes of her sparkling eyes. She sat down nearer to her sister-in-law and took her hand into her own energetic little hand. Dolly did not draw back, nor did her face change its former dry expression. She said:

"It is impossible to console me. Everything is lost after what has happened! Everything is lost!"

The moment she uttered this, the expression of her face

was softened. Anna raised Dolly's dry, lean hand, kissed it, and said :

"But, Dolly, what is to be done, what is to be done? How to act best in this terrible situation is what must be thought of."

"Everything is ended, and that is all," said Dolly. "And worst of all is that I cannot leave him, you know : the children, I am tied. But I cannot live with him, — it is a torture for me to see him."

"Dolly dear, he has told me all, but I want to hear it from you, — tell it to me !"

Dolly looked at her questioningly.

Unfeigned sympathy and love were visible on Anna's countenance.

"All right," she suddenly said. "But I shall begin with the beginning. You know how I married. With the education mamma gave me I was not only innocent, but silly. I did not know anything. They say, I know, that men generally tell their wives their former lives, but Stíva —" She corrected herself, "Stepán Arkádevich told me nothing. You will not believe it, but I thought until now that I was the only woman that he ever knew. Thus I lived for eight years. You must understand that I not only did not suspect any unfaithfulness, but even regarded it as impossible, and then, imagine, having such ideas, suddenly to find out the whole horror, the whole abomination — You must understand me. To be fully convinced of your happiness, and suddenly," continued Dolly, repressing her sobs, "to receive a letter — a letter from him to his paramour, to my governess. No, that is too terrible !" She hastened to take out her handkerchief, and covered her face with it. "I can understand an infatuation," she continued, after some silence, "but with premeditation and cunning to deceive me — with whom? To continue to be my husband with her — it is terrible! You cannot understand it!"

"Oh, yes, I can! I do understand it, dear Dolly! I do," said Anna, pressing her hand.

"Do you think he understands the whole terror of my situation?" continued Dolly. "Not in the least! He is happy and satisfied."

"Oh, no!" Anna quickly interrupted her. "He feels miserable, he is crushed with repentance —"

"Is he capable of repentance?" Dolly interrupted her, looking fixedly at the face of her sister-in-law.

"Yes, I know him. I could not look at him without compassion. We both of us know him. He is good, but proud, and now he is humbled so much. The chief thing that touched me" (Anna divined what the chief thing was that would touch Dolly) "is that he is tormented by two things: one is, that he is ashamed on account of the children, and the other, that, loving you — yes, yes, loving you more than anything in the world," she hurriedly interrupted Dolly, who was on the point of retorting, "he has caused you pain, — has killed you. 'No, no, she will not forgive me,' he is saying all the time."

Dolly looked pensively past her sister-in-law, listening to her words.

"Yes, I understand that his situation is terrible; a guilty person feels worse than an innocent one," she said, "if he feels that the whole misfortune is due to his guilt. But how can I forgive him and be again his wife after her? It will now be a torture for me to live with him, even because I love my past love for him —"

Sobs interrupted her words.

And, as though on purpose, every time she became mollified, she began once more to speak of what irritated her.

"She is young; she is beautiful," she continued. "Don't you see, Anna, that my youth has been taken away, and by whom? By him and his children. I have served him faithfully, and in this service everything of mine was used up, and now, of course, a fresh, base creature is more

agreeable to him. They have no doubt spoken to each other about me, or, what is worse still, they have not mentioned me, — do you understand?"

Again her eyes burned with envy.

"And after this he will tell me — Do you suppose I will believe him? Never. No, everything is ended, everything which formed the consolation, the reward of labour and troubles — Would you believe it? You saw me awhile ago teaching Grísha: formerly it used to be a pleasure, but now it is a torture. Why do I try and work? What are the children for? What is terrible is that my soul has suddenly been turned upside down, and, instead of love and tenderness, I have for him only resentment, yes, resentment. I could kill him and —"

"Darling, Dolly, I understand it, but do not torture yourself. You are so offended, so excited, that you see many things wrongly."

Dolly grew silent, and they both kept silence for about two minutes.

"What is to be done? Think, Anna, and help me! I have considered everything, and see nothing."

Anna could not think of anything, but her heart responded directly to every word, to every expression of the face of her sister-in-law.

"I will say only this much," began Anna, "I am his sister, I know his character, that ability to forget everything, everything" (she made a gesture before her brow), "that ability for a complete infatuation, but, at the same time, for a complete repentance. He does not know, he does not understand how he could have done what he did."

"No, he does not understand! He understood it then!" Dolly interrupted him. "But I — You are forgetting me — does it make it any easier for me?"

"Hold on. When he told me, I must confess, I did not understand the whole terror of your situation. I

saw him only, and that the whole family was broken up ; I was sorry for him, but, having talked with you, I, as a woman, see differently ; I see your suffering, and I can't tell you how sorry I am for you ! But, Dolly dear, I fully appreciate your sufferings ; there is, however, one thing I do not know : I do not know — I do not know how much love for him there is still left in your soul. You yourself know whether there is enough of it to be able to forgive him. If there is, forgive him !”

“No,” began Dolly ; but Anna interrupted her, once more kissing her hand.

“I know the world better than you,” she said. “I know those men, like Stíva ; I know how they look upon it. You say that he has talked with her about you. That was not the case. These men are unfaithful, but their domestic circle and their wives are sacred to them. In some peculiar way these women are despised by them, and they do not interfere with the family. They draw a kind of impassable line between the family and them. I do not understand it, but it is so.”

“Yes, but he has kissed her —”

“Dolly, wait a moment, darling ! I saw Stíva when he was in love with you. I remember that time when he came to me and wept, talking about you and saying what poetry and exaltation you were for him, and I know that the longer he lived with you, the higher you became for him. We used to laugh at him, hearing him add to every word, ‘Dolly is a remarkable woman.’ You have always been a divinity to him, and this infatuation is not from the soul —”

“But if this infatuation will repeat itself ?”

“It cannot, as I understand it.”

“Yes, but would you forgive ?”

“I do not know, I cannot judge — Yes, I can,” said Anna, after a moment's reflection ; and, mentally grasping the situation and weighing it on her internal scales, she

added: "Yes, I can, I can, I can. Yes, I would forgive. I should not be the same again, but I would forgive, and would forgive in such a way as though it had never happened, not at all —"

"Of course," Dolly quickly interrupted her, as though she were saying what she had often been thinking about, "otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If it is to be forgiveness, it has to be complete, complete. Well, come, I will take you to your room," she said, getting up and on the way embracing Anna. "My dear, how glad I am that you have come! I feel easier, much easier."

XX.

ALL that day Anna passed at home, that is, at the house of the Oblónskis. She did not receive any one, though some of her acquaintances, having learned of her arrival, came that day to see her. Anna passed the whole morning with Dolly and the children. She only sent a note to her brother by all means to dine at home. "Come, God is merciful," she wrote to him.

Oblónski dined at home ; the conversation was general, and his wife spoke to him, using the pronoun "thou," which had not happened before. In the relations of husband and wife there remained the same estrangement, but there was no longer any question of a separation, and Stepán Arkádevich saw a possibility for an explanation and reconciliation.

Soon after dinner Kitty came. She knew Anna Arkádevna but slightly, and she came to her sister's not without trepidation, wondering how the St. Petersburg lady of the world, whom everybody praised, would receive her. She met with Anna Arkádevna's favour, — that she saw at once. Anna apparently admired her beauty and youth, and before Kitty had a chance to regain her senses she felt herself not only under her influence, but also in love with her, as only young girls can be in love with married and older women. Anna did not look like a society woman, or like a mother of an eight-year-old boy, but might have resembled a girl of twenty by the flexibility of her motions, her freshness, and the constant animation

of her face, which found its expression now in a smile, and now in a glance, if it had not been for the serious, even melancholy expression of her eyes, which baffled and attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that Anna was quite simple and did not conceal anything, but that there was in Anna another, higher world of complex, poetical interests, inaccessible to her.

After dinner, when Dolly went to her room, Anna rose rapidly and went up to her brother, who was lighting a cigar.

"Stíva," she said to him, with a merry wink, making the sign of the cross over him and pointing to the door. "Go, and may God help you!"

He threw away the cigar, having caught her meaning, and disappeared behind the door.

When Stepán Arkádevich had left, she returned to the divan, where she sat down, surrounded by the children. Either because the children saw that their mamma loved their aunt, or because they themselves felt a peculiar charm in her, the eldest two, and with them the younger ones, as is often the case with children, had been sticking to their new aunt since before dinner, and did not go away from her. The children had a kind of a game which consisted in sitting as near as possible to their aunt, touching her, holding her little hand, kissing it, playing with her ring, or at least touching the folds of her garment.

"Well, well, as we sat before," said Anna Arkádevna, sitting down in her old place.

And again Grísha stuck his head through her arm and leaned it against her garment, beaming with pride and happiness.

"So when will the ball be?" she turned to Kitty.

"Next week, and a fine ball it will be. One of those balls when it is always jolly."

"Are there balls when you always feel jolly?" Anna said, with gentle derision.

"Strange though it may seem, there are. At the Bob-ríshchevs' it is always jolly, and so it is at the Nikítins', while at the Mezhkóvs' it is always dull. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No, my dear. For me there are no balls where it is always jolly," said Anna, and Kitty saw in her eyes that peculiar world which was not revealed to her. "For me there are only those where it is less annoying and tiresome —"

"How can it be tiresome for *you* at a ball?"

"Why should it not be tiresome for *me* at a ball?" asked Anna.

Kitty noticed that Anna knew what answer would follow.

"Because you are always better than all."

Anna had the knack of blushing. She blushed and said:

"In the first place, never; in the second place, even if it were so, what good would it do me?"

"Will you go to that ball?" asked Kitty.

"I think I can't refuse. Take it!" she said to Tánya, who had been pulling off a ring which came easily off her white, tapering finger.

"I shall be very glad if you go. I should like so much to see you at a ball."

"At least, if I go, I shall be consoled by the thought that it will afford you pleasure — Grísha, don't touse it, if you please, — it is dishevelled as it is," she said, putting back a stray strand of hair, with which Grísha had been playing.

"I imagine you at a ball in lilac."

"Why necessarily in lilac?" Anna asked, smiling. "Well, children, run, run! Don't you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea," she said, tearing the children away from her and directing them to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to be at the ball. You ex-

pect so much from it, and you want everybody to be there and take part in it."

"How do you know? Yes."

"Oh, how fine your time is!" continued Anna. "I remember that blue mist, something like what one sees in the Swiss mountains. This mist which envelops everything in that blissful time when childhood is just coming to an end, and out of that enormous, happy, merry circle the path becomes narrower and narrower, and it fills you both with joy and fear to enter that defile, even though it looks bright and beautiful — Who has not passed through it?"

Kitty smiled in silence. "How did she go through it? How I should like to know her romance!" thought Kitty, recalling the unpoetical appearance of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, her husband.

"I know a thing or two. Stíva told me, and I congratulate you, — I like him very much," continued Anna: "I met Vrónski at the railway station."

"Oh, he was there?" Kitty asked, blushing. "What has Stíva told you?"

"Stíva told me everything. And I was very glad. I travelled yesterday with Vrónski's mother," she continued, "and she never stopped talking to me about him, — he is her favourite; I know how biassed mothers are, but —"

"What did his mother tell you?"

"Oh, a great deal! I know that he is her favourite, still, it is evident that he is chivalrous — For example, she told me that he wanted to give his whole fortune to his brother, that he did something extraordinary in his childhood, — he saved a woman from drowning. In short, he is a hero," said Anna, smiling, and thinking of the two hundred roubles which he had contributed at the station.

But she did not tell of those two hundred roubles. For some reason it was unpleasant to her to recall the fact.

She felt that in that act there was something in reference to herself, and something that ought not to have been.

"She asked me very urgently to come to see her," continued Anna, "and I shall be glad to see the old lady, and so will go there to-morrow. Thank God, Stíva is staying quite awhile in Dolly's cabinet," added Anna, changing the subject, and rising, dissatisfied with something, so Kitty thought.

"No, I first! No, I!" shouted the children, having finished their tea, and running up to Aunt Anna.

"All at once," said Anna, and, laughing, she ran to meet them, and embraced and threw down the whole crowd of the swarming children, who were screaming with delight.

XXI.

To the tea of the adults, Dolly came out of her room. Stepán Arkádevich did not come out. He evidently had left his wife's room by the back entrance.

"I am afraid that you will be cold up-stairs," remarked Dolly, turning to Anna. "I want to transfer you down-stairs, — we shall be nearer to each other."

"Oh, please, don't trouble yourselves about me," replied Anna, gazing at Dolly's face and trying to make out whether there was a reconciliation or not.

"It will be light here for you," replied her sister-in-law.

"I tell you that I sleep anywhere, and always like a marmot."

"What is it about?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, coming out of the cabinet and turning to his wife.

From the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I want to transfer Anna down-stairs, but it will be necessary to change the curtains. Nobody will know how to do it, — I shall have to do it myself," replied Dolly, turning to him.

"God knows whether there was a full reconciliation," thought Anna, upon hearing her cold and calm tone.

"What is the use, Dolly, of troubling yourself all the time?" said the husband. "If you want me to, I shall do it all —"

"Yes, they must have made up," thought Anna.

"I know how you will do it," replied Dolly. "You

will tell Matvyéy to do what cannot be done, and yourself will leave, and he will get everything mixed up," and a habitual, derisive smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly's lips as she said that.

"A complete, complete reconciliation," thought Anna, "thank God!" and, happy to have been the cause of it, she walked over to Dolly and kissed her.

"Not at all. Why do you despise us, me and Matvyéy, so?" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling a faint smile and turning to his wife.

The whole evening Dolly was, as always, slightly sarcastic in reference to her husband, and Stepán Arkádevich was contented and happy, but only to such an extent as to show that he had not forgotten his guilt.

At half-past nine, the peculiarly cheerful and pleasant evening family conversation at the tea-table of the Oblónskís was disturbed by a seemingly simple incident, but this simple incident, for some reason, seemed very strange to everybody. As they were talking about common St. Petersburg acquaintances, Anna suddenly got up.

"I have it in my album," she said, "and, besides, I will show you my Serézha," she added, with a proud maternal smile.

At ten o'clock, when she was generally in the habit of bidding her boy good night, or putting him herself to bed, if she went out to a ball, she felt sad because she was so far away from him; and no matter what they were talking about, she mentally returned to her curly-headed Serézha. She wanted to see his photograph and to talk with him. Taking advantage of the first pretext, she got up and with her light, firm gait went for the album. The staircase which led up to her room abutted on the landing of the broad, warm entrance staircase.

Just as she left the drawing-room, the bell was rung in the antechamber.

"Who can it be?" said Dolly.

"If for me, it is too early, and for anybody else it is too late to call," remarked Kitty.

"No doubt with some documents," added Stepán Arkádevich.

As Anna passed the staircase, a servant ran up to announce the caller, while the caller himself stood at the lamp, and Anna, looking down, immediately recognized Vrónski, and a strange feeling of pleasure and, at the same time, of indefinite terror, suddenly stirred in her heart. He stood without taking off his overcoat and was drawing something out of his pocket. Just as she reached the middle of the staircase, he raised his eyes and saw her, and in the expression of his face there was something like shame and fright. Lightly bending her head, she passed on, and soon after was heard the loud voice of Stepán Arkádevich, calling him to come up, and the subdued, soft, and calm voice of Vrónski, declining to do so.

When Anna returned with the album he was gone, and Stepán Arkádevich told that he had called to find out about a dinner which they were to give on the following day to a visiting celebrity.

"He would not come in for anything. How strange he is!" added Stepán Arkádevich.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she was the only one who understood why he had called and why he had not come up. "He was at our house," she thought, "and, not finding me there, he thought that I was here; but he did not come in, because he thought it was late, and because Anna is here."

All looked at one another, without saying anything, and then began to look at the album.

There was nothing strange or unusual for a man to call on his friend at half-past nine in order to find out the details of a proposed dinner, and not to come in; but it nevertheless seemed strange to everybody. Strangest and most improper it seemed to Anna.

XXII.

THE ball had just begun, when Kitty with her mother ascended the broad staircase, which was bathed in light and lined with flowers and powdered lackeys in red caf-tans. From the halls proceeded the even hum of motion, as in a beehive, and while they on the landing, between trees, adjusted their coiffures and garments in front of a mirror, there were borne from a parlour the cautious, precise sounds of the violins of the orchestra playing the first waltz. An old civilian, who had been adjusting his gray locks at another mirror, and who emitted a strong odour of perfume, ran against them on the staircase, and so stepped aside, apparently admiring Kitty, who was a stranger to him. A beardless youth, one of those society young men whom the old Prince Shcherbátski called *pup-pies*, in a dreadfully low-cut waistcoat, adjusted his white necktie in his walk, bowed to them, and, having walked past, returned and engaged Kitty for a quadrille. The first quadrille had already been promised to Vrónski, and so she had to give this youth the second quadrille. A military man, who was buttoning his glove, stepped aside at the door and, stroking his moustache, looked admiringly at pink Kitty.

Although the toilet, the coiffure, and all the preparations for the ball had cost Kitty much labour and reflection, she now, in her tulle garment over a pink slip, carried herself at the ball as freely and as simply as though all those rosettes and laces and details of the toilet had not

cost her or her home-folk a moment of attention, and as though she had been born in that tulle and lace, with that high coiffure, with the rose and two leaves at the top.

When the old princess, before entering the parlour, wanted to straighten out a twisted ribbon of her girdle, Kitty moved gently away. She felt that everything ought to be good and graceful on her, and that there was nothing to adjust.

This was one of Kitty's happy days. The garment was not tight anywhere; the lace bertha did not droop; the rosettes were not crushed, nor torn off; the pink slippers with the high, curved heels did not pinch her feet, but were comfortable. The thick braids of blond hair were firm on her little head. All three buttons on the long gloves, which fitted her arms, without changing their form, had buttoned without tearing off. The black velvet band of the medallion most gently wound around her neck. This band was charming, and at home, as she had looked at her neck in the mirror, she had felt that that velvet band talked. In everything else there might be some doubt, but the band was charming. Kitty smiled even here at the ball, as she looked into the mirror. On her bare shoulders and neck she felt a marble coldness, a sensation of which she was particularly fond. Her eyes sparkled, and her ruby lips could not help smiling at the consciousness of her attractiveness.

She had barely entered the parlour and had not yet reached the tulle-ribbon-lace-flower group of women, who were waiting for invitations to dance (Kitty never stood in that crowd), when she was invited to a waltz, and that invitation was tendered her by the best dancer, the chief gentleman in the ball hierarchy, the famous director of balls, master of ceremonies, a married, handsome, stately man, Egórushka Korsúnski. He had just left Countess Bánin, with whom he had danced the first turn of the waltz, and was surveying his household, that is, the sev-

eral couples that had started out to dance. He espied Kitty, who had just entered, and ran up to her with that peculiar easy amble, characteristic of directors of balls, and, bowing, without asking whether she wished it or not, stretched out his arm to embrace her slender waist. She looked around for some one to give her fan to; the hostess smilingly took it from her.

"How nice that you have come in time!" he said to her, embracing her waist. "It is such a horrible habit to be late."

Bending her left arm, she placed it on his shoulder, and the small feet in the pink slippers moved rapidly, lightly, and evenly over the smooth parquetry, keeping time with the music.

"It is restful to waltz with you," he said to her, as he started on the first, slow movements of the waltz. "What charming lightness and precision!" He said to her what he generally said to all his good acquaintances.

She smiled at his praise, and over his shoulder continued to examine the parlour. She was not a *débutante*, with whom all the faces blend into one magic impression; nor was she a ball-worn girl, to whom all the faces are so familiar as to be tiresome; she was between the two: she was excited, and yet controlled herself sufficiently to be able to observe. In the left corner of the parlour, she saw, was grouped the flower of society. There was the excessively nude beauty, Lidy, Korsúnski's wife; there was the hostess; there shone with his bald head Krívin, who was always where the flower of society was gathered. In that direction looked the youths, not daring to walk up; and there she espied Stíva, and later saw the superb figure and head of Anna in a black velvet dress. And *he*, too, was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she had refused Levín. Kitty immediately recognized him with her far-sighted eyes, and even noticed that he was looking at her.

"Well, another turn? Are you not tired?" asked Korsúnski, a little out of breath.

"No, thank you!"

"Where shall I take you?"

"Anna Karénin, I think, is here. Take me to her!"

"As you wish."

And Korsúnski, slowing up, waltzed straight into the crowd in the left corner of the parlour, saying, "*Pardon, mesdames, pardon, pardon, mesdames!*" and, manœuvring between a sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, without catching on as much as a feather, he abruptly turned his lady around, so that her slender legs in the openwork stockings were disclosed and her train opened up like a fan and covered Krívin's knees. Korsúnski bowed, straightened out his open breast, and offered her his hand, in order to take her to Anna Arkádevna.

Kitty blushed, took her train off Krívin's knees, and, a little dizzy, looked around in order to find Anna. Anna did not wear a lilac garment, as Kitty had wanted her to, but a low-cut, black, velvet dress, which disclosed her full shoulders and breast, that looked as though turned out of old ivory, and her round arms with thin, tiny hands. The whole dress was trimmed with Venetian guipure. On her head, in her black hair, all her own without any foreign admixture, there was a small wreath of pansies, and a similar wreath was on the black ribbon of her girdle, between white lace. Her coiffure was unnoticeable. All that one could see was those persistent short ringlets of curly hair, which, adorning her, always stood out on the nape of her neck and on her temples. On her strong, well-turned neck there was a string of pearls.

Kitty had seen Anna every day, was in love with her, and imagined her not otherwise than in lilac. But now, when she saw her in black, she felt that she had not understood all her charm. She now saw her in an entirely new and unexpected light. Now she understood

that Anna could not have been in lilac, and that all her charm consisted even in this, that she always stepped out of her toilet, that the toilet could never be seen on her. The black dress with the superb lace was not visible on her; it was merely a frame, and what was visible was she, a simple, natural, elegant, and, at the same time, merry and animated woman.

She stood bearing herself, as always, extremely erect, and, as Kitty approached that group, was talking with the host, slightly turning her head toward him.

"No, I will not throw a stone," she was replying to him, "though I do not understand," she continued, shrugging her shoulders, and immediately turning to Kitty with a gentle smile of protection. Surveying her toilet with a cursory, feminine glance, she made a barely perceptible motion with her head, which Kitty understood as being in approval of her toilet and beauty. "You even enter the parlour dancing," she added.

"This is one of my most reliable assistants," said Korsúnski, bowing to Anna Arkádevna, whom he had not yet seen. "The princess helps me to make the ball jolly and beautiful. Anna Arkádevna, a turn of the waltz," he said, bending.

"Are you acquainted?" asked the host.

"With whom are we not acquainted? My wife and I are like white wolves,—everybody knows us," replied Korsúnski. "A turn of the waltz, Anna Arkádevna."

"I do not dance whenever it is possible not to dance," she said.

"But to-night it is impossible," replied Korsúnski.

Just then Vrónski came up.

"Well, if it is impossible not to dance to-night, then let us dance!" she said, without noticing Vrónski's bow, and quickly raising her arm to Korsúnski's shoulder.

"Why is she dissatisfied with him?" thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely did not answer Vrónski's

bow. Vrónski went up to Kitty, reminding her of the first quadrille and regretting that he had not had a chance to see her all that time. Kitty looked in delight at Anna as she waltzed, and, at the same time, listened to him. She was waiting for him to invite her to the waltz, but he did not do so, and she looked at him in surprise. He blushed and hastened to invite her, but no sooner had he embraced her slender waist than the music suddenly stopped. Kitty looked at his face, which was at such a close range to her, and long afterward, many years later, that glance, full of love, which she then cast upon him, and which he did not return, cut her heart with painful shame.

“Pardon! Pardon! A waltz, a waltz!” Korsúnski shouted from the other end of the parlour and, putting his arm around the lady nearest to him, began himself to whirl around the room.

XXIII.

VRÓNSKI and Kitty made several turns in the waltz. After the waltz Kitty went up to her mother, and, before she had a chance to exchange a few words with Countess Nórdston, Vrónski came after her for the first quadrille.

Nothing of any consequence was said during the quadrille. They carried on a broken conversation, now about the Korsúnskis, husband and wife, whom he very funnily described as sweet children of forty years of age, and now of the coming society theatricals, and only once did his conversation touch her to the quick, and that was when he asked her about Levín, whether he was there, adding that he liked Levín very much. But Kitty had not expected much of the quadrille. She was waiting with trepidation for the mazurka. It seemed to her that everything would be decided then. The fact that he had not invited her for the mazurka while dancing the quadrille did not trouble her. She was convinced that she was going to dance the mazurka, as at previous balls, and refused five gentlemen, saying that she was engaged. The whole ball up to the last quadrille was for Kitty a magic dream of joyous colours, sounds, and motions. She did not stop dancing except when she felt too tired and asked for a rest. But, as she was dancing her last quadrille with one of the dull youths, who could not be refused, she happened to be vis-à-vis to Vrónski and Anna. She had not seen Anna since the beginning of the ball, and here she suddenly saw her again in an entirely

new and unexpected situation. She observed in her that excitement from success, with which she was familiar in herself. She saw that Anna was intoxicated with the wine of delight roused by herself. She knew that sensation, and knew its signs, and saw them in Anna, — she saw the tremulous, flashing sparkle in her eyes, and the smile of happiness and excitement which involuntarily curved her lips, and the precise grace, security, and ease of her motions.

"Why is it?" she asked herself. "All or one?" And, without coming to the rescue of the tormented young man with whom she was dancing, to resume the conversation, the thread of which he had dropped and was unable to take up again, and outwardly surrendering herself to the merry and loud words of command given by Korsúnski, who now threw all into *grand rond* and now into a *chaine*, she made observations, and her heart was compressed more and more.

"No, it is not the admiration of the crowd, but the rapture of one that has intoxicated her. And that one? Could it really be he?"

Every time when he spoke with Anna, a joyous sparkle flashed in her eyes, and a smile of bliss curved her ruby lips. She seemed to be making an effort over herself, in order not to disclose those signs of joy, but they appeared on her face of their own accord.

"What about him?" Kitty glanced at him, and was frightened. What had so clearly shown itself to Kitty in the mirror of Anna's face, she saw in him. What had become of his ever calm, firm manner and the carelessly calm expression of his face? No, every time he now spoke to her he slightly inclined his head, as though ready to fall down before her, and in his glance there was only the expression of submissiveness and terror. "I do not mean to offend you," every glance of his  to say, "but to save myself, and I do not know

how." The expression of his countenance was such as she had never seen before.

They were speaking of their common acquaintances, chatting in the most inconsequential manner, but it seemed to Kitty that every word uttered by them decided their fate and her own. And what was strange was that, although they actually were talking about how ridiculous Iván Ivánovich was with his French language, and about how a better match might be found for Miss Elétski, their words in reality had a meaning for them, and this they felt as strongly as Kitty. The whole ball, the whole world, everything was veiled in mist in Kitty's soul. Only the severe school of education through which she had passed sustained her and made her do everything demanded of her, that is, dance, answer questions, talk, and even smile. But before the beginning of the mazurka, when the chairs were being placed, and several pairs went from the smaller rooms to the large parlour, Kitty was overcome by a minute of despair and terror. She had refused five gentlemen, and now she was not going to dance. There was even no hope that she would be invited, for the very reason that she had too much success in society, so that it could not occur to any one that she had not yet been engaged. She ought to tell her mother that she was ill, and be driven home, but her strength failed her. She felt herself crushed.

She went into the background of a small drawing-room and dropped into a chair. The airy skirt of her dress rose in a cloud around her slender waist; one of her bare, thin, tender girlish arms sank impotently into the folds of her pink robe; in the other she held a fan, and with rapid, short motions fanned her heated face. But, in spite of that appearance of a butterfly just alighted on a blade of grass and ready in a minute to fly up and unfold its rainbow-coloured wings, terrible despair pinched her heart.

"Maybe I am mistaken. Maybe there was nothing of the kind." And she again recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what is this?" said Countess Nórdston, who, walking noiselessly over the carpet, had come up to her. "I do not understand it."

Kitty's lower lip twitched; she rose rapidly.

"Kitty, are you not dancing the mazurka?"

"No, no," said Kitty, in a voice trembling from tears.

"He invited her to the mazurka in my presence," said Countess Nórdston, knowing that Kitty would understand who he and she were. "She said: 'Do you not dance with Princess Shcherbátski?'"

"Oh, it makes no difference to me," replied Kitty.

No one but she herself understood her situation; no one knew that she had the day before refused a man whom, perhaps, she loved, and had refused him because she had faith in another.

Countess Nórdston found Korsúnski, with whom she was to dance the mazurka, and asked him to invite Kitty.

Kitty danced with Korsúnski as the leading pair, and fortunately she did not have to talk, for Korsúnski kept running around all the time, looking after his household. Vrónski and Anna were almost opposite her. She saw them with her far-sighted eyes, and saw them near by, when they met in pairs, and the more she saw them, the more she became convinced that her misfortune was accomplished. She saw that they felt themselves alone in that filled hall. And on Vrónski's face, always so firm and independent, she saw that expression of discomposure and submissiveness which so startled her, and which resembled the expression of an intelligent dog when it is guilty.

Anna smiled, and the smile was communicated to him. She became pensive, and he grew serious. A preternatural power attracted Kitty's eyes to Anna's face. She was

charming in her simple black dress ; charming were her full arms with the bracelets ; charming was the firm neck with the string of pearls ; charming was the winding hair of her loosened coiffure ; charming were the graceful, light movements of her small feet and hands ; charming was that beautiful face in its animation, — but there was something terrible and cruel in her charm.

Kitty admired her even more than before, and suffered more and more. Kitty felt herself crushed, and her face showed it. When Vrónski saw her, as he met her at the mazurka, he did not recognize her at once, — she had changed so much.

“ A beautiful ball ! ” he said to her, to be saying something.

“ Yes,” she replied.

In the middle of the mazurka, while repeating a complicated figure of Korsúnski’s invention, Anna stepped into the middle of the circle, took two gentlemen, and called up a lady and Kitty. Kitty looked in surprise at her, as she went up. Anna half-closed her eyes and smilingly looked at her, pressing her hand. But, upon noticing that Kitty’s face responded to her smile only with an expression of despair and of surprise, she turned away from her and began to speak gaily with the other lady.

“ Yes, there is something demoniac and enticing in her,” Kitty said to herself.

Anna did not intend to stay to supper, but the host insisted.

“ Really, Anna Arkádevna,” said Korsúnski, taking her bare arm with the sleeve of his dress coat, “ I have a superb idea of a cotillion ! *Un bijou !* ”

And he started to move slowly, hoping to draw her along. The host smiled approvingly.

“ No, I will not remain,” replied Anna, smiling ; but, in spite of the smile, Korsúnski and the host understood

from the firm tone of voice with which she replied that she would not stay.

"No, I have as it is danced more at your ball here in Moscow than during the whole winter in St. Petersburg," said Anna, looking back at Vrónski, who was standing near them. "I must rest myself before the journey."

"So you are going to-morrow for certain?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Anna, as though surprised at the boldness of his question; but the irrepressible tremulous sparkle of her eyes and smile burnt him, as she was saying it.

Anna Arkádevna did not remain to supper, and went away.

XXIV.

"YES, there is in me something disgusting and repulsive," thought Levín, as he left the Shcherbátskis, on his way, on foot, to his brother. "I am no good for other people. They say it is pride. No, I have not even any pride. If I had, I should not have placed myself in such a situation." And he thought of Vrónski, happy, good, clever, and self-composed Vrónski, who, no doubt, had never been in that terrible situation in which he was that evening. "Yes, she could not help selecting him. It is right so, and I have no cause to complain of anybody or anything. It is my own fault. What right did I have to think that she would wish to unite her life with mine? Who am I? And what am I? An insignificant man, whom nobody wants."

And he thought of his brother Nikoláy, and joyfully dwelt on that reminiscence. "Is he not right when he says that everything in the world is mean and contemptible? I doubt if we have been judging brother Nikoláy correctly. Of course, from the standpoint of Prokófi, who saw him in a torn fur coat and drunk, he is a detestable man; but I know him differently. I know his soul, and I know that we resemble each other. And I, instead of hunting him up, drove out to dine, and then went here." Levín walked over to a lamp, read his brother's address, which he had in his pocketbook, and called up a cabman. On his whole long drive to his brother, he vividly recalled all the familiar incidents from the life of his brother Nikoláy. He recalled how his brother had lived in the

university, and a year after leaving the university, like a monk, in spite of the ridicule of his comrades, executing all the religious rites, fasting, and attending divine service, and avoiding all pleasures, especially women; and how he then suddenly gave way, cultivating the acquaintance of the basest company, and plunging into the vilest debauch. He then recalled the story about the boy whom he had taken from the village in order to educate him, and whom, in a fit of madness, he had beaten so badly that the charge of mayhem was preferred against him. He then recalled the story about the cheat, to whom he had lost a sum of money, giving him a note, and against whom he himself preferred the charge of swindling. (It was that sum which Sergyé Ivánovich had paid for him.) Then he recalled how he had passed a night in the lockup for riotous behaviour. He recalled the disgraceful lawsuit which he had started against his brother Sergyé Ivánovich, claiming that he had not been paid his part of the maternal estate, and the latest case, when he had gone to the West to serve, where he was prosecuted for assault and battery committed against a village elder. All that was very low, but to Levín it did not appear by any means as low as it must have appeared to those who did not know Nikoláy, who did not know his whole history, who did not know his heart.

Levín recalled that at the time when Nikoláy had been passing through his period of piety, fasts, monasticism, divine services, when he had been looking in religion for aid, — for a bridle on his impassioned nature, — no one had sustained him, and all, he himself included, had made fun of him. He had been teased and called Noah and monk; and when everything gave way, no one helped him, but all turned away from him in terror and detestation.

Levín felt that his brother Nikoláy in his heart, in the very foundation of his heart, despite the monstrousness of

his life, was not more wrong than those men who despised him. He was not to blame for having been born with his irrepressible character and harassed mind. He always wanted to be good. "I will tell him everything; I will make him tell me everything, and I will show him that I love him and, therefore, understand him," Levín decided, as he at eleven o'clock reached the hotel indicated in the address.

"Up-stairs, Numbers 12 and 13," the porter replied, to Levín's question.

"Is he at home?"

"I think so."

The door to Number 12 was half-open, and from there, in a strip of light, issued a dense smoke of a poor quality of weak tobacco, and proceeded the sound of an unfamiliar voice; but Levín at once divined that his brother was there: he heard him cough.

As he entered through the door, the unfamiliar voice was saying:

"Everything depends on how intelligently and how consciously the case is managed."

Konstantín looked in and saw that the speaker was a young man in an enormous cap and a sleeveless coat, while a young, pockmarked woman, in a woollen garment, without cuffs or collar, was sitting on a sofa. Konstantín's heart gave a painful twinge at the thought of the strange company among whom his brother was living. Nobody heard him, and Konstantín took off his overshoes and listened to what the gentleman in the sleeveless coat was saying. He was talking about some undertaking.

"The devil take them, the privileged classes," his brother said, coughing. "Másha! Get us a supper and give us some liquor, if any is left, else send for it!"

The woman got up, stepped behind the partition, and noticed Konstantín.

"A gentleman is here, Nikoláy Dmítrievich," she said

"Whom does he want?" was heard Nikoláy Levín's angry voice.

"It is I," replied Konstantín Levín, stepping into the light.

"Who is that?" still more angrily said Nikoláy.

Levín heard him get up with a start, his foot catching in something, and he saw before him at the door the familiar tall figure of his brother, which, nevertheless, startled him by its wildness and sickly aspect, its leanness and stooping shoulders, and large, frightened eyes.

He was leaner than he had been three years before, when Konstantín had seen him for the last time. He wore a short coat. His hands and large bones seemed larger than ever. His hair was more scanty, and the same straight moustache covered his lips, and the same eyes looked strangely at the intruder.

"Ah, Konstantín!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he recognized his brother, and his eyes glistened with joy. But that very moment he looked at the young man and made a familiar convulsive motion with the head and neck, as though his necktie were choking him; and an entirely different, savage, suffering, cruel expression rested on his emaciated face.

"I wrote both you and Sergyéy Ivánovich that I do not know you and do not want to know you. What do you want?"

He was not at all as Konstantín had imagined him. What was most oppressive and bad in his character, that which made communion with him so very difficult, had been forgotten by Konstantín Levín when he had thought of him; now that he saw his face, especially the convulsive jerking of his head, he recalled it all.

"I have no especial reason to see you," he replied, timidly. "I just wanted to call on you."

His brother's timidity apparently mollified Nikoláy. He twitched his lips.

"Oh, you have just come to see me?" he said. "Well, come in! Sit down! Do you want to eat supper? Másha, bring us three orders. No, wait! Do you know who this is?" he turned to his brother, pointing to the gentleman in the sleeveless coat. "It is Mr. Krítski, my friend, whom I used to know in Kíev, — a very remarkable man. Of course, the police are persecuting him because he is not a scoundrel."

And, by force of habit, he looked around at all the persons in the room. Seeing that the woman, who was standing at the door, made a motion to go out, he shouted: "Wait, I say!" And with that awkwardness of speech, which Konstantín knew so well, he, once more surveying everybody in the room, began to tell his brother Krítski's history: how he had been expelled from the university for establishing a society for the support of indigent students and Sunday schools, and how he then had entered a people's school as a teacher and was expelled from there, too, and how later he had been under trial for something.

"From the Kíev University?" Konstantín Levín asked Krítski, in order to break the awkward silence which had ensued.

"Yes, from the Kíev University," Krítski said, with an angry scowl.

"And this woman," Nikoláy Levín interrupted him, pointing at her, "is the companion of my life, Márya Nikoláevna. I took her out of a house," and he jerked his neck as he said that. "But I love and respect her, and I demand of everybody who wants to know me," he added, raising his voice and frowning, "to love and respect her. She is the same as though she were my wife, just the same. So, now you know with whom you are dealing. And if you think that you are lowering yourself, here is the door, and God be with you!"

And again his eyes inquisitively surveyed the persons present.

“Why should I lower myself? I do not understand.”

“If so, Másha, let us have supper: three orders, vódka and wine — No, wait! — No, it is all right — go!”

XXV.

"So you see," continued Nikoláy Levín, knitting his brow with an effort, and twitching his neck.

It apparently gave him pain to consider what to say and do.

"You see —" He pointed in the corner of the room to some iron scraps which were tied with a rope. "Do you see this? It is the beginning of a new undertaking which we are introducing. This undertaking is a producers' coöperative society."

Konstantín was barely listening. He was gazing at Nikoláy's consumptive, sickly face, and he pitied him more and more, and could not make himself listen to what his brother was telling him of the coöperative society. He saw that this society was only an anchor of safety from self-contempt. Nikoláy Levín continued to speak:

"You know that capital oppresses the labourer. Our labourers, the peasants, bear the whole brunt of labour and are so situated that, no matter how much they may work, they cannot get away from their bestial situation. All the wage-earnings with which they might improve their position and gain sufficient leisure for the acquisition of culture, all the surplus of pay, are taken away from them by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that the more they work, the more will the merchants and agriculturists gain, while they will always be beasts of burden. And this order of things must be changed," he finished, looking questioningly at his brother.

"Yes, that is so," said Konstantín, looking fixedly at

the ruddy glow which had appeared beneath the protruding cheek-bones of his brother.

"We are forming a blacksmiths' coöperative society, where all the products, and the earnings, and the chief tools of production will be in common."

"Where will that society be?" asked Konstantín Levín.

"In the village of Vózdrema, in the Government of Kazán."

"But why in a village? In the villages the people have enough to do without it, it seems to me. What use is there in a blacksmiths' coöperative society in a village?"

"Because the peasants are as much slaves now as they have ever been, and so it displeases such men as you and Sergyéy Ivánovich because we want to take them out of that slavery," said Nikoláy Levín, irritated by the retort.

Konstantín Levín sighed, while surveying the gloomy, dirty room. This sigh seemed to irritate Nikoláy still more.

"I know the aristocratic views of such men as you and Sergyéy Ivánovich. I know that he uses all his mental powers in order to justify the existing evil."

"But why do you speak of Sergyéy Ivánovich?" Levín said, smiling.

"Sergyéy Ivánovich? For this reason!" Nikoláy Levín suddenly shouted at the mention of Sergyéy Ivánovich's name. "I will tell you why — But what is the use of talking? It's all the same — What did you come to me for? You despise all this, — very well, go then, and may God be with you! Go!" he shouted, rising from his chair. "Go, go!"

"I do not despise it," Konstantín Levín said, timidly. "I do not even dispute."

Just then Márya Nikoláevna returned. Nikoláy Levín

cast an angry glance at her. She quickly walked over to him and whispered something into his ear.

"I am not well, and am irritable," Nikoláy Levín muttered, quieting down, and breathing heavily, "and then you talk to me about Sergyéy Ivánovich and his article. It is such bosh, such nonsense, such self-deception! What can a man write about justice, of which he knows nothing? Have you read his article?" he turned to Krítski, again seating himself at the table, and removing from it half-filled cigarettes, in order to clear a place.

"I have not read it," Krítski said, gloomily, apparently reluctant to enter into the conversation.

"Why not?" Nikoláy Levín now turned with irritation to Krítski.

"Because I do not regard it as necessary to waste my time."

"Excuse me, but how do you know that you would be wasting time on it? For many this article is inaccessible, that is, it is above their understanding. But with me it is different: I see through his ideas, and I know why they are weak."

All grew silent. Krítski slowly rose and took his cap.

"Don't you want to eat supper? Good night, then! Come to-morrow with the blacksmith!"

Krítski had barely left, when Nikoláy Levín smiled and winked.

"He is badly off, too," he muttered, "I see —"

But just then Krítski at the door called him.

"What do you want?" he said, going out to him in the corridor.

Being left with Márya Nikoláevna, Levín turned to her.

"How long have you been with my brother?" he asked her.

"This is the second year. His health is very bad now. He drinks too much," she said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"He drinks vódka, and that hurts him."

"Does he drink much?" Levín asked, in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, looking timidly at the door, through which Nikoláy Levín appeared.

"What were you talking about?" he said, frowning, and transferring his frightened eyes from one to the other. "About what?"

"Nothing," Konstantín answered, in confusion.

"If you do not want to tell, all right. Only you have no business talking with her. She is a maid, and you are a gentleman," he said, twitching his neck. "I see you have comprehended and estimated everything, and you look with compassion at my delusions," he said again, raising his voice.

"Nikoláy Dmítrievich, Nikoláy Dmítrievich!" Márya Nikoláevna again whispered, walking over to him.

"All right, all right! What about the supper? Oh, here it is," he said, seeing a waiter with a tray. "Here, here, put it down!" he said, angrily, immediately taking the vódka, filling a wine-glass, and eagerly drinking it, "Take a drink, if you want to!" he turned to his brother, at once becoming more cheerful. "We have had enough of Sergyéy Ivánovich. All the same I am glad to see you. Say what you please, but we are no strangers. Do take a drink! Tell me what you are doing!" he continued, avidly munching a piece of bread, and filling another wine-glass for himself. "How are you getting on?"

"I am living by myself in the country, as before, and attending to the farm," replied Konstantín, looking in terror at the eagerness with which his brother drank and ate, and trying to conceal his surprise.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have had no chance," Konstantín replied, blushing.

"Why not? With me it is all over. I have ruined my life. I have always said and say even now that if I had got my part then, my life would have been a different one."

Konstantín hastened to change the subject.

"Do you know that your Vanyúsha is my office clerk in Pokróvskoe?" he said.

Nikoláy twitched his neck and fell to musing.

"Tell me how things are at Pokróvskoe. Is the house still there, and the birches, and our class-room? And is gardener Filípp still alive? How I remember the arbour and the sofa! Take my advice, don't change anything in the house, and get married as soon as you can, and let the house be run as it used to be. I will come and stay with you, if you have a good wife."

"Come now and stay with me!" said Levín. "We would have things so nice!"

"I should like to come, if I knew that I would not find Sergyéy Ivánovich there."

"You will not find him. I live quite independently of him."

"Yes, you may say what you please, but you must choose between him and me," he said, looking timidly into his brother's eyes.

This timidity touched Konstantín.

"If you want to have my full confession in this matter, I will tell you that in your quarrel with Sergyéy Ivánovich I take neither side. You are both wrong. You are wrong mostly externally, and he internally."

"Ah, ah! You have it right, you have it!" Nikoláy exclaimed, joyfully.

"But I, personally, if you want to know it, value your friendship more because —"

"Why, why?"

Konstantín could not tell him that he valued it because

Nikoláy was unfortunate and needed friendship. But Nikoláy understood that it was that that he wanted to say, and he frowned and again took to the vódka.

"That will do, Nikoláy Dmítrievich!" said Márya Nikoláevna, stretching forth her chubby bare arm toward the decanter.

"Leave it! Don't bother me! I'll beat you!" he cried.

Márya Nikoláevna smiled a meek, kindly smile, which was communicated to Nikoláy, and took away the vódka.

"Do you think that she does not understand it?" said Nikoláy. "She understands it much better than any of us. There is something good and sweet in her, — don't you think so?"

"Have you not been in Moscow before?" Konstantín said to her, to show her some attention.

"You must not say 'you' to her. That frightens her. No one has ever said 'you' to her, but the justice of the peace, when she was tried for wishing to leave the house of prostitution. O Lord, what nonsense there is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, this County Council, — what abomination!"

And he began to tell of his conflicts with these new institutions.

Konstantín Levín listened to him, and that negation of the meaning of all the public institutions, which he shared with him and had frequently uttered, now affected him disagreeably from the lips of his brother.

"In the world to come we shall understand it all!" he said, jestingly.

"In the world to come? Oh, I do not like that world to come! I don't," he said, arresting his wild, frightened eyes on his brother's face. "One would think that it would be well to get away from all this baseness and nonsense, both of others and your own, and yet I am

afraid of death, terribly afraid of it." He shuddered. "Take a drink! Do you want some champagne? Or shall we go somewhere. Let us go to the gipsies! Do you know, I have grown very fond of the gipsies and of the Russian songs."

His tongue began to falter, and he started jumping from one subject to another. Konstantín, with the aid of Másha, persuaded him not to go anywhere, and put him to bed completely intoxicated.

Másha promised to write to Konstantín in case of necessity and to persuade Nikoláy Levín to go to live with his brother.

XXVI.

IN the morning Konstantín Levín left Moscow, and in the evening arrived at home. On his way, in the railway car, he had been talking with his neighbours about politics and about the new railways, and, as in Moscow, he was overcome by a confusion of ideas, a dissatisfaction with himself, an indefinite shame ; but, the moment he arrived at his station and recognized his one-eyed coachman Ignát with his raised caftan collar ; when, in the dim light, which fell through the station windows, he saw his carpet sleigh, his horses with their tied-up tails, in their harness with the rings and tassels ; when coachman Ignát, even while the things were being put away in the sleigh, began to tell him the village news, about the arrival of the contractor, about Páva having calved, — he felt that the confusion of ideas was slowly clearing off, and the shame and dissatisfaction with himself passed away. This he felt at the mere sight of Ignát and of his horses ; but, when he put on the sheepskin fur coat, which he had brought with him, and seated himself in the sleigh and started, reflecting on the orders which he would have to give in the village, and looking at the worn-out Don mount which was still doing him fine service as a side-horse, he understood quite differently what had taken place with him.

He felt himself, and did not wish to be anything else. All he wanted now, was to be better than before. In the first place, he decided from that day on not to count again on an unusual happiness, such as marriage was to give him, and consequently not to neglect the present so much.

In the second place, he would never again allow himself to be carried away by that base passion, the recollection of which had tormented him so much when he had been getting ready to propose. Then, thinking of his brother Nikoláy, he firmly decided that he would never again permit himself to forget him, that he would watch over him, and that he would not let him out of sight, so as to be ready to aid him, when he should be in a bad shape. And he felt that it would be soon. Then, his brother's talk on communism, on which he had looked so lightly at the time, now caused him to reflect. He considered the transformation of the economic conditions as useless; but he had always felt the injustice of his abundance in comparison with the poverty of the masses, and so he determined, in order to feel himself in the right, although he had worked much before and had lived unpretentiously, now to work even more and to allow himself even less luxury. All this seemed to him so easy of accomplishment that he passed the whole way in the pleasantest of reveries. With the strong feeling of hope for a new, better life, he drove up to his manor at nine o'clock at night.

From the windows of the room of Agáfya Mikháylovna, his old nurse, who exercised in the house the rôle of a stewardess, fell a light on the snow in the open space in front of the house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzmá, who was wakened by her, ran, sleepy and barefoot, out on the porch. The pointer bitch Láska, almost knocking Kuzmá down, sprang out, too, and whimpered, rubbing against his knees, rearing and anxious to put her fore paws on his chest, but not daring to do so.

"But you have come back in a hurry, sir," said Agáfya Mikháylovna.

"I got homesick, Agáfya Mikháylovna. It is nice to visit, but nicer at home," he replied, on his way to the cabinet.

The cabinet was slowly lighted up by a candle which was brought in. There appeared the familiar details: the antlers, the book-shelves, the mirror of the stove with the damper, which ought to have been fixed long ago, his father's divan, a large table, with an open book upon it, a broken ash-tray, a writing-book with his handwriting. When he saw all that, he was for a moment assailed by doubt as to the possibility of arranging that new life of which he had been dreaming all the way down. All the traces of his life seemed to embrace him and to say to him: "No, you will not get away from us, and you will not be anything but what you have been: with the doubts, the eternal dissatisfaction with yourself, the vain endeavours to mend your ways, and backslidings, and the eternal expectation of a happiness, which is not for you and which shall not be."

Thus spoke the objects; but another voice, in his soul, said that he must not surrender to the past, and that he could do anything with himself. And, listening to this voice, he walked over to the corner, where stood a pair of dumb-bells of forty pounds each, and began to practise with them, trying to brace himself by means of the exercise. Footsteps creaked behind the door. He hurriedly put down the dumb-bells.

The clerk came in to announce that everything, thank God, was in good condition, but he informed him that the buckwheat in the new kiln was scorched. The new kiln had been built and partly invented by Levín. The clerk had always been against this kiln, and now he made the announcement of the scorching of the buckwheat in concealed triumph. But Levín was convinced that, if it was scorched, it was due to the fact that the proper precautions, which he had enjoined on them a hundred times, had not been taken. He was annoyed, and he reprimanded the clerk. There was, however, one important and joyful piece of news: Páva, a very fine, expensive

cow, which he had bought at an exposition, had had a calf.

"Kuzmá, let me have my sheepskin coat. And you order them to take a lantern,—I will go and take a look," he said to the clerk.

The stable for the expensive cows was directly back of the house. Crossing the yard past a snow-drift near the lilac-bushes, he walked over to the stable. There was an odour of warm, steaming manure when the frosty door was opened, and the cows, surprised at the unaccustomed light of the lantern, stirred on their fresh straw. There flashed the broad, black-spotted back of a Dutch cow. Berkút, the bull, was lying down, with his ring in his lip, and wanted to get up, but changed his mind, and only panted twice, as they passed by him. The red beauty Páva, as big as a hippopotamus, turned her back toward them, shielding the calf and sniffing at it.

Levín stepped into the stall, examined Páva, and raised the dappled, red-spotted calf on its long, frail legs. Excited Páva started to low, but calmed down when Levín moved the calf up to her, and, heaving a deep breath, began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf kept poking its nose into its mother's side, trying to find the udder, and twisted its little tail.

"Bring the light up here! The lantern this way!" said Levín, as he examined the heifer calf. "Takes after her mother! Though in colour she resembles her father. Very fine! Long and slender! Vasíli Fédorovich, she is fine, is she not?" he turned to the clerk, completely reconciled with him for the buckwheat, under the influence of the joy on account of the calf.

"Considering the dam and the bull, how could she be anything else? Semén the contractor came the day after your departure. You will have to come to some agreement with him, Konstantín Dmítrievich," said the clerk. "I have reported to you before about the machine."

This one question brought Levín back to all the details of the farm, which was large and complex, and he went at once from the cow-stable to the office, and, after talking with the clerk and contractor Semén, he returned home and went up-stairs to the drawing-room.

XXVII.

It was a large, old house, and Levín, though living alone in it, occupied the whole of it, and had it all heated. He knew that it was foolish and wrong and contrary to all modern, new plans, but the house was Levín's whole world. It was the world in which his parents had lived and died. They had lived the life which to Levín seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he had been dreaming of renewing with his wife, with his family.

Levín scarcely remembered his mother. His remembrance of her was a sacred memory to him, and his future wife was to have been, in his imagination, a repetition of that charming, sacred ideal of woman, such as his mother had been.

Love of woman he not only could not imagine outside of wedlock, but he first thought of the family, and then only of the woman who was to give him that family. Consequently his conceptions about marriage did not resemble the conceptions of the majority of his acquaintances, for whom marriage was one of many human affairs; for Levín it was the chief affair of life, on which his whole happiness depended. And now he had to renounce it all!

When he entered the small drawing-room, where he always drank his tea, and seated himself in his armchair with a book, and Agáfya Mikháylovna brought him the tea and, with her habitual "I will sit down, sir," seated herself on a chair near the window, he felt that, however strange it might be, he had not parted from his dreams,

and that he could not live without them. Whether with her or with another, it would be. He read the book, thought of what he was reading, stopping to hear Agáfyá Mikháylovna, who kept chatting without cessation, and, at the same time, all kinds of pictures of the farm and of his future domestic life disconnectedly rose before his imagination. He felt that in the depth of his heart something was arranging itself in a firm, even, orderly manner.

He listened to Agáfyá Mikháylovna's recital about Prokhór, who had forgotten God, and who, with the money which Levín had given him to buy himself a horse, had been drinking without let-up and had almost beaten his wife to death; he listened to her and continued to read the book, and recalled the whole march of his ideas, evoked by the reading. It was Tyndall's book on heat. He recalled his condemnation of Tyndall for his self-assurance in his agility in making experiments and for his lack of philosophical acumen. And suddenly there sailed out the joyful thought: "In two years I shall have in my herd two Dutch cows, and Páva herself may be still alive, and there will be twelve of Berkút's heifers, and these three to increase the pure breed, — charming!" He again took up his book. "All right, electricity and heat are the same thing; but is it possible for the solution of a question to substitute one quantity for the other? No. What then? The connection between all the forces of Nature is felt instinctively anyway — It will be particularly fine when Páva's daughter is a dappled cow, and the whole herd will be improved by these three! — Superb! To come out with my wife and the guests to see the herd return — The wife will say: 'Konstantín and I have raised this heifer like a child.' 'How can such a thing interest you so much?' the guest will say. 'Everything that interests him, interests me.' But who is she?" And he recalled what had happened in Moscow. "What

is to be done? It is not my fault. Now everything will go after a new fashion. Nonsense, that life, the past, will not permit it. I must try hard to live better, much better — ”

He raised his head and fell to musing. Old Láska, who had not yet digested all the joy of his arrival, and who had been running around in the yard in order to have a bark, now returned, wagging her tail and bringing in an odour of the frosty air, went up to him, stuck her head under his arm, whining pitifully, and begging to be petted.

“All she lacks is speech,” said Agáfya Mikháylovna. “And she is but a dog — She understands that her master has returned, and so feels lonesome.”

“Why lonesome?”

“Don’t I see, sir? It is time for me to know my masters. I have grown up among my masters since childhood. Never mind, sir! So long as your health is good and your conscience pure.”

Levín looked fixedly at her, wondering how it was she understood his thoughts.

“Well, shall I bring you some more tea?” she said, taking the cup and going out.

Láska kept sticking her head through his arm. He petted her, and she immediately rolled up in a ring at his feet, placing her head on the protruding hind paw. And as a sign that everything now was in good and safe condition, she slightly opened her mouth, smacking her lips, and, placing her viscous lips more comfortably near her old teeth, she grew calm in blissful quiet. Levín attentively watched every one of these last movements of hers.

“Just so it is with me!” he said to himself. “Just so with me! All right — Everything is well.”

XXVIII.

AFTER the ball, early on the following morning, Anna Arkádevna wired to her husband that she would leave Moscow that very day.

“Really I must, I must leave,” she explained to her sister-in-law the change of her intention, speaking in a tone of voice that implied she had in mind a mass of business that could not even be counted up. “No, I had better go to-day!”

Stepán Arkádevich was not going to dine at home, but he promised to be back to take his sister to the station at seven o'clock.

Kitty, too, did not come, sending a note that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English governess. Either because children are inconstant, or very sensitive, and so felt that Anna on that day was different from what she had been when they had fallen in love with her, and that she no longer was interested in them,—however it might have been, they suddenly stopped playing with their aunt and loving her, and were absolutely indifferent to her departure. Anna was busy all the morning getting ready to leave. She wrote notes to her Moscow acquaintances, made up the account of her expenses, and packed her things. It appeared to Dolly that Anna was not composed, but in that mood of worry with which she was so familiar in her own case, and which does not assail one without cause and generally conceals dissatisfaction with oneself. After dinner Anna went to her room to get dressed, and Dolly followed her up.

"How strangely you act to-day!" Dolly said to her.

"I? Do you think so? I am not strange, but bad. That happens with me. I want to cry all the time. It is very stupid, but it will pass," Anna said, rapidly, bending her blushing face over the quaint bag in which she was packing away her nightcap and batiste handkerchiefs. Her eyes had a peculiar sparkle and were constantly veiled by tears. "I hated so to leave St. Petersburg, and now I hate to leave Moscow."

"You have come here and have done a good act," said Dolly, gazing fixedly at her.

Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly! I have not done anything, and could not do anything. I have often wondered why people have conspired to spoil me. What have I done, and what could I have done? There was so much love in your heart that you could forgive —"

"God knows what would have happened without you! How happy you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "In your heart everything is clear and good."

"'In everybody's heart there is a skeleton,' as the English say."

"How can you have a skeleton? Everything is so clear with you."

"But I have!" Anna suddenly said, and, after a flow of tears, a sly, derisive smile suddenly puckered her lips.

"If so, your skeleton is funny, and not gloomy," Dolly said, smiling.

"No, gloomy. Do you know why I am leaving to-night, and not to-morrow? It is a confession which has been choking me, and I will make it to you," said Anna, throwing herself back in the chair with determination, and looking Dolly straight in the eye.

To her surprise, Dolly saw that Anna blushed to her ears, to her curling black ringlets on her neck.

"Yes," continued Anna. "Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I have spoiled — I was the cause of the ball having been a torture, and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, it is not my fault, or only a little bit my fault," she said, protracting the word "little" in a thin voice.

"Oh, how much like Stíva you said that!" Dolly said, laughing.

Anna felt offended.

"Oh, no, oh, no! I am not Stíva," she said, frowning. "I say this to you because I will not allow myself for a moment to doubt myself," said Anna.

But just as she was saying these words, she felt that they were not true; she not only had no confidence in herself, but even felt an agitation at the thought of Vrónski, and she was going away earlier than she had intended to, only that she might not meet him again.

"Yes, Stíva told me that you danced a mazurka with him, and that he —"

"You can't imagine how ridiculous it all turned out. I had only intended to act as a go-between, and it has happened quite differently. Maybe I against my will —"

She blushed and stopped.

"Oh, they feel it at once!" said Dolly.

"But I should be in despair if there were anything serious on his part," Anna interrupted her. "I am convinced that it will all be forgotten, and Kitty will stop hating me."

"Really, Anna, to tell you the truth, I am not much in favour of this marriage for Kitty, and it would be better if nothing came of it, since he has been able to fall in love with you in one day."

"O Lord, that would be so stupid!" said Anna, and again a deep, joyous colour appeared in her face when she heard the thought that interested her expressed in words. "And so I leave, having made an enemy of Kitty, to whom

I have taken such a liking. Oh, how sweet she is! But you will fix it all, won't you?"

Dolly could hardly repress a smile. She loved Anna, but it gave her pleasure to see that she, too, had weaknesses.

"An enemy? Impossible."

"I wish so much that all of you may love me as I love you; now I have come to love you even more," Anna said, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, how silly I am tonight!"

She passed her handkerchief over her face, and began to dress herself.

Only when it was about time to leave, there arrived belated Stepán Arkádevich, with a red, gay face and the odour of wine and cigars about him.

Anna's sensitiveness was communicated also to Dolly, and when she for the last time embraced her sister-in-law, she whispered to her: "Remember, Anna: I will never forget what you have done for me. And remember that I have always loved you, and always will love you as my best friend!"

"I do not understand why," said Anna, kissing her, and concealing her tears.

"You have understood me. Good-bye, my treasure!"

XXIX.

"THANK God, everything is over!" was the first thought that came to Anna Arkádevna when she for the last time bade farewell to her brother, who till the third bell had barred her way to the car. She sat down on her sofa seat, beside Ánnushka, and looked around in the semiobscurity of the sleeping-car. "Thank God, to-morrow I shall see Serézha and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and my life will go on in its good, habitual course."

Still in the same spirit of anxiety, in which she had been all day long, she fixed herself for the journey with precision and with a feeling of pleasure; with her small, agile hands she opened and closed her red bag, took a small pillow and placed it on her knees, and, carefully wrapping her legs, seated herself.

A sick lady was already lying down to sleep. Two other ladies started a conversation with Anna, and a stout old woman bundled up her legs and passed some remarks on the heating of the cars. Anna said a few words in reply to the ladies, but, foreseeing no pleasure from the conversation, asked Ánnushka to take out a little lamp, which she fastened to the arm of the chair. Then she drew out of her hand-bag a paper-knife and an English novel.

At first she could not concentrate her attention on the reading; she was disturbed by the passengers' fussing and walking around; then, when the train started, she could not help listening to the sounds; then the snow, which beat against the left window and stuck fast to the pane,

and the sight of the conductor who was passing by, with the snow drifted on one side of him, and the conversation about the terrible storm outside distracted her attention. Later it was all the time the same : the same jolting and rattling, the same snow pelting against the window-pane, the same rapid transition from sweltering heat to cold and back again to heat, — and Anna began to read and to comprehend what she was reading.

Ánnushka was already dozing, holding the red bag on her knees with her broad hands in gloves, one of which was torn. Anna Arkádevna read and comprehended, but it gave her no pleasure to read, that is, to follow the reflection of other people's life. She was herself too full of the desire to live. If she read that the heroine of the novel tended on a patient, she herself wanted to walk with inaudible steps through the patient's room ; if she read that a member of Parliament delivered a speech, she wanted to deliver it herself ; if she read that Lady Mary coursed behind a pack and teased her sister-in-law and surprised everybody by her daring, she wanted to do the same. But there was nothing to do, and she fingered the smooth paper-knife with her little hands, and buried herself in her reading.

The hero of the novel was already beginning to attain his English happiness, — a baronetcy and a fortune, — and Anna wanted to go with him to his estate, when she suddenly felt that, no doubt, he must be ashamed, and she herself was ashamed. But what was he ashamed of ? “ What am I ashamed of ? ” she asked herself in offended surprise. She left the book, and threw herself against the back of the chair, firmly clasping the paper-knife with both her hands. There was nothing shameful. She passed in review all her Moscow reminiscences. They were all good and enjoyable. She recalled the ball ; she recalled Vrónski and his enamoured, humble face ; she recalled all her relations with him : there was nothing shameful in

them. And yet, at this very point of her recollections, the sensation of shame increased, as though an inner voice were saying to her, as she thought of Vrónski: "It is warm, very warm, — it is hot!"

"What is it?" she said to herself, with determination, changing her position in her seat. "What does it mean? Am I afraid to look straight at it? What is it? Is it possible that between me and that boy of an officer there exist or can exist any other relations than those which I have with any other acquaintance?"

She smiled contemptuously and again took up the book, but now decidedly could not understand what she was reading. She drew the paper-knife over the window-pane, then put its cold, smooth surface to her cheek, and almost burst out into a loud laugh of joy which causelessly took possession of her. She felt that her nerves were being stretched tighter and tighter on some turning pegs. She felt that her eyes were opening wider and wider; that her fingers and toes were nervously twitching; that she had to gasp for breath, and that all the images and sounds in this quivering semiobscurity struck her with unusual distinctness. She was all the time assailed by moments of doubt whether the car was moving forward or backward, or standing entirely still; whether it was Ánnushka who was beside her or an entire stranger. "What is it there, on the arm of the chair, — a fur coat or an animal? And what am I myself here? Am I myself or somebody else?" She felt terribly at surrendering herself to this oblivion; but something drew her into it, and she could voluntarily surrender herself to it, or hold back.

She got up in order to regain her senses; she threw back the plaid and took off the pelerine of her warm robe. For a minute she came to her senses and understood that the lean peasant in the long nankeen overcoat, with one button off, who had just entered, was the fire-tender;

that he was looking at the thermometer; that a gust of wind and of snow had burst in with him through the door. Later all this became mixed — The long-waisted peasant began to chew something in the wall; the old woman stretched out her legs the whole length of the car and filled it as a black cloud; then something creaked and rattled terribly, as though a man were being torn to pieces; then a red light blinded her eyes, and then everything was hidden by the wall. Anna felt as though she had fallen through something. But all that was not terrible: it was jolly. The voice of a fur-wrapped, snow-covered man shouted something over her ear. She arose and regained her senses: she saw that they had reached a station, and that it was the conductor. She asked Ánnushka to give her the pelerine which she had taken off and a shawl; she put them on and moved toward the door.

“Is it your pleasure to step out?” asked Ánnushka.

“Yes. I want to take a breath of air. It is so hot here.”

She opened the door. A gust of wind and snow streamed in to meet her and disputed the door with her. That seemed to her jolly. She opened the door and stepped out. The wind seemed to have waited for her: it whistled merrily and wanted to pick her up and carry her away, but she took hold of the frosty rail with her hand, and, holding down her skirt, stepped on the platform, and walked back of the car. The wind was strong on the car steps; but on the platform of the station, back of the cars, there was no wind. She joyfully inhaled with full lungs the snow-filled, frosty air, and, standing near the car, surveyed the platform and the illuminated station.

XXX.

A TERRIBLE storm blustered and whistled between the wheels of the cars and along the posts around the corner of the station. The cars, posts, people — everything which was visible — were on one side covered with snow, and the snow fell more and more. For a moment the storm quieted down, and then once more swept down in such gusts that it seemed impossible to withstand it. In the meantime, people hurried by, conversing merrily, making the planks of the platform creak, and constantly opening and closing some large doors. The bent shadow of a man slipped by under her feet, and there resounded the beating of a hammer on the iron. "Give me the telegram!" was heard a voice on the other side, through the stormy obscurity. "This way, if you please! Number 28!" other voices shouted, and snow-covered, fur-wrapped people rushed by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed by her. She drew one more deep breath, to fill her lungs with the fresh air, and had already taken one hand out of her muff, in order to grasp the rail and enter the car, when another man, in a military overcoat, directly beside her, concealed from her the quivering light of the lamp. She turned around and that very moment recognized Vrónski. He put his hand to his visor and, bending down before her, asked her whether she did not need something, whether he could not be useful to her. She looked at him for quite awhile, without answering him, and, in spite of the shadow in which he was standing, saw, or thought she saw, the expression

of his face and his eyes. It was again that expression of respectful delight which had affected her so the night before. More than once during the last few days, and even now, she had been saying to herself that Vrónski was for her but one out of hundreds of similar young men with whom one meets everywhere, and that she would never allow herself to think of him; but now, in the first moment of their meeting, she was seized by a feeling of joyful pride. She did not have to ask him what he was doing there. She knew it as certainly as though he had told her that he was there in order to be where she was.

"I did not know that you were on the train. Why are you travelling?" she said, dropping the hand with which she was about to take hold of the rail. An irrepressible joy and animation beamed in her face.

"Why am I travelling?" he repeated, looking her straight in the eye. "You know that I am travelling to be where you are," he said. "I cannot help myself."

Just then, as though overcoming an obstacle, the wind swept some snow down from the roofs of the cars, and made a loose iron sheet flap about, and in front the deep whistle of an engine roared forth in a mournful and gloomy manner. The whole terror of the snow-storm now appeared to her even more beautiful. He had said precisely what her soul had wished, though her reason had been afraid of it. She made no reply, and in her face he saw a struggle.

"Forgive me, if what I have said offends you," he muttered, humbly.

He spoke politely, respectfully, but so firmly and persistently that she could not answer him for quite awhile.

"What you say is bad, and I ask you, if you are a good man, to forget what you have said, just as I will forget it," she said, at last.

"Not one word of yours, not one motion of yours, will I ever forget, nor can I ever —"

"Enough, enough!" she exclaimed, vainly trying to give a stern expression to her face, at which he was eagerly gazing. And, taking hold of the frosty rail, she ascended the steps and rapidly entered the vestibule of the car. But in this small vestibule she stopped, reflecting on what had happened. She could not recall her own words, or his, but she felt instinctively that that one minute's conversation had brought them dreadfully near; and she was frightened by it and happy. After standing for a few seconds, she entered the car and sat down in her seat. The condition of tension, which had tormented her at first, was not only renewed, but even intensified and reached such a point that she was afraid that something strained too hard in her would give way. She did not sleep the whole night; but in that tension and in those reveries that filled her imagination there was nothing disagreeable or gloomy; on the contrary, there was something joyful, burning, and inciting. Toward morning Anna fell asleep, sitting in the chair, and when she awoke it was daylight, and the train was getting near to St. Petersburg. Immediately the thoughts of the house, her husband, and her son, and the cares of the present and the following days surrounded her.

The moment the train stopped at St. Petersburg and she stepped out, — the first person who attracted her attention was her husband. "O Lord! What has made his ears look like that?" she thought, looking at his cold, impressive figure, and especially at the striking ear cartilage which abutted against the brim of his round hat. When he espied her, he came up to meet her, compressing his lips into a habitual, sarcastic smile, and looking straight at her with his large, tired eyes. A disagreeable feeling pinched her heart when she met his persistent, tired glance, as though she had expected to see him a different man. She was peculiarly struck by the sensation of discontentment with herself, which she experienced in

meeting him. It was a familiar, homelike feeling, resembling that attitude of simulation which she always experienced in relation to her husband ; but on former occasions she had not noticed this feeling, whereas now she was clearly and painfully conscious of it.

“ Yes, as you see, your tender husband, as tender as in the second year of our marriage, was burning with the desire to see you,” he said, with his slow, thin voice and in a tone which he nearly always employed toward her, a tone of sarcasm toward him who would actually employ such words.

“ Is Serézha well ? ” she asked.

“ And that is the whole reward,” he said, “ for my excessive zeal ? He is well, he is — ”

XXXI.

VRÓNSKI had not even tried to fall asleep that night. He sat in his chair, now gazing straight in front of him, now surveying those who came in and went out, and, if before he had startled and agitated strangers by his look of imperturbable calm, he now appeared even more proud and self-possessed. He looked at people as at things. A nervous young man, who was serving in the Circuit Court, and who was sitting opposite to him, hated him for this glance. The young man asked him for the fire, started a conversation with him, even pushed him, just to let him know that he was not a thing, but a man; but Vrónski kept looking at him as at a lamp, and the young man made faces, feeling that he was losing his self-possession under the pressure of not being recognized as a man.

Vrónski saw nothing and no one. He felt like a king, not because he believed that he had produced an impression on Anna, — he was not yet sure of it, — but because the impression which she had produced on him gave him happiness and a feeling of pride.

What would come of it all he did not know, and did not even think. He felt that all his heretofore loosened and scattered forces were gathered into one and with terrible energy directed toward one blissful aim. And this made him happy. All he knew was that he had told her the truth that he was travelling to the place where she was and that the whole happiness of life, the only meaning of life for him, now lay in seeing and hearing her. When he left the car at Bológovo, in order to drink a

glass of seltzer, and saw Anna, his first word involuntarily told her precisely what he thought. He was glad that he had told it to her and that she now knew it and was thinking of it. He did not sleep the whole night. When he returned to the car, he uninterruptedly thought of all the situations in which he had seen her and of all the words which she had uttered, and in his imagination, thrilling him, rose the pictures of the possible future.

When he left the car in St. Petersburg, after a sleepless night, he felt himself animated and fresh as though coming out of a cold bath. He stopped near his car, waiting for her to come out. "I will see her once more," he said to himself, with an involuntary smile, "I will see her gait, her face: she will, probably, say something, turn her head, look at me, even smile." But even before he saw her, he noticed her husband, whom the station-master was politely conducting through the crowd. "Oh, yes, her husband!" Now only for the first time Vrónski clearly understood that her husband was a person that was closely connected with her. He knew that she had a husband, but had not believed in his existence, and came to believe it fully only when he saw him, with his head, his shoulders, and his legs in black pantaloons; especially when he saw that man calmly, with a proprietary feeling, take her hand.

When he saw Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with his fresh St. Petersburg face and sternly self-confident figure, in a round hat, with a somewhat prominent back, he believed in him and experienced an unpleasant sensation, such as a man may experience, who, tormented by thirst, reaches a spring and there finds a dog, a sheep, or a swine, which has drunk there and has roiled the water. The gait of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who was wabbling with his whole pelvis and with his flat feet, more than anything else offended Vrónski. He recognized only his own right to love her. But she was still the same, and the

sight of her exercised the same influence upon him, physically animating and exciting him, and filling his soul with happiness. He commanded his German lackey, who came running up to him from the second class, to take his things and leave, and himself went up to her. He saw the first meeting of husband and wife, and, with the penetration of a lover, observed the signs of slight embarrassment with which she was talking to her husband. "No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," he decided at once.

Even while he was approaching Anna Arkádevna from behind, he noticed with joy that she felt his proximity; she turned back and, recognizing him, again turned to her husband.

"Did you pass a good night?" he said, bowing to both him and her husband at the same time, thus giving Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich a chance to take the greeting as meant for him and to recognize him or not, as he might please.

"Thank you, a very good night," she replied.

Her face looked weary, and there was not upon it that play of animation which found its expression in a smile or in the eyes; however, for a moment, while she glanced at him, something flashed in her eyes, and, although this fire immediately went out, he was happy on account of that moment. She looked at her husband, in order to find out whether he knew Vrónski. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich looked with dissatisfaction at Vrónski, absently recalling who it was. Vrónski's calm and self-confidence here struck, like a scythe-blade against a stone, against the cold self-confidence of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Count Vrónski," said Anna.

"Ah! We are acquainted, I think," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, indifferently, giving him his hand. "She went away with the mother, and comes back with the son," he said, distinctly enunciating every word. "You

are, no doubt, on a leave of absence," he said, and, without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife in his jocular manner: "Well, did many tears flow at the separation in Moscow?"

With this address to his wife he intimated to Vrónski that he wished to be left alone, and, turning to him, he touched his hat; but Vrónski turned to Anna Arkádevna:

"I hope I shall have the honour of calling," he said.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich looked at Vrónski with his weary eyes.

"I shall be happy," he said, coldly, "we receive on Mondays." Then, having dismissed Vrónski, he said to his wife: "How nice that I had just half an hour in which to meet you and to show you my attachment for you," he continued, in the same jocular tone.

"You underline your attachment too much! You want me to feel it," she said, in the same jocular tone, instinctively listening to the sounds of the steps of Vrónski, who was walking behind them. "What do I care?" she thought, and immediately began to ask her husband how Serézha had been passing his time without her.

"Oh, admirably! Mariette says that he has been very sweet and — I must grieve you — was not in the least homesick for you, — not at all like your husband. But, once more, *merci*, my dear, for having given me a day. Our dear samovár will be delighted." (By this name he called the famous Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, for being always in a turmoil and agitation.) "She has been asking about you. Do you know, if I may advise you, you ought to go and see her this very day. Everything gives her a heartache. Just now she is, in addition to all her other cares, interested in the reconciliation of the Oblónskis."

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was the friend of her husband and the centre of one of the circles of St. Petersburg society, with which Anna, through her husband, was more closely allied.

“ But I have written her.”

“ She wants to know all the details. Go to see her, my dear, if you are not too tired. Well, Kondráti will bring up the carriage for you, and I must go to the committee. I shall not be able to dine in private again,” continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, this time no longer in a jocular tone. “ You will not believe how used I am — ”

And, pressing her hand for a long time, he put her into the carriage, with a special smile.

XXXII.

THE first person whom Anna saw when she reached home was her son. He ran down-stairs to her, despite the cries of the governess, and with desperate delight called out, "Mamma, mamma!" He ran up to her and hung on her neck.

"I told you that it was mamma!" he cried to his governess. "I knew it was!"

And her son, too, like her husband, evoked in Anna a feeling which was akin to disappointment. She had imagined him better than he was in reality. She had to come down in reality in order to enjoy him such as he was. But even such as he was, he was charming with his blond curls, blue eyes, and full, well-shaped legs and tightly fitting stockings. Anna experienced almost a physical delight in the sensation of his nearness and love, and moral peace, whenever she met his good-natured, trustful, and loving glance and heard his naïve questions. Anna took out the presents which Dolly's children had sent him, and told her son that there was a girl by the name of Tánya in Moscow, and that she could read and even taught other children to read.

"Well, am I not as nice as she?" asked Serézha.

"For me you are the best in the world."

"I know it," said Serézha, smiling.

Anna had not yet finished her coffee when Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was announced. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was a tall, full-formed woman, with a sickly, yellow colour in her face, and with beautiful, pensive black eyes.

Anna loved her, but on that day she seemed to see her for the first time with all her defects.

"Well, my dear, have you taken the olive-branch to them?" asked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, before she had fully entered the room.

"That is all over; it was by no means so important as we all thought," replied Anna. "My *belle sœur* is, in general, too quick."

But Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who was interested in everything that did not concern her, was in the habit of not listening to what interested her; she interrupted Anna:

"Yes, there is much evil and sorrow in the world, and I am so worn out to-day!"

"What is the matter?" asked Anna, trying to repress a smile.

"I am getting tired of the useless breaking of lances for truth, and now and then I am entirely unnerved. The affair with the little sisters" (that was a philanthropic, religio-patriotic establishment) "was going on nicely, but you cannot do a thing with those gentlemen," added Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, with sarcastic submissiveness to fate. "They have taken up the idea, have disfigured it, and then discuss in such a petty and insignificant manner. Two or three men, your husband among them, comprehend the whole meaning of the affair, but the others spoil it. Právdin wrote to me yesterday —"

Právdin was a famous Panslavist abroad, and Countess Lídiya Ivánovna told the contents of his letter.

Then the countess told of other unpleasantnesses and wiles against the union of the churches, and went away in a hurry, as she had on that day to attend the meeting of a certain society, and had to be in the Slavic Committee.

"Certainly all this has been before; why have I not noticed it before?" Anna said to herself. "Or is she very irritable to-day? Really, it is ridiculous: her aim is vir-

tue, — she is a Christian, — and she is all the time angry, and she has a lot of enemies, and all these in matters of Christianity and virtue.”

After Countess Lídiya Ivánovna there came a friend of hers, the wife of a director, and she told her all the city news. At three o'clock she, too, left, promising to be back for dinner. Aleksyáy Ivánovich was in the ministry. When left alone, Anna passed her time before the dinner in staying with her son at his meal (he always dined by himself), and in getting her things in order, and reading and answering the notes and letters which had accumulated on her table.

The feeling of causeless shame, which she had experienced on her journey, and the agitation had entirely disappeared. In the habitual circumstances of life she again felt herself firm and immaculate.

She recalled in surprise her condition on the day before. “What has happened? Nothing. Vrónski has said something silly, to which it is very easy to put a stop, and I made the proper reply to him. I need not, and I cannot speak of it to my husband. To speak of it would be giving importance to that which has none.” She remembered how she once had told him of what was almost a confession made to her by one of her husband's young subordinates in St. Petersburg, to which Aleksándrovich had replied that, living in society, any woman might be subjected to it, but that he completely relied on her tact, and would never allow himself to lower her and himself by jealousy. “Consequently there is no reason for mentioning it to him. Thank God, there is even nothing to talk to him about,” she said to herself.

XXXIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH returned from the ministry at four o'clock, but, as had frequently happened, had no time to come to see her. He went to his cabinet to receive the waiting petitioners and to sign certain documents which had been brought by the secretary. To dinner (there were always three or four people at the dinners of the Karénins) there came: Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's old cousin, a director of a department, with his wife, and a young man who had been recommended to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich for a place under him. Anna went into the drawing-room to entertain them. Precisely at six, before the bronze clock Peter I. had sounded the last stroke, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich made his appearance in white necktie and in a dress coat with two stars, as he had to leave immediately after dinner. Every moment of his life was occupied and classified. And, in order to succeed in doing what was necessary for each day, he adhered to the strictest order. "Without haste and without rest," was his motto. He entered the room, greeted all present, and hastened to sit down, with a smile for his wife.

"Yes, my loneliness has come to an end. You will not believe how uncomfortable it is" (he emphasized the word "uncomfortable") "to dine all alone."

At dinner he talked with his wife about affairs in Moscow and asked with a sarcastic smile about Stepán Arkádevich; but the conversation, on the whole, was of a general character, about St. Petersburg social affairs and

about the service. After dinner he passed half an hour with the guests; and, once more smilingly pressing his wife's hand, he went out and had himself driven to the session of the council. Anna did not go this time to the house of Betsy Tverskóy, who, having heard of her return, had invited her to spend the evening with her, nor to the theatre, where she had a box for that day. The chief reason she did not go was that the dress on which she had been counting was not yet ready. Anna became quite dispirited when, after the departure of the guests, she began to busy herself with her toilet. Before her journey to Moscow she, expert in dressing herself inexpensively, had given three garments to a modiste to have them made over. They were to be made over in such a way that they could not be recognized, and they were to have been ready three days before. It turned out that two of these garments were not yet done, while one was not made as Anna wanted it. The modiste came to make explanations, insisting that it would be better that way, and Anna became so excited that she later felt ashamed of herself. To regain her composure, she went to the nursery, and passed the whole evening with her son; she herself put him to bed, crossed him, and placed the coverlet over him. She was glad that she had not gone anywhere and that she had passed such a pleasant evening. She was so much at ease and calm, and she saw so clearly that everything which on the railway had appeared so significant to her was only one of the usual, insignificant incidents of worldly life, that she had no reason to be ashamed of herself in reference to anybody. Anna sat down at the fireplace with an English novel, and waited for her husband. Precisely at half-past nine his ringing of the bell was heard, and he entered the room.

"At last here you are!" she said, extending her hand to him.

He kissed her hand and sat down beside her.

"I see that your journey has, in general, been a success," he said to her.

"Yes, a great success," she replied; and she began to tell him everything from the beginning: about her journey with Countess Vrónski, about her arrival, and about the accident at the station. Then she told him of her impression of pity, at first for her brother and later for Dolly.

"I do not think that such a man can be excused, even though he be your brother," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

Anna smiled. She knew that he had said that for the very purpose of showing that considerations of relationship could not influence him in expressing his sincere opinion. She knew that characteristic of his and loved it.

"I am glad that everything has ended well, and that you have arrived," he continued. "Well, what do they say there about the new decree which I have carried through the council?"

Anna had not heard anything about that decree, and she felt embarrassed at having so easily forgotten that which for him could be of importance.

"Here, on the contrary, it has produced quite a stir," he said, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich wanted to inform her of something agreeable to him in this matter, and so she elicited his story by questioning him. He told her, with the same self-satisfied smile, of the ovations which he had received in consequence of this decree.

"I was very, very happy. It proves that at last a firm and sensible view is being established in our country in regard to this matter."

After finishing his second glass of tea, with cream and bread, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich got up and went to his cabinet.

"And you did not go out at all? You must have been lonely!" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied, getting up after him, and accompanying him across the parlour to his cabinet. "What are you reading now?" she asked him.

"Now I am reading Duc de Lille's '*Poésie des Enfers*,'" he replied, "a very interesting book."

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the foibles of beloved persons, and, linking her arm in his, took him as far as the cabinet. She knew his habit of reading in the evening, which had become a necessity with him. She knew that, in spite of all the cares of his office, which absorbed nearly all his time, he regarded it as his duty to keep an eye on every remarkable appearance in the spiritual world. She knew also that in reality he was interested in political, philosophical, and theological books, and that art was by his nature quite foreign to him; but, in spite of that, or rather on account of it, he did not let a thing pass by which made a stir in that field, and considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in the field of politics, philosophy, and theology he was in doubt or in a state of investigation; but in questions of art and poetry, especially of music, of the comprehension of which he was entirely deprived, he had most definite and settled opinions. He was fond of talking about Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven, and about the significance of the new schools of poetry and music, which were all classified by him in a very clear and consistent manner.

"Well, God be with you!" she said to him at the door of the cabinet, where were prepared for him the shade on the candle and a decanter of water near his chair. "I will write to Moscow."

He pressed her hand and kissed her again.

"He is, all the same, a fine man, truthful, good, and remarkable in his sphere," Anna said to herself, upon returning to her room, as though defending him against

some one who was accusing him and who was saying that he could not be loved. "But what makes his ears protrude so? Has he had his hair cut?"

Exactly at midnight, while Anna was still sitting at the writing-desk, finishing a letter to Dolly, there were heard even, slippered steps, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, washed clean and combed, with a book under his arm, came up to her.

"It is time, it is time," he said, with a special smile, and went into the sleeping-room.

"What right did he have to look at him in such a way?" Anna thought, as she recalled Vrónski's look at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

Having undressed herself, she entered the sleeping-room, but in her face there was not that animation which, during her stay in Moscow, had positively spirted from her eyes and smile; on the contrary, now the fire seemed to be extinct in her, or hidden away somewhere deep.

.

XXXIV.

UPON leaving St. Petersburg, Vrónski had left his ample quarters on the Morskáya to his favourite comrade Petrítski.

Petrítski was a young lieutenant. He was not of a particularly good origin, and not only not well-to-do, but also deep in debt; in the evenings he was drunk and had frequently been in the guard-house for a variety of either funny or nasty affairs, but he was a favourite with his comrades and with the authorities. As Vrónski reached his lodgings from the station, at noon, he saw a familiar cab at the entrance. Standing at the door and ringing the bell, he heard the laughter of men and the lispings of a feminine voice and Petrítski's call, "If it is a rascal, don't let him in!" Vrónski did not have himself announced, but softly went into the first room. Baroness Shíltón, Petrítski's friend, shining in a lilac velvet dress and a ruddy, light-complexioned face, and like a canary bird filling the whole room with her Parisian talk, was sitting at a round table and preparing coffee. Petrítski, in an overcoat, and Captain Kameróvski, in full uniform, evidently directly from the service, were sitting about her.

"Bravo, Vrónski!" shouted Petrítski, jumping up and rattling with the chair. "The master himself! Baroness, let him have coffee from the new coffee-pot! Well, we did not expect you! I hope you are satisfied with the adornment of your cabinet," he said, pointing to the baroness. "You are acquainted, are you not?"

"I should say so!" said Vrónski, with a merry smile and pressing the baroness's little hand. "Why, she is an old friend."

"You are just home from the road," said the baroness, "so I'll skip. Oh, I will leave at once, if I am in the way."

"You are at home wherever you are, baroness," said Vrónski. "Good morning, Kameróvski," he added, giving Kameróvski a cold pressure of his hand.

"Now, you never say such sweet things," said the baroness, turning to Petrítski.

"I do not see why. After dinner I can say them as well as he."

"After dinner there is no merit in it! I will give you some coffee, and you go and wash and dress yourself," said the baroness, sitting down again and cautiously turning a screw in the new coffee-pot. "Pierre, let me have the coffee," she turned to Petrítski, whose name she had Frenchified into Pierre, without making any secret of her relations with him. "I will put in a little more."

"You will spoil it!"

"No, I won't! Well, and your wife?" the baroness suddenly said, interrupting Vrónski's conversation with his companion. "We have gotten you married here. Did you bring your wife with you?"

"No, baroness. I was born a gipsy, and I shall die a gipsy."

"So much the better, so much the better. Give me your hand!"

And the baroness did not dismiss Vrónski, but began to tell him her last plans of life, interlarding her recital with jokes, and asked him for his advice.

"He does not want to give me a divorce! What am I to do?" (*He was her husband.*) "I want to begin a lawsuit now. What is your advice? Kameróvski, look after the coffee — it is boiling! you see, I am busy now!"

I want a lawsuit because I need my estate. He says that I am unfaithful to him — how stupid!" she said, with contempt, "and so he wants to appropriate my estate."

Vrónski listened with pleasure to the merry babbling of the pretty woman, assenting to what she was saying, and giving her semijocular advice, and immediately fell into his habitual tone of treating women of that class. In his St. Petersburg world all people were divided into two diametrically opposed classes. One of these, the lower kind, consisted of base, stupid, and, above all, ridiculous people who believed in this, that one man ought to live with one wife, the one he was betrothed to; that a girl ought to be innocent, a woman chaste, a man manly, continent, and firm; that it was necessary to educate one's children, earn one's bread, pay debts, — and similar foolish things. It was the class of old-fashioned and ridiculous people. And there was the other class of people, real men, to whom they all belonged, in which it was necessary, above all, to be elegant, magnanimous, daring, gay, and to abandon oneself to every passion without blushing, and to laugh over everything else.

Vrónski was stunned in the first minute, after the impressions of an entirely different world, brought with him from Moscow; but immediately, as though slipping his feet into old house-shoes, he entered his former gay and agreeable world.

The coffee was not made, after all, for it spirted over everybody and boiled over, and produced the very effect which was necessary, that is, it gave occasion for noise and laughter, and spotted an expensive rug and the baroness's dress.

"Now, good-bye, or else you will never get washed, and I shall have on my conscience the chief crime of a decent man, — uncleanness. So your advice is to put the knife to his throat?"

"By all means. Do it in such a way that your hand

is near to his lips. He will kiss your hand, and all will end favourably," replied Vrónski.

"So it is in the French to-night!" and, rustling with her dress, she disappeared.

Kameróvski rose, too, and Vrónski, without waiting for him to leave, gave him his hand and went to his dressing-room. While he was washing himself, Petrítski described to him in brief outlines his position, insomuch as it had changed since his departure. Of money there was none. His father had told him that he would not give him any, and that he would not pay his debts. The tailor wanted to have him locked up, and another, too, threatened to have him arrested. The commander of the regiment had informed him that if those scandals did not stop, he would have to resign his commission. He was tired of the baroness as of a bitter radish, especially because she insisted on letting him have money; but there was a woman, — he would show her to Vrónski, — wonderful, charming, in severe Eastern style, — "*genre* Rebecca's slave, you understand." With Berkóshev, too, he had had a fuss, and wanted to send his seconds, but, of course, nothing would come of that. Otherwise everything was in fine shape and extremely gay. And, without giving his comrade a chance to enter into the details of his situation, Petrítski started to tell him all the jolly bits of news. As Vrónski listened to the familiar stories of Petrítski in the familiar surroundings of his apartments of three years' standing, he experienced an agreeable feeling of returning to the habitual and careless St. Petersburg life.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, dropping the pedal of the wash-basin from which he had been dashing water on his red, healthy neck. "Impossible!" he exclaimed at the information that Laura had gone to live with Miléev, having thrown up Fértinhof. "And he is still as silly and satisfied as ever? Well, and how is Buzulúkov?"

"Oh, there has been a whole story with Buzulúkov — charming!" shouted Petrítski. "His passion is balls, and he does not miss a single court ball. So he went to a grand ball in his new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very fine, — much lighter! And so he was standing — But you must listen!"

"I am listening," replied Vrónski, rubbing himself with a rough towel.

"Up comes the grand duchess with some ambassador, and to his misfortune the conversation turned on the new helmets. The grand duchess wanted to show him a new helmet. She sees our friend standing" (Petrítski showed how he was standing with his helmet), "the grand duchess asks him to give her his helmet, — he does not budge. What's up? They kept winking, nodding, frowning at him. 'Give it!' He does not budge. He stands as though petrified. You can imagine the scene! — Then that fellow — what is his name? — wants to take the helmet from him, but he does not give it up. He pulled it out of his hands and gave it to the grand duchess. 'This is the new helmet,' says the grand duchess. She turned it upside down, and, just think of it! — plump! — out came a pear, candy, two pounds of candy — He had picked it up, the darling!"

Vrónski rolled in laughter. And for a long time later, when they were talking of quite different things, he still rolled in healthy laughter, displaying his sound, serried teeth, every time he thought of the helmet.

After having listened to all the news, Vrónski, with the help of his lackey, put on his uniform and drove out to make his presentation. After his presentation he intended to call on his brother and on Betsy, and to make a few visits, after which he intended to go into that society where he might meet Anna Karénin. As he always did when in St. Petersburg, he left the house with the intention of staying away until late into the night.

PART THE SECOND

I.

TOWARD the end of the winter a consultation of physicians took place in the house of the Shcherbátskis. It was to be decided what condition Kitty's health was in, and what was to be done in order to restore her waning strength. She was ill, and with the approach of spring her health got worse. The family physician gave her cod liver oil, then iron, and later lapis infernalis, but as none of the medicines had any effect, and as he advised them to take Kitty abroad in the spring, another, a famous doctor, was called in. The famous doctor, a handsome, not at all old man, said that he had to examine the patient. He insisted, with especial pleasure, it seemed, that a maiden's bashfulness was only a remainder of barbarism, and that there was nothing more natural than for a man who was not at all old to finger all over a naked young girl. He found this natural because he did it every day, and never felt or thought, it seemed to him, anything wrong while doing so, and therefore he considered a girl's bashfulness not only a remainder of barbarism, but also a personal insult.

It was necessary to submit because, despite the fact that all doctors have studied in the same school and from the same books, and know the same science, and that some said that this famous doctor was a bad physician, it was for some reason assumed in the house of the princess and in her circle that this famous doctor was the only one

who knew something special and could save Kitty. After a careful examination and tapping of the perplexed patient, who was stunned from shame, the famous physician, having well washed his hands, stood in the drawing-room, talking to the prince. The prince frowned, clearing his throat and listening to the doctor. He, as a man well along in years without having ailed, and not at all stupid, had no faith in medicine, and in his heart was angry at this whole farce, the more so since he was about the only one who fully understood the cause of Kitty's illness. "What an empty barker," he thought, mentally applying this appellation from the hunting vocabulary to the famous doctor, and listening to his prattle about the symptoms of his daughter's disease. The doctor in the meantime with difficulty repressed an expression of contempt for this seigneurial old gentleman, and with difficulty condescended to the level of his comprehension. He knew that there was no sense in talking to the old man, and that the mother was the head of the house. It was before her that he intended to throw his pearls. Just then the princess entered the drawing-room with the family physician. The prince stepped aside, trying not to let them see how ridiculous the whole farce seemed to him. The princess was at a loss what to do. She felt herself guilty toward Kitty.

"Doctor, decide our fate!" said the countess. "Tell me everything!" "Is there any hope?" was what she intended to say, but her lips trembled, and she could not utter this question. "Well, doctor?"

"Directly, princess! I will first talk with my colleague, and then I shall have the honour of announcing my opinion to you."

"So you wish to be left alone?"

"As you please."

The princess sighed and left the room.

When the doctors were left alone, the family physician

began timidly to expound his view, which was that there was a beginning of a tuberculous process, but — and so forth. The famous doctor listened to him and, in the middle of his speech, looked at his large gold watch.

“Yes,” he said, “but —”

The family physician grew politely silent in the middle of his discourse.

“As you know, we cannot determine the beginning of a tuberculous process; there is nothing definite before the appearance of the caverns. But we may suspect. And there are indications: insufficient nutrition, nervous excitement, and so forth. The question stands like this: there being a suspicion of the tuberculous process, what is to be done in order to sustain nutrition?”

“But, you know, there are always moral, spiritual causes which lurk behind it,” the family physician took the liberty of interposing, with a sly smile.

“Yes, that is a matter of course,” replied the famous doctor, again looking at his watch. “Excuse me: is the Yaúza Bridge in repair, or is it still necessary to go around about?” he asked. “Ah, it is up. Well, then I can get there in twenty minutes. So we said that the question is like this: to sustain nutrition and to build up the nerves. Both are connected, and it is necessary to act on both sides of the circle.”

“What about a journey abroad?” asked the family physician.

“I am opposed to journeys abroad. Let me tell you: if there is a beginning of the tuberculous process, which we cannot know, a journey abroad will be of no avail. What is needed is a means for sustaining nutrition without doing any harm.”

And the famous doctor expounded his plan of curing by means of Soden waters, the chief purpose in deciding in their favour being obviously that they could do no harm.

The family physician listened attentively and respectfully.

"But in favour of a journey abroad I should urge a change of habit, a removal from the conditions which call forth reminiscences. And then, the mother wants it," he said.

"Ah! In that case I do not care, let them go; only, those German charlatans will spoil the whole matter — They must obey us — Well, let them go!"

He looked at his watch again.

"Oh, it is time!" and he went to the door.

The famous doctor announced to the princess (a feeling of decency urged him on to it) that he had to see the patient once more.

"What, examine her once more!" the mother exclaimed in terror.

"Oh, no; just a few details, princess."

"If you please."

And the mother, accompanied by the doctor, entered the drawing-room, where Kitty was. Emaciated and blushing, with a peculiar sparkle in her eyes, due to the indignity to which she had been subjected, Kitty was standing in the middle of the room. When the doctor entered, she blushed, and her eyes were filled with tears. Her whole illness and the cure seemed to her so silly, and even so ridiculous! The cure appeared as ridiculous to her as the putting together of the pieces of a broken vase. Her heart was broken. And they wanted to cure her with pills and powders! But she could not offend her mother, the more so since her mother felt herself guilty.

"Please be seated, princess," said the famous doctor.

He sat down opposite her, with a smile, and once more began to put tedious questions to her. She answered him, but suddenly grew angry and got up.

"Excuse me, doctor, but this will not lead to anything! You ask me the same thing three times!"

The famous doctor was not offended.

"Morbid irritation," he said to the mother, when Kitty had left. "However, I am through —"

And the doctor proceeded scientifically to determine the state of Kitty's health to the mother, as an exceptionally clever woman, and finished with instructions about how the waters, which were not necessary, were to be taken. On being asked whether they were to go abroad, the doctor fell into deep meditation, as though solving a very difficult problem. The decision was finally promulgated: "Go, and don't rely on the charlatans, but turn to me for everything!"

Something happy seemed to have occurred after the doctor's departure. The mother cheered up, as she returned to her daughter, and Kitty pretended to be cheerful. She now had to pretend quite frequently.

"Really, mamma, I am well. But if you want to go abroad, let us go!" she said. And, trying to show that she was interested in the journey, she began to talk about the preparations for the departure.

II.

SOON after the doctor left, Dolly arrived. She knew that there was to be a consultation on that day, and, although she had but lately risen from childbirth (a girl had been born to her at the end of winter), and although she had enough cares and troubles of her own, she left her suckling babe and her ailing daughter, and came to find out Kitty's fate, which was to be decided on that day.

"Well?" she said, as she entered the drawing-room, without taking her bonnet off. "You are all so happy. No doubt all is well!"

They endeavoured to tell her everything the doctor had said, but it turned out that, although the doctor had spoken very long and very clearly, it was impossible to impart it to her. The only interesting thing was that it was decided to go abroad.

Dolly heaved an involuntary sigh. Her best friend, her sister, was going away. Her own life was far from happy. Her relations with Stepán Arkádevich had become humiliating after the reconciliation. The soldering applied by Anna was not durable, and the family concord broke in the same place. There was nothing definite, but Stepán Arkádevich was hardly ever at home; of money there was hardly any, and suspicions of infidelity constantly assailed her, and she now regularly dispelled them, as she was afraid of the suffering from jealousy which she had formerly experienced. The first outburst of jealousy, through which she had passed, could not return to her, and even the discovery of his infidelity could no longer affect her as

the first had done. Such a discovery now could deprive her only of her domestic habits, and she allowed herself to be deceived, despising him, and herself even more, for this weakness. Besides, the cares of the large family constantly vexed her: now the nursing of a babe did not go satisfactorily; now a nurse left her; now, as in the present case, one of the children grew ill.

"Well, how are your people?" her mother asked her.

"Oh, mamma, we have enough of our own sorrows. Lily is sick, and I am afraid that it is the scarlet fever. I have just gone to find out how things are; I sha'n't get away for the longest time, if, God forbid, it is the scarlet fever."

The old prince, too, came out of his cabinet after the doctor's departure. Offering his cheek to Dolly and having talked with her for awhile, he turned to his wife:

"Now have you decided? Are you going abroad? Well, what are you going to do with me?"

"I think you had better stay, Aleksándr," said his wife.

"As you wish."

"Mamma, why cannot papa go with us?" said Kitty.
"It will be jollier for him, and for us too."

The old prince got up and patted Kitty's hair. She raised her face and, smiling with an effort, looked at him. It had always seemed to her that he understood better than anybody in the family what the matter with her was, though he never spoke much with her. Being the youngest, she was her father's favourite, and she thought that his love for her made him perspicacious. As her glance now met his blue, kindly eyes, which were gazing fixedly at her, it seemed to her that he saw through and through her and comprehended all that badness which was going on within her. She blushed and leaned toward him, expecting a kiss, but he only tapped her on her hair and said:

"These stupid chignons! You can't get down to your

real daughter, but keep patting only some kind of hair. Well, Dolly," he turned to his elder daughter, "what is your trump doing?"

"All right, papa," replied Dolly, who knew that he meant her husband. "He is out all the time, and I hardly ever see him," she could not refrain from saying, with a sarcastic smile.

"Has he not yet been in the country to sell the timber?"

"No, he is getting ready to go."

"Indeed!" said the prince. "And so I, too, had better get ready? Yes, madam," he turned to his wife, as he seated himself. "Now listen, Kitty," he added, turning to his youngest daughter, "wake up one of these beautiful days and say, 'I am quite well and happy, and papa and I will go out early in the morning to take a walk in the nice, frosty air!' Eh?"

One would think that what the father said was very simple, but Kitty at these words became embarrassed and lost her composure, like a detected criminal. "Yes, he knows everything and understands everything, and with these words he means to tell me that, although it is a shame, I must live down my shame." She could not collect herself sufficiently to answer him. She began to say something, but suddenly burst out into tears and ran out of the room.

"That's what comes from your jokes!" the princess made for her husband. "You always —" she began her rebuke.

The prince listened for quite awhile to the reproaches of the princess and was silent, but his brow was knit more and more.

"She is so miserable, poor girl, so miserable, and you do not feel that every hint at that which has been the cause of this pains her. Oh, how one can be deceived in people!" said the princess, and by the change of her

voice Dolly and the prince understood that she was talking of Vrónski. "I cannot comprehend how it is there are no laws against such base, ignoble people!"

"I wish I did not have to hear this!" the prince said, gloomily, rising from his seat, as though on the point of leaving, but stopping at the door. "There are laws, my dear, and since you have provoked me, I will tell you who is to blame for the whole thing; it is you, you alone. There are laws and always have been against such fine fellows! Yes, madam, if that which never ought to have been had never happened, I, an old man, would have called out that fop. But now, go ahead and cure her, and invite all those charlatans!"

Obviously there was very much yet that the prince wanted to say, but the moment the princess heard his tone, she immediately, as always in serious cases, became humble and repentant.

"Alexandre, Alexandre," she whispered, moving up, and bursting out into tears.

The moment she began to weep, the prince, too, grew quiet. He walked over to her.

"That will do, that will do! It is hard for you, too, I know! What is to be done? There is no great misfortune. God is merciful — be thankful —" he said, himself not knowing what he was saying, and responding to the princess's wet kiss, which he felt on his hand. And the prince left the room.

Even when Kitty had left the room in tears, Dolly, with all her maternal family habit, saw at once that here was some work for a woman to do, and she immediately got ready for it. She took off her bonnet and, morally rolling up her sleeves, preparing herself for action. During her mother's attack on her father, she tried to hold her mother back, in so far as her filial respect permitted her to do so. During the prince's outburst she kept quiet; she was ashamed for her mother and felt a tenderness for her

father for the goodness which at once returned in him ; but, when her father had left, she got ready to do the chief thing which was needed, — to go to Kitty and calm her.

“ I wanted to tell you long ago, mamma : do you know that Levín wanted to propose to Kitty, when he was here the last time ? He told Stíva so.”

“ What of it ? I do not understand — ”

“ Maybe Kitty has refused him. Has she not told you anything ? ”

“ No, she has not, neither about the one, nor about the other : she is too proud. But I know that this is all on account of that — ”

“ Yes, imagine if she has refused Levín, — and she would not have refused him if it had not been for all that, I know. And then, he has deceived her so dreadfully.”

The princess felt terribly at the thought of how guilty she was toward her daughter, and she grew angry.

“ Oh, I do not understand a thing ! Nowadays they want to live by their own brains, — they do not tell their mothers anything, and then — ”

“ Mamma, I will go to her.”

“ Go ! I do not forbid you, do I ? ” said the mother.

III.

UPON entering Kitty's small cabinet, a pretty, pink little room, with old Saxon dolls, just as youthful, pink, and cheerful as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly recalled how they had both together fixed up that room the year before, and with what merriment and love. Her heart was chilled when she saw Kitty, who was sitting on the low chair nearest to the door and fixing her motionless eyes on the corner of the rug. Kitty glanced at her sister, and the cold, somewhat stern expression of her face was not changed.

"I shall go home now, not to leave there for a long time, and you will not be able to come to see me," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, sitting down beside her. "I want to have a talk with you."

"About what?" Kitty asked, rapidly, raising her head in fright.

"Why, of course, about your sorrow."

"I have no sorrow."

"Stop, Kitty! Do you really think that I do not know? I know it all. And believe me, it is so insignificant — We have all passed through it."

Kitty was silent, and her face had a severe expression.

"He is not worth it, that you should suffer on his account," continued Dárya Aleksándrovna, directly approaching the matter.

"Yes, because he has slighted me," Kitty said, in a trembling voice. "Don't talk! Please don't talk!"

"Who told you so? Nobody said so. I am sure that he was in love with you, and still is, but —"

"Oh, most terrible to me are all these expressions of sympathy!" exclaimed Kitty, suddenly growing angry. She turned around in her chair, blushed, and began rapidly to move her fingers, compressing the buckle of the girdle which she was holding now with one hand, and now with the other. Dolly knew her sister's habit of moving her hands restlessly whenever she was in a passion; she knew that Kitty was capable in a moment of rage of forgetting herself and saying a lot of unnecessary and unpleasant things, and Dolly wanted to soothe her; but it was too late.

"What, what do you want to intimate to me, what?" Kitty spoke rapidly. "That I was in love with a man who does not want to know me, and that I am dying of love for him? And this I am told by a sister who thinks that — that — that she is expressing her condolence to me! I do not want your condolences and hypocrisy!"

"Kitty, you are unjust."

"Why do you torment me?"

"On the contrary — I see that you are grieved."

But Kitty, in her passion, did not hear her.

"I have no need of repentance or consolation. I am proud enough not to allow myself to love a man who does not love me."

"I am not saying anything about it — Tell me this much, tell me in truth!" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, taking her hand. "Tell me, has Levín talked to you?"

The mention of Levín seemed to have deprived Kitty of the last trace of her self-possession; she sprang up from the chair and, throwing the buckle on the floor and making swift motions with her hands, began to talk.

"What has Levín to do with it? I cannot understand why you want to torment me? I told you, and I repeat it to you, that I am proud and that never, *never* will I do

what you are doing, — to return to a man who has betrayed me, who has fallen in love with another woman. I do not understand it! You may be able to do it, but I cannot.”

And, having said these words, she looked at her sister, and, seeing that Dolly was silent, bending her head in sadness, Kitty, instead of leaving the room, as she had intended to do, sat down at the door and, covering her face with her handkerchief, lowered her head.

The silence lasted about two minutes. Dolly was thinking of herself. That humiliation of hers, of which she was always aware, was especially painful to her when her sister reminded her of it. She had not expected such cruelty from her sister, and was angry at her. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress and, at the same time, the sound of a storm of repressed sobs, and somebody's arms embraced her neck from beneath. Kitty was kneeling in front of her.

“Dolly, I am so, so unhappy! Forgive me!” she whispered.

And her tear-covered, sweet face was buried in the skirt of her sister's dress.

The tears seemed to be the proper lubricant without which the machine of the mutual communion between the two sisters could not work successfully. After their tears the sisters did not talk of what interested them, but, even though they spoke of extraneous matters, they understood each other. Kitty knew that what she had said in a rage about the infidelity of Dolly's husband and about her humiliation had cut her poor sister to the quick, but that she forgave her. Dolly, on her side, understood everything she wanted to know; she convinced herself that her guesses were correct; that Kitty's sorrow, incurable sorrow, was due to the fact that Levín had proposed and she had refused him, while Vrónski had deceived her; and that she was prepared to love Levín and hate

Vrónski. Kitty did not say a word about it; she spoke only of her mental condition.

"I have no sorrow," she said, after calming down, "but — will you believe it? — I hate, detest, and despise everything, especially myself. You can't imagine what horrible ideas I have about everything."

"What horrible ideas can you have?" asked Dolly, smiling.

"The basest and the coarsest. I cannot tell you. It is not pining, nor tedium, but much worse. It is as though everything good that there was in me had hidden itself, and nothing but what is base were left. How shall I tell it to you?" she continued, seeing perplexity in her sister's eyes. "Papa began to talk to me a minute ago — it seems to me all he is thinking about is that I should marry. Mamma takes me to a ball: it seems to me that she is taking me there to get me married as soon as possible, and to get rid of me. I know it is not so, but I cannot tear myself away from these thoughts. So-called prospective fiancés I cannot bear to see. It seems to me that they are measuring me. Formerly it used to be a simple pleasure to me to go out in a ball-dress, and I was delighted with myself; but now I feel ashamed and awkward. Well, what more do you want? The doctor — Well —"

Kitty hesitated; she wanted to say that ever since that change had taken place in her, Stepán Arkádevich had become intolerably objectionable to her, and that she could not see him without connecting the coarsest and most monstrous thoughts with him.

"Yes, everything appears to me in the coarsest and basest form," she continued. "That is my ailment. Maybe it will pass —"

"Don't think —"

"I can't. I am well only with the children, at your house."

“What a pity you cannot be with me!”

“But I will come. I have had the scarlet fever, and so I will ask mamma to let me.”

Kitty persisted in her intention, and moved over to her sister's, and during the whole time of the scarlet fever, which actually came, tended on the children. The two sisters were successful in bringing all six children through, but Kitty's health did not improve, and at the Great Lent the Shcherbátskis left for abroad.

IV.

THE higher circle of St. Petersburg society is in reality one; all know one another, and even call on each other. But in this large circle there are subdivisions. Anna Arkádevna Karénin had friends and close relations in three different circles. One of these was the official circle of her husband, consisting of his associates and subordinates, who socially were connected and disconnected in the most varied and capricious manner. Anna now with difficulty recalled that feeling of almost pious veneration which she had experienced at first toward these people. Now she knew every one of them, as people know each other in a provincial city; she knew the habits and foibles of each, and where the shoe pinched this man and that man; she knew their relations with each other and with the chief centre; she knew who was for whom, and how each held himself, and in what they agreed and disagreed; but this circle of administrative, masculine interests could never interest her, in spite of the persuasions of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, and she avoided it.

Another intimate circle of Anna's was the one through which Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had made his career. The centre of this circle was Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. It was the circle of old, homely, virtuous, and pious women, and clever, learned, ambitious men. One of the clever men who belonged to this circle called it "the conscience of St. Petersburg society." Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich esteemed this circle very much, and Anna, who could easily get along with anybody, during the first period of her St. Petersburg life, had found friends even in this circle.

Now, after her return from Moscow, this circle became unbearable to her. It seemed to her that she and all of them were pretending, and she felt so lonely and ill at ease in this society that she called as little as possible on Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

The third circle, at last, where Anna had connections, was the "world" proper, — the world of balls, dinners, brilliant toilets, the world which with one hand held on to the court, in order not to descend to the half-world, which the members of this circle professed to despise, but with which they had in common not merely similar, but identical, tastes. Her connection with this circle was through Princess Betsy Tverskóy, the wife of her cousin, who had an income of 120,000, and who, at the very first appearance of Anna in society, had taken a special liking for her, had paid her attentions, and had drawn her into her circle, while ridiculing the circle of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"When I am old and ugly, I will be just like that," said Betsy, "but for you, a pretty young woman, it is too early yet to join that charitable institution."

At first Anna had avoided this society of Princess Tverskóy as much as possible, as it demanded expenditures above her means, and because in her heart she preferred the first; but after her journey to Moscow it all changed. She avoided her moral friends and went into grand society. There she met Vrónski, and experienced an agitating joy in his presence. Most frequently she met Vrónski at Betsy's, who was a Vrónski by birth, and a cousin of his. Vrónski was wherever he might meet Anna, and he talked to her of his love. She gave him no cause, but every time they met there flickered up in her the same feeling of animation which had overcome her that day in the car, when she saw him for the first time. She was herself conscious of the fact that, at the sight of him, joy beamed in her eyes and puckered her lips into a

smile, and she could not obliterate the expression of that joy.

At first Anna was sincerely convinced that she was dissatisfied with him for pursuing her so; but soon after her return from Moscow, when she went to an evening entertainment where she expected to meet him, and he was not there, she saw clearly by the sadness which assailed her that she was deceiving herself, and that this pursuit was far from being disagreeable to her, and even formed the whole interest of her life.

A famous singer was to sing for the second time, and all grand society was in the theatre. Espying his cousin from his chair in the first row, Vrónski did not wait for the end of the act, but at once went to her box.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" she said to him. "I am surprised at this clairvoyance of the lovers," she added, with a smile, so that he alone might hear it: "*She was not there.* But come after the opera!"

Vrónski looked interrogatively at her. She bent her head. He thanked her with a smile and sat down beside her.

"I must laugh when I think of your sarcasm!" continued Princess Betsy, who derived a special pleasure from watching the progress of this passion. "What has become of it? You are caught, my dear."

"All I wish is to be caught," replied Vrónski, with his calm, good-natured smile. "If I complain, it is that I am not caught enough, — to tell you the truth. I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope can you have?" said Betsy, feeling offended for her friend. "*Entendons-nous* —" But in her eyes flickered little lights, which told that she knew full well, every bit as well as he, what hope he meant.

"None," said Vrónski, laughing and displaying the solid rows of his teeth. "I beg your pardon," he added, taking

the opera-glass out of her hand and looking over her bared shoulder at the opposite row of the boxes. "I am afraid I am becoming ridiculous."

He knew very well that in the eyes of Betsy and of all the society people he ran no risk of becoming ridiculous. He knew very well that in the eyes of these people the rôle of an unfortunate lover of a girl, of a free woman in general, might be ridiculous; but that the rôle of a man who was showing persistent attention to a married woman, and who was doing his level best to lead her to commit adultery, — that this rôle had something beautiful and majestic about it, and could never be ridiculous, and so he dropped the opera-glass with a proud and merry smile, which played beneath his moustache, and looked at his cousin.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" she said, looking admiringly at him.

"I must tell you that. I was busy, and with what? I will let you guess it a hundred, a thousand times, and you will not guess it. I was conciliating a husband with the offender of his wife. Truly!"

"Well, have you reconciled them?"

"Almost."

"You must tell me that," she said, getting up. "Come during the next recess!"

"Impossible. I am going to the French Theatre."

"Away from Neilson?" Betsy asked, in horror, though she would have been at a loss to tell Neilson from any chorus girl.

"What is to be done? I have an engagement there, in matters of that very pacification."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, recalling something like that, which she had heard somebody say. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it!"

And she sat down again.

V.

"It is a little immodest, but so sweet that I am dying to tell it to you," said Vrónski, looking at her with laughing eyes. "I will not mention names."

"But I will guess, — so much the better."

"Listen! Two merry young men are driving —"

"Of course, officers of your regiment."

"I do not say officers, but simply two young men who have had their breakfast."

"Translate: who have had something to drink —"

"Maybe. They are out driving to a dinner at a friend's, in the merriest of moods. And they see a pretty woman is driving past them in a cab and looking at them, and, at least they think so, nodding to them and laughing. Of course, they — after her. They race at full gallop. To their surprise the beauty stops in front of the very house to which they are driving. The beauty runs up to the upper story. All they see is ruddy lips beneath a short veil and beautiful small feet."

"You are telling this with so much feeling that it seems to me you are one of those two young men."

"What did you tell me just a minute ago? Well, the young men step in to their friend's: he is giving a farewell dinner. Here, indeed, they probably drink a little too much, as is always the case with farewell dinners. At the dinner they begin to ask who is living in the upper story. Nobody knows, and only the host's lackey replies to the question whether there are any *mamzelles* living up-stairs, that there are many of them there. After dinner

the young men go into the host's cabinet and write a letter to the unknown lady. They compose an impassioned letter, a confession, and then themselves carry it up-stairs, in order to make clear anything which may not be intelligible in their missive."

"Why do you tell me such nasty stories? Well?"

"They ring the bell. A maid comes to the door, and they hand her the letter and assure her that they are so much in love that they will die that very minute at the door. The girl, in perplexity, parleys with them. Suddenly appears a gentleman with sausage side-whiskers, red as a lobster, telling them that no one lives there but his wife, and drives them both away."

"How do you know that he has side-whiskers like sausages, as you say?"

"Listen! I have been making peace between them to-day."

"Well, and —?"

"Here comes the most interesting thing. It turns out that the head of this happy married couple is a Titular Councillor. This Titular Councillor enters a complaint, and I am the peacemaker, and what a peacemaker! I assure you that Talleyrand is nothing in comparison with me."

"Where is the difficulty?"

"All right, listen! We express our regrets as is proper: 'We are in despair, we beg to be forgiven for this unfortunate misunderstanding.' The Titular Councillor with the sausages is beginning to melt, but himself wants to express his sentiments, and, the moment he begins to express them, he gets excited and says a lot of mean things, and again I have to set in motion all my diplomatic talents. 'I admit that their act is not good, but I beg you to take into consideration the misunderstanding, and their youth; besides, the young men had just had their breakfast. You understand: they repent it

with all their hearts, and beg you to forgive them their guilt.' The Titular Councillor is mollified again: 'I admit it, count, and am ready to forgive, but you must understand it, my wife, my wife is an honourable woman who is subjected to the persecution, impudence, and boldness of urchins, scoun—' And you must understand that the urchins are right there, and I must conciliate them. Again I set in motion my diplomacy, and again, just as the whole matter is to be settled, my Titular Councillor gets angry, is red in his face, his sausages rise up, and again I employ my diplomatic finesses."

"Oh, you ought to hear that!" Betsy laughingly turned to a lady who just entered the box. "He has amused me so much! Well, *bonne chance*," she added, giving Vrónski a finger which was free from holding the fan, and with a shrug of her shoulder she threw down the bodice which had crept up, so as to be completely nude when moving forward toward the balustrade, into the gaslight and in sight of everybody."

Vrónski drove to the French Theatre, where he had to see the commander of the regiment, who did not miss a single performance in the French Theatre, in order to talk with him about the peacemaking, which had been interesting and amusing him for three days. In this affair were mixed up Petrítski, whom he liked, and another fine young fellow, young Prince Kedróv, who had just entered the army, and who was an excellent chum. Above all, the interests of the regiment were here at stake.

Both belonged to Vrónski's squadron. The official, Titular Councillor Vénden, had gone to this commander of the regiment with a complaint against the officers who had insulted his wife. His young wife, Vénden said (he had been married six months), had been in church with her mother, and suddenly feeling ill, which was due to a certain condition of hers, she could not stand up any longer and so had herself driven home by the first cab

she could get. Then the officers pursued her ; she became frightened and ran up-stairs, more ill than before. Vénden himself, who had returned from the bureau, had heard the bell and some voices, and, coming out, saw the drunken officers, whom he kicked out. He demanded that they be severely punished.

" Say what you may," the commander of the regiment said to Vrónski, having invited him to his house, " Petrítski is becoming impossible. Not a week passes without some scandal. This official will not stop here ; he will go on with this matter."

Vrónski saw the whole thanklessness of this affair ; he saw that there could be no duel and that it was necessary to do everything in order to mollify the Titular Councillor and to suppress the matter. The commander of the regiment had called upon Vrónski for the very reason that he knew him to be a noble and clever man and, above all, a man who was concerned about the honour of the regiment. They talked awhile and decided that Petrítski and Kedróv would have to go with Vrónski to that Titular Councillor, in order to apologize. The commander and Vrónski both understood that Vrónski's name and the monogram of the aid-de-camp would have some influence in mollifying the Titular Councillor. And, indeed, these two means were partially effective ; but the result of the conciliation remained doubtful, just as Vrónski had said.

Upon arriving at the French Theatre, Vrónski retired with the commander to the lobby, where he told him of his success or failure. Taking everything into consideration, the commander decided to let the matter pass without any consequences, but later, for pleasure's sake, he kept asking Vrónski about the details of his interview, and for a long time he rolled in laughter as Vrónski told him of how the pacified Titular Councillor suddenly again burst forth whenever he thought of the details of the affair, and of

how Vrónski, manœuvring with the last words of the conciliation, retreated, pushing Petrítski to the front.

“It is a bad story, but killing. Certainly Kedróv cannot fight a duel with him! So he was in a passion?” he laughingly repeated the question. “How fine Claire is to-night! Wonderful,” he said, in reference to the new French actress. “No matter how often you look at her, she is a new one every night. Only the French can do this.”

VI.

PRINCESS BETSY left the theatre without waiting for the end of the last act. She had barely had time to enter her boudoir, to powder her long, pale face and rub the powder off again, to adjust her garments, and to order tea in the large drawing-room, when, one after another, the carriages began to drive up to her immense house in the Great Morskáya. The guests stepped out on the broad platform, and a stout porter, who, for the edification of the passers-by, could be seen in the mornings reading newspapers behind the glass door, noiselessly opened this enormous door, allowing the guests to pass in.

At about the same time there entered, through one door, the hostess, with renovated coiffure and refreshed face, and, through another, the guests. They walked into the large drawing-room with dark walls, fluffy rugs, and brightly illuminated table, which glistened in the light of the candles with the whiteness of its table-cloth, the silver of the samovár, and the translucent china of the tea service.

The hostess sat down at the samovár and took off her gloves. Moving the chairs with the aid of invisible lackeys, the company were seated, dividing into two parts, — at the samovár, with the hostess, and, at the opposite corner of the drawing-room, around the beautiful wife of an ambassador, with sharply outlined black eyebrows, dressed in black velvet. The conversation in both centres, as always during the first minutes, wavered, interrupted

by meetings, salutations, and offers of tea, as though in search of a subject to dwell upon.

"As an actress she is uncommonly good: it is evident that she has studied Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the circle of the ambassador's wife. "Did you notice how she fell down?"

"Oh, please let us not speak of Neilson! Nothing new can be said of her," said a stout, red blonde lady, without eyebrows or chignon, who was wearing an old silk gown. It was Princess Myágki, who was known for her simplicity and coarseness of address, and who was called "*enfant terrible*." Princess Myágki sat in the middle between the two circles, and, listening, took part in both. "I have heard three people to-night repeating the same phrase about Kaulbach, as though there were a conspiracy about it. I do not see what there is in that phrase that they have taken a liking to."

The conversation was interrupted by this remark, and a new theme had to be discovered.

"Tell us something funny, but not malicious," said the ambassador's wife, an expert in elegant conversation, which the English call "small-talk," turning to the diplomatist, who did not know himself what to do.

"They say that this is very hard, that only that which is malicious is funny," he began with a smile. "But I will try. Give me a theme! The whole question is in the theme. The theme being given, it is easy to embroider on it. I often think that the great talkers of the past century would be at a loss now to speak cleverly. Everything clever has become so tedious —"

"That has been said long ago," the ambassador's wife interrupted him, smiling.

A charming conversation was started, but even for the reason that it was too charming it soon stopped. It became necessary to have recourse to the certain, never-failing means, — to aspersions.

"Don't you find that there is in Tushkévich something reminding one of Louis XV.?" he said, indicating with his eyes a handsome, blond young man, who was standing at the table.

"Oh, yes! He is in the same tone with the drawing-room, and that is why he is so often here."

This conversation was sustained, because they were hinting at what could not be mentioned in that drawing-room, — at Tushkévich's relations with the hostess.

Around the samovár and the hostess, the conversation, having for some time wavered in a similar manner between three inevitable themes, the latest bit of social news, the theatre, and the condemnation of a neighbour, had in the meantime become established, as soon as it had struck the last theme, that is, aspersions.

"Have you heard Maltíshcheva — not the daughter, but the mother — is getting a costume *diable rose* made for herself?"

"Impossible! No, that is superb!"

"I am surprised that, with her good sense, — for she is certainly not stupid, — she does not see how ridiculous she is."

Every one of them had something to say in condemnation and ridicule of unfortunate Maltíshcheva, and the conversation began to crackle in a lively fashion, like a well-burning camp-fire.

Princess Betsy's husband, a good-natured fat fellow, an impassioned collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had some guests, entered the drawing-room before going to the club. He inaudibly, over the soft carpet, walked up to Princess Myágki.

"How did you like Neilson?" he said.

"Oh, how can you steal up in such a way? How you have frightened me!" she replied. "Don't talk to me about the opera, if you please, — you do not understand anything about music. It will be better if I descend to

you and talk to you about your majolicas and engravings. Well, what treasure have you lately bought in the second-hand market?"

"If you wish it, I will show them to you. But you cannot make out anything."

"Show them to me! I have learned from those — what do you call them? — bankers — they have beautiful engravings. They showed them to us."

"What, you have been at Schützburg's?" the hostess at the samovár asked.

"I have, *ma chère*. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and I was told that the sauce at that dinner cost one thousand roubles," Princess Myágki spoke in a loud voice, conscious of being listened to by all, "and it was a very nasty sauce, — something green. I had to invite them, too, and I made a sauce for eighty-five kopeks, and all were very much satisfied. I cannot make thousand rouble sauces."

"She is unique!" said the hostess.

"Wonderful!" said some one.

The effect produced by the speeches of Princess Myágki was always the same, and its secret consisted in the fact that, although she did not always speak as appropriately as upon that occasion, she said simple things that made sense. In the society in which she moved such words produced the effect of very clever jokes. Princess Myágki could not make out why they produced that effect, but she knew that they did act that way, and she made use of that.

As all were listening to Princess Myágki, while she was speaking, and the conversation about the ambassador's wife had stopped, the hostess wanted to unite the company into one, and so turned to the ambassador's wife.

"Do you absolutely want no tea? You had better come over to us."

"No, we are very comfortable here," the ambassador's

wife replied, with a smile, continuing the interrupted conversation.

They were having a very pleasant talk. They were passing judgment on the Karénins, husband and wife.

"Anna has changed very much since her Moscow visit. There is something strange in her," said her friend.

"The chief change is that she has brought with her the shadow of Aleksyéy Vrónski," said the ambassador's wife.

"What of it? Grimm has a fairy-tale about a man without a shadow, a man deprived of his shadow. It is some punishment for something. I could never make out what the punishment was for. But a woman must, no doubt, be uncomfortable without a shadow."

"Yes, but women with a shadow have generally a bad ending," said Anna's friend.

"A blister on your tongue!" Princess Myágki suddenly exclaimed, as she heard these words. "Anna Karénin is a fine woman. I do not like her husband, but I like her very much."

"Why do you not like her husband? He is such a remarkable man," said the ambassador's wife. "My husband says that there are few such statesmen in Europe."

"My husband tells me so, too, but I do not believe it," said Princess Myágki. "If our husbands did not talk, we should see that which exists; in my opinion Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich is simply stupid. I say this in a whisper — That clears up everything, does it not? Formerly, when I was told to find him clever, I kept searching, and I discovered that I myself was stupid in that I could not see his intellect; but the moment I said, in a whisper, 'He is stupid,' everything has become clear, has it not?"

"How malicious you are to-night!"

"Not in the least. I have no other way out. One of us two is stupid, and you know that one can never say that about oneself."

"No one is satisfied with his possessions, and everybody

is satisfied with his intellect," the diplomatist quoted a French verse.

"Precisely, precisely," Princess Myágki hastened to turn to him. "The point is that I will not let you have Anna. She is so sweet and charming. She cannot help it if everybody is in love with her and follows her like a shadow."

"I do not even mean to condemn her," Anna's friend justified herself.

"If no one follows us like a shadow, it does not prove that we have the right to condemn."

Having belaboured Anna's friend as was proper, Princess Myágki got up and with the ambassador's wife joined the table, where was going on a general conversation about the King of Prussia.

"Whom have you been maligning there?" asked Betsy.

"The Karénins. The princess has characterized Alekseyé Aleksándrovich to us," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down to the table with a smile.

"What a pity we have not heard it!" said the hostess, looking at the entrance door. "Ah, there you are at last!" she turned, with a smile to Vrónski, who had just entered.

Vrónski was not only acquainted with everybody, but every day saw those whom he met there, and so he entered with that calm composure with which a person comes back to people whom he has just left.

"Where do I come from?" he replied to the question of the ambassador's wife. "What is to be done? I must confess it: from the Bouffe. It seems as though I have been there a hundred times, but always with new enjoyment. It is charming! I know that it is disgraceful; but at the opera I sleep, while in the Bouffe I sit to the last moment, and it is jolly. This evening —"

He mentioned a French actress and was on the point of telling something about her; but the ambassador's wife interrupted him in jocular horror.

“ Please, do not tell us about that horror ! ”

“ I sha’n’t, the more so since everybody knows these horrors.”

“ And all would go there, too, if it were as accepted as the opera,” interposed Princess Myágki.

VII.

STEPS were heard at the entrance door, and Princess Betsy, knowing that it was Anna Karénin, glanced at Vrónski. He was looking at the door, and his face had a strange, new expression. He looked joyfully, fixedly, and, at the same time, timidly at the newcomer, and slowly rose from his seat. Into the drawing-room entered Anna. Holding herself extremely erect, as always, and without changing the direction of her glance, she, with a firm, rapid, and light step, which distinguished her gait from that of other society women, made the few paces which separated her from the hostess, pressed her hand, smiled, and with the same smile looked back at Vrónski. Vrónski made a low bow and moved a chair up for her.

She replied only with an inclination of her head, blushed, and frowned. But nodding quickly to her acquaintances and pressing the extended hands, she at once turned to the hostess.

"I called on Countess Lídiya and had intended to come earlier, but sat there too long. Sir John was at her house : he is very interesting."

"Oh, that missionary ?"

"Yes. He told so interestingly about his life in India !"

The conversation, interrupted by the arrival, again flickered up, like the fire of a lamp that is being blown out.

"Sir John! Yes, Sir John. I saw him. He speaks well. Vlásaeva is quite in love with him."

"Is it true that the younger Vlásaeva is going to marry Tópov?"

"Yes. They say that it is decided."

"I am surprised at the parents. They say it is a love marriage."

"Love marriage? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who talks of love nowadays?" said the ambassador's wife.

"What is to be done? That old stupid love has not yet gone out of fashion," said Vrónski.

"So much the worse for those who stick to that fashion. The only happy marriages I know are those of reason."

"Yes, but how often the happiness of marriages of reason is dispersed like dust, for the very reason that love, which they did not recognize, makes its appearance," said Vrónski.

"But we call marriages of reason those in which both parties have gone through their infatuations. It is like scarlet fever, — one has to go through it."

"In that case love ought to be artificially inoculated, like the smallpox."

"In my youth I was in love with a sexton," said Princess Myágki. "I do not know if that has helped me."

"No, I think, without jesting, that, in order to find out love, it is necessary to make a mistake and then correct it," said Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" the ambassador's wife said, jocularly.

"'It is never too late to mend!'" the diplomatist quoted the English proverb.

"That's it," Betsy interposed, "it is necessary to make a mistake and then to mend it. What do you think about it?" She turned to Anna, who, with a barely per-

ceptible, firm smile on her lips, was silently listening to the conversation.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, "I think that if there are as many minds as there are heads, there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts."

Vrónski looked at Anna, and in trepidation waited to hear her answer. He drew a sigh, as after a danger, when she enunciated these words.

Anna suddenly turned to him :

"I have had a letter from Moscow. I am informed that Kitty Shcherbátski is very ill."

"Indeed?" Vrónski said, frowning.

Anna glanced sternly at him.

"Does this not interest you?"

"On the contrary, very much. What is it they write to you, if I may ask?" he said.

Anna got up and walked over to Betsy.

"Let me have a cup of tea," she said, stopping back of her chair.

As Betsy was filling the cup, Vrónski stepped up to Anna.

"What do they write to you?" he repeated his question.

"I often think that men do not understand what is ignoble, though they talk about it," said Anna, without answering him. "I wanted to tell you long ago," she added, and, making a few steps, sat down at a corner table with albums.

"I do not quite understand the meaning of your words," he said, handing her the cup.

She looked at the sofa near her, and he immediately sat down.

"Yes, I wanted to tell you," she said, without looking at him : "You have acted badly, badly, very badly."

"Do I not know that I have acted badly? But who is the cause of my having acted so?"

"Why do you say that to me?" she said, looking sternly at him.

"You know why," he replied, boldly and joyfully, meeting her glance, and not lowering his own.

It was not he, but she, who became embarrassed.

"This proves only that you have no heart," she said. But her glance said that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she was afraid of him.

"That which you have just mentioned was a mistake, and not love."

"You will remember that I have forbidden you to pronounce that word, that nasty word," Anna said, with a shudder; but she immediately felt that with that one word "forbidden" she proved that she recognized a certain right over him, and thus only encouraged him to continue talking of love to her. "I wanted to tell you so long ago," she continued, looking him firmly in the eye, and all aglow with the blush which burned her face, "and this evening I came on purpose, knowing that I would find you. I came to tell you that this must end. I have never blushed before any one, but you make me feel guilty toward myself for something."

He was looking at her, and was struck by a new, spiritual beauty of her face.

"What do you want of me?" he said, simply and seriously.

"I want you to go to Moscow and ask Kitty's forgiveness," she said.

"You do not want that," he said.

He saw that she was saying what she was compelling herself to say, and not what she wished to say.

"If you love me, as you say," she whispered, "do that which will make me calm."

His face was lighted up.

"Do you not know that you are my whole life for me? But I do not know peace, and I cannot give it to you. All

of myself, love — yes. I cannot think of you and me separately. You and I are the same to me. And I do not see ahead of me any peace, either for myself, or for you. I see the possibility of despair, misfortune — or I see the possibility of happiness, of what happiness! — Is it impossible?" he added with the lips only; but she heard him.

She strained all the powers of her mind in order to tell him what was proper; but instead she let her glance, full of love, rest upon him, and made no reply.

"Here it is!" he thought in delight. "Just as I was beginning to despair, and when no end seemed to be in view — here it is! She loves me. She confesses it."

"Then do it for me: never speak these words to me, and we shall be good friends," she said in words; but her glance said something quite different.

"We shall not be friends, you know that yourself. But whether we shall be the happiest or the unhappiest of mortals, — that lies in your power."

She wanted to say something, but he interrupted her.

"I ask but for this: I ask for the right to hope and be tormented as at present; but, if even that is impossible, command me to disappear, and I shall be gone. You will not see me if my presence is oppressive to you."

"I do not wish to drive you away."

"Don't change anything! Leave everything as it is," he said, in a trembling voice. "Here is your husband."

And, indeed, just then Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, with his calm, awkward gait, entered the drawing-room.

He cast a glance at his wife and at Vrónski, and went to the hostess, where he seated himself with a cup of tea and began to talk in his leisurely, always audible voice, making fun of some one in his habitual jocular tone.

"Your Rambouillet is complete," he said, surveying all the company: "The graces and the muses."

But Princess Betsy could not bear that tone of his, that sneering, as she called it, and, like a clever hostess, she at once led him up to a serious conversation about the universal military service. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was at once carried away by the conversation, and began in all earnestness to defend the new ukase before Countess Betsy, who was attacking him.

Vrónski and Anna continued to sit at the small table.

"This is getting indecent," whispered a lady, with her eyes indicating Anna, Vrónski, and her husband.

"What did I tell you?" replied Anna's friend.

And not only these two ladies, but nearly all those who were in the drawing-room, even Princess Myágki and Betsy herself, several times cast glances at the two who had removed themselves from the common circle as though it incommoded them. Only Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not once look in that direction, and was not disturbed in the interesting discussion on which he had launched out.

Noticing the disagreeable impression produced by them, Princess Betsy substituted another person in her place, to listen to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and walked over to Anna.

"I always marvel at the clearness and precision of your husband's expressions," she said. "The most transcendental ideas become accessible to me when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, beaming with a smile of happiness, though she did not understand a word of what Betsy was saying to her. She went over to the large table and took part in the general conversation.

Having sat about half an hour, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich went up to his wife and proposed going home with her; but she did not look up at him, and replied that she would stay to supper. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich bowed himself out and went away.

An old fat Tartar, Anna Karénin's coachman, in patent leather coat, was with difficulty holding back the frozen left gray, which was rearing at the entrance. A lackey stood near the open carriage door. The porter held the outer door. Anna Arkádevna with her swift little hand unfastened the lace of her sleeve from the hook of her fur coat and, bending her head, was listening in delight to what Vrónski, who was seeing her off, was saying.

"It is true, you have not said anything; I do not demand anything," he said, "but you know that it is not friendship that I need; there is only one possible happiness for me in life, and that is the word which you so dislike — yes, love —"

"Love —" she repeated slowly, with an inner voice, and suddenly, just as she had unfastened the lace, she added: "I dislike the word for the very reason that it means too much to me, — a great deal more than you are able to comprehend," and she looked into his face. "Good-bye!"

She gave him her hand, and with a rapid, flexible gait passed by the porter and disappeared in the carriage.

Her glance and the touch of her hand burned him through and through. He kissed his palm where she had touched it, and drove home, happy in the consciousness that on that evening he had come much nearer to his aim than in the last two months.

VIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH had found nothing peculiar or improper in his wife's sitting with Vrónski at a separate table and carrying on an animated conversation with him ; but he had noticed that it had appeared strange and improper to the others in the drawing-room, and so it seemed improper to him, too. He decided that he ought to tell his wife about it.

Upon returning home, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich went to his cabinet, as he was in the habit of doing, sat down in his armchair, opened a book on popery at a page marked by a paper-knife, and, as usual, read until one o'clock. Only now and then he rubbed his high forehead and tossed his head, as though dispelling something. At the accustomed hour he rose and made his toilet for the night. Anna Arkádevna was not yet back. With the book under his arm he went up-stairs but on that evening, instead of the usual thoughts and reflections on affairs of service, his mind was filled with his wife and with something unpleasant that had happened in connection with her. Contrary to his habit, he did not lie down in his bed, but, linking his fingers behind his back, began to pace to and fro in the room. He could not lie down, feeling that first he had to reflect on the newly arisen circumstance.

When Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had decided to have a talk with his wife, it had seemed very easy and simple to him ; but now that he had begun to reflect on this newly arisen circumstance, it appeared very complicated and embarrassing.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was not jealous. Jealousy,

in his opinion, was an insult to a wife, and a wife ought to enjoy confidence. Why he should have confidence in his wife, that is, the full assurance that his young wife would always love him, he did not ask himself; but he had no suspicion, and so had confidence, and said to himself that it was necessary to have it. But now, although his conviction that jealousy was a disgraceful sentiment and that it was necessary to have confidence was not destroyed, he felt that he stood face to face with something illogical and senseless, and did not know what was to be done. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stood face to face with life, with the possibility of his wife's loving some one else besides himself, and that seemed so very senseless and incredible to him, even because it was life itself. All his life he had passed working in official spheres, which had to do with reflections of life. And every time he came in contact with life, he stepped aside. Now he was experiencing a sensation which was akin to what a man might experience, who, having calmly crossed a bridge over an abyss, should suddenly see that the bridge was taken away, and that below was a whirlpool. This whirlpool was life itself, and the bridge was that artificial life which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had passed. Now for the first time occurred to him the possibility of his wife's loving some one else, and he was horrified at the thought.

He did not undress himself, but walked with his even steps to and fro over the resounding parquetry of the dining-room, which was illuminated by a lamp, over the rug of the dark drawing-room, in which the light was reflected only from his large new portrait, which was hanging over the sofa, and through her cabinet, where were burning two candles, lighting up the portraits of her relatives and friends, and the pretty, long familiar knickknacks of her writing-desk. Through her apartment he went as far as the door of the sleeping-room, when he turned back.

.

At each stretch of his walk, and generally on the parquet of the bright dining-room, he stopped, saying to himself: "Yes, that has to be decided and put an end to; I must tell her my opinion on the matter, and my decision." And he turned back. "But tell her what? What decision?" he said to himself in the drawing-room, and he found no answer. "When it comes to that," he asked himself before the turn in the cabinet, "what has happened? Nothing. She talked to him for a long time. What of it? A woman is likely to talk to a lot of people in society! Besides, to be jealous means to degrade myself and her," he said to himself, as he entered the cabinet; but this reflection, which before had had such weight with him, now weighed and meant nothing to him. And he turned back from the door of the sleeping-room, toward the parlour; but the moment he entered the dark drawing-room, a voice told him that it was not so, and that if others had noticed it, there must be something to it. And he again said to himself in the dining-room: "Yes, that has to be decided and put an end to, and I must tell her my opinion —" And again in the drawing-room, before the turn, he asked himself how to decide it; and then he asked himself what had happened. And he replied, "Nothing," and he recalled that jealousy was a sentiment which degraded the wife; but in the drawing-room he convinced himself once more that something had happened. His thoughts, like his body, completed a full circle, not striking anything new. Noticing this, he rubbed his brow, and sat down in her cabinet.

As he here looked at her table, with a malachite blotter and an unfinished note lying upon it, his thoughts suddenly changed. He began to think of her, of what she thought and felt. He for the first time formed a vivid picture of her individual life, her ideas, her desires, and the thought that she might and ought to have a life of her own seemed so terrible to him that he hastened to

dispel it. It was that whirlpool which he could not look into without a feeling of terror. To transfer himself in thought and feeling into another society was a mental process which was foreign to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He regarded such a mental process as injurious and dangerous reveries.

"What is most terrible," he thought, "is that just now when my affair is coming to an end" (he was thinking of a project which he had introduced), "when I need all the peace and all the powers of my soul, now there comes down upon me this senseless vexation. But what is to be done? I am not one of those men who endure unrest and tribulation, and have not the courage to look them straight in the face.

"I must consider, decide, and reject," he said, aloud.

"The questions about her sentiments, about what has been going on and may be going on in her soul, do not concern me, — they are matters of her conscience and are subject to religion," he said to himself, feeling a relief at the thought that he had found the particular subdivision of the code which covered the newly arisen circumstance.

"And so," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said to himself, "the questions about her sentiments, and so forth, are questions of her conscience, which cannot concern me. My duty is clearly defined. As the head of the family, I, — a person who is obliged to guide her, and is thus partly a responsible person, — I must indicate to her the danger which I see, warn her, and even employ force. I must admonish her."

And in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's head arose a clear conception of what he ought to say now to his wife. In reflecting on what he was going to say, he regretted that he would have to employ his time and mental powers so imperceptibly, for domestic use; but, in spite of it, he arranged in his mind, clearly and distinctly, like a report, the precise form and consecutiveness of his impending

speech. "I must say and enunciate the following: first, an explanation of the meaning of public opinion and decency; secondly, the religious exposition of the meaning of marriage; thirdly, if necessary, an indication of the possible misfortune for her son; fourthly, an indication of her individual misfortune." And, bending finger after finger, palms downward, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich pulled them, until they cracked in their joints.

This gesture — a bad habit — of uniting his hands and making his fingers crack, always soothed him and brought him back to his precision, of which he now was badly in need. At the entrance was heard the sound of a carriage driving up. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped in the middle of the parlour.

Feminine steps ascended the staircase. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, ready with his speech, stood, pressing his crossed fingers and trying to get another crack out of them. One joint actually cracked.

Now again he knew by the sound of her light steps on the staircase that she was near, and, though he was satisfied with his speech, he felt terribly at the thought of the impending explanation —

IX.

ANNA was walking with drooping head and playing with the tassels of her hood. Her face was agleam with a bright splendour; but it was not a merry gleam, — it reminded one of the terrible gleam of a fire in a dark night. Upon noticing her husband, Anna raised her head and smiled, as though wakening from a dream.

“You are not yet abed? How strange!” she said. She threw off her hood and, without stopping, went on to her boudoir. “It is time, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich,” she said, from behind the door.

“Anna, I have to talk with you.”

“With me?” she said, in surprise, coming out of the room and looking at him. “What is it? About what?” she asked, seating herself. “Well, let us have a chat, if it must be. But it would be better to go to sleep.”

Anna said anything that occurred to her, and she was herself surprised at her ability to lie. How simple and natural were her words, and how simple her statement that she wanted to sleep! She felt herself clad in an impermeable mail of lies. She felt that an invisible force was aiding and sustaining her.

“Anna, I must warn you,” he said.

“Warn me?” she said. “About what?”

She looked so simple and so merry that any one who did not know her, as her husband knew her, could not have noticed anything unnatural in the sounds, or in the meaning of her words. But to him who knew her, who knew that when he lay down five minutes too late she

noticed it and asked for the cause of it, to him who knew that she always immediately communicated all her joys and sorrows, to him it now signified a great deal, — seeing that she did not wish to notice his condition and that she did not wish to say a word about herself. He saw that the depth of her soul, always open to him, was now closed against him. More than that: by her tone he saw that she was not even embarrassed by it, but seemed directly to say to him, “Yes, it is closed, and it must be so, and shall be so henceforth.” He now experienced a sensation such as a man experiences who returns home and finds his house locked. “Maybe the key will be found yet,” thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

“I want to warn you,” he said, in a soft voice, “that your thoughtlessness and indiscretion may give cause in society for talking about you. Your too animated conversation this evening with Count Vrónski” (he pronounced this name with firmness and calm deliberation) “has attracted attention.”

As he was speaking, he looked at her laughing eyes, which now were terrible to him by their impenetrableness, and he felt the whole uselessness and vainness of his words.

“You are always like that,” she replied, as though absolutely failing to comprehend him, and purposely understanding only the last of his words. “Now it displeases you to see me lonesome, and now it displeases you to see me happy. I was not lonesome. Does that offend you?”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich shuddered and bent his hands to make them crack.

“Oh, please don’t crack your fingers; I cannot bear it,” she said.

“Anna, is it you?” Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, softly, making an effort over himself, and keeping back the motion of his hands.

"But what is it?" she said, in such sincere and comic surprise. "What do you want of me?"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was silent for a moment and with his hand rubbed his brow and his eyes. He saw that, in place of what he had intended to do, that is, to caution his wife against committing a mistake in the eyes of the world, he was involuntarily agitated about what concerned her conscience, and fighting an imaginary wall.

"This is what I intend to say," he continued, coldly and calmly, "and I will ask you to listen to me. As you know, I look upon jealousy as an offensive and degrading sentiment; but there are certain laws of decency which cannot be transgressed with immunity. I noticed this evening, and, to judge from the impression which was produced on society, all noticed it, that you did not bear yourself quite as you ought to."

"I positively fail to understand you," said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. "He does not care," she thought, "but they have noticed it in society, and that vexes him. You are not well, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich," she added, rising and walking toward the door; but he moved up, as though wishing to stop her.

His face was homely and gloomy, such as Anna had never seen it before. She stopped and, bending her head backward and sidewise, began with her swift hand to pick out the hairpins.

"Well, I am listening, to see what is coming," she said, calmly and sarcastically. "And I will even listen with interest, because I should like to comprehend what it is all about."

She was talking and wondering all the time at that natural, calm, sure tone in which she was talking, and at the choice of words which she was making.

"I have no right to enter into all the details of your sentiments, and, in general, consider this useless and even harmful," began Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "When we

rummage in our soul, we frequently discover something which has been lying there unnoticed. Your feelings are a matter of your conscience; but it is my duty before you, before myself, and before God to point out to you your duties. Our lives are united not through men, but through God. This union can be dissevered only by a crime, and a crime of this character brings with it its punishment."

"I do not understand a thing. O Lord, and to my misfortune I am so sleepy!" she said, quickly rummaging through her hair with one hand and trying to find the remaining hairpins.

"Anna, for God's sake, don't talk that way!" he said, meekly. "Maybe I am mistaken, but believe me, what I am saying I am saying as much for my own sake as for yours. I am your husband, and I love you."

For a moment her face fell, and the sarcastic spark in her glance went out; but the words "I love you" again provoked her. She thought, "He loves me? But can he love? If he had not heard that there is such a thing as love, he would never have used these words. He does not know what love is!"

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, truly, I do not understand," she said. "Be specific about what you find —"

"Allow me to finish. I love you. But I am not speaking for myself; our chief persons in this case are our son and you yourself. I repeat, it may be that my words will appear to you useless and out of place; maybe they are evoked by my delusion. In that case I beg you to pardon me. But if you yourself feel that there is even the slightest foundation, I beg you to stop and think and, if your heart prompts you, to tell me —"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, without noticing it himself, was speaking something he had not prepared.

"I have nothing to tell. And —" she suddenly exclaimed, with difficulty repressing a smile, "really, it is time to go to bed!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich heaved a sigh and, without saying anything else, went to the sleeping-room.

When she entered the chamber, he was already in bed. His lips were firmly compressed, and his eyes did not look at her. Anna lay down in her bed and waited any moment for him to begin speaking again. She was both afraid that he would speak, and anxious for it. But he was silent. She waited for a long time, lying motionless, and had already forgotten about him. She was thinking of some one else; she saw him, and she felt that her heart was at this thought filled with agitation and criminal joy. Suddenly she heard an even and peaceful nasal whistle. In the first moment Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich seemed to become frightened at his whistling, and so stopped; but, after the interval of two breathings, the whistling was renewed with peaceful precision.

"It is late, very late," she whispered, with a smile. She lay for a long time motionless, with open eyes, the sparkle of which she thought she could herself see in the dark.

X.

FROM that time on there began a new life for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and his wife. Nothing especial had happened. Anna, as usual, went into society, was very frequently at the house of Princess Betsy, and everywhere met Vrónski. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw this, but could do nothing. To all his attempts to provoke an explanation, she opposed an impenetrable wall of a kind of merry perplexity. Outwardly it was the same, but their inner relations had entirely changed. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who was such a powerful man in his activity as a statesman, here felt himself impotent. Like a steer, submissively lowering his head, he was waiting for the fall of the axe, which, he felt, was raised above him. Every time he began to think of it, he felt that he ought to make one more attempt, that with kindness, tenderness, persuasion, there was still a hope of saving her and bringing her back to her senses, and every day he prepared himself to speak with her. But every time he began to speak with her, he felt that the spirit of evil and falsehood which had taken possession of her was also taking possession of him, and he spoke to her entirely different things and in a different tone from what he had intended to use toward her. He involuntarily spoke to her in his habitual tone of ridiculing him who might have spoken so. But in that tone it was impossible to say that which it was necessary to tell her.

XI.

THAT which for nearly a year had formed Vrónski's exclusive desire, substituting itself for all his former desires; that which for Anna had been an impossible, terrible, and so much the more alluring dream of happiness, — that desire was gratified. Pale, with trembling lower jaw, he stood over her and implored her to calm herself, himself not knowing how and why.

"Anna! Anna!" he spoke, in a quivering voice. "Anna, for God's sake!"

But the louder he spoke, the lower she inclined her once proud and gay, but now shamefaced head, and she bent all up and slipped down from the sofa, on which she was sitting, on the floor, before his feet; she would have fallen on the carpet if he had not held her.

"O Lord! Forgive me!" she spoke, with sobs, pressing his hands to her breast.

She felt herself so criminal and guilty that there was nothing left for her to do but humble herself and crave forgiveness; in life there was now none left to her but he, and so she turned to him with her entreaties to be forgiven. Looking at him, she felt her physical degradation, and she could not say anything else. He, for his part, felt what a murderer must feel when he sees the body which is deprived of life. This body, deprived of life, was their love, the first period of their love. There was something terrible and loathsome in the thought of that for which they had paid that dreadful price of shame. The shame before her moral nakedness choked her and

was communicated to him. But, in spite of all the terror which the murderer experiences before the body of the murdered man, it is necessary to cut it up in pieces, to conceal the body, to make use of that which the murderer has gained by his murder.

And in a fury, as though in passion, the murderer throws himself on that body, and drags it along, and cuts it up; even thus he covered her face and shoulders with kisses. She held his hand and did not stir. "Yes, these kisses are what has been bought by this shame. Yes, and the hand which always will be mine is the hand of my accomplice." She raised that hand and kissed it. He sank down on his knees and wanted to see her face; but she concealed it and did not say anything. Finally, as though making an effort over herself, she got up and pushed him aside. Her face was as beautiful as ever, but it was so much the more pitiful.

"Everything is ended," she said. "I have nothing but you. Remember this!"

"I cannot help remembering that which is my life. For a minute of this happiness —"

"What happiness!" she said, in disgust and terror, and this terror was involuntarily communicated to him. "For God's sake, not a word, not a word more!"

She rose swiftly and moved away from him.

"Not a word more," she repeated, and, with a strange expression of cold despair in her face, she parted from him. She felt that at that moment she could not express in words that feeling of shame, joy, and terror at this initiation into a new life, and she did not wish to speak of it, — debase this feeling with inexact words. But even later, on the following and the next following day, she not only could find no words with which to express all the complexity of these feelings, but did not even find the thoughts with which to reflect on what was going on in her soul.

She said to herself: "No, I cannot think of it now; I will later, when I am calmed down." But the calm for thinking never came; every time the thought came to her of what she had done and what would become of her, and what she ought to do, she was assailed by terror, and she drove these thoughts away from her.

"Later, later," she said, "when I am quieter."

But in her dreams, when she had no power over her thoughts, her situation presented itself to her in all its monstrous nakedness. The same dream returned to her nearly every night. She dreamed that both were her husbands at the same time, that both lavished their caresses on her. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wept, kissed her hands, and said: "How nice it is now!" And Aleksyéy Vrónski was there, too, and he, too, was her husband. And she, wondering how it could have appeared to her impossible before, laughingly explained to them that this was much simpler, and that both of them now were satisfied and happy. But this dream choked her like a nightmare, and she awoke in terror.

XII.

EVEN during the first period after his return from Moscow, Levín said to himself, every time when he shuddered and blushed, recalling the disgrace of the refusal: "Just so I blushed and shuddered, considering myself lost, when I received a one mark in physics and was not promoted from my second year; just so I considered myself lost when I spoiled my sister's affair, which had been entrusted to me. Well, what happened? Now that the years have passed, I recall these things, and marvel how they could have grieved me. It will be the same with this sorrow. Time will pass, and I will be indifferent to it."

But three months had passed, and he had not grown indifferent, and it was just as painful for him to think of it as it had been during the first days. He could not quiet down because, having dreamed so long of a domestic life, and feeling himself so ripe for it, he was still unmarried and farther than ever from marriage. He felt painfully, as also felt all those who surrounded him, that it was not good that a man of his years should be alone. He recalled how he once, before his departure for Moscow, had said to his cattle-tender Nikoláy, a naïve peasant, with whom he was fond of chatting: "Well, Nikoláy, I want to get married," and how Nikoláy had hurriedly replied, as though there could be no doubt in the matter, "It has long been time, Konstantín Dmítrievich!" But marriage was now farther removed from him than ever. The place was occupied, and when he in his imagination now tried to put in this place one of the girls he was

acquainted with, he felt that it was quite impossible. Besides, the recollection of the refusal and of the rôle which he had played in it tormented him with shame. No matter how much he said to himself that he was not to blame for anything, this recollection, together with other equally disgraceful recollections, made him shudder and blush. There were in his past, as with every man, a number of deeds which he recognized as being bad, and for which his conscience ought to have tormented him; but the recollection of these bad acts was far from tormenting him as much as these insignificant and yet disgraceful recollections did. These wounds never healed up. On a par with these recollections now were his refusal and that miserable situation in which he must have appeared to others on that evening. But time and work did their own. The oppressive recollections were more and more veiled by the significant events of his country existence, though these were invisible to him. With every advancing week he thought less and less often of Kitty. He was waiting impatiently for the news that she was already married, or would get married in a few days, hoping that such a bit of news, like the pulling of a tooth, would completely cure him.

Meanwhile beautiful, friendly spring came, without the expectations and deceptions of spring, one of those rare springs, in which plants, animals, and men rejoice equally. This beautiful spring still more roused Levín and confirmed him in his intention of renouncing his past, in order to establish his single life firmly and independently. Although many of the plans, with which he had returned to the country, had not been fulfilled, the main thing, the purity of life, had been observed by him. He did not experience that sense of shame which used to torment him after a fall; and he could boldly look into people's eyes.

As early as February he had received a letter from

Márya Nikoláevna that the health of his brother Nikoláy was getting worse and that he did not wish to undergo any cure. In consequence of this letter Levín went to Moscow to see his brother, and he succeeded in persuading him to consult a physician and to go abroad to a watering-place. He was so successful in persuading his brother and loaning him money for the journey, without irritating him, that in this respect he was satisfied with himself.

In addition to the work on the farm, which in the spring demanded especial attention, and the reading of books, Levín had that winter begun writing a work on agronomy, the plan of which consisted in taking the workman on the estate as an absolute factor, like the climate and the soil, and, consequently, in deducing the foundations of agronomic science not merely from the data of the soil and the climate, but from the data of the soil, the climate, and of a certain invariable character of the workman. Thus, in spite of his solitude, or on account of it, his life was full; only occasionally he experienced the unsatisfied desire to communicate his vagrant thoughts to some one else than Agáfya Mikháylovna, though with her he frequently discussed questions of physics, of the theory of agronomy, and especially of philosophy; philosophy was Agáfya Mikháylovna's favourite subject.

The spring was late in opening up. The last weeks of Lent the weather was clear and frosty. In the daytime the snow melted in the sun, but in the night the thermometer fell to seven degrees Réaumur; the snow was frozen into such a crust that the wagons travelled over it, off the roads. The snow was still on the ground at Easter. Then suddenly, on the second day of Easter week, there blew a warm wind and clouds overcast the sky, and for three days and nights there raged a warm rain-storm. On Thursday the wind died down, and a dense, gray mist arose, as though concealing the mystery of the changes taking place in Nature. The waters flowed

through the mist; the ice cracked and began to move; the turbid, foaming torrents bore down more rapidly, and on the evening of Quasimodo Sunday the fog lifted, the clouds scudded away in cirri; it grew bright, and real spring was at hand. In the morning, the warm sun, rising, quickly ate away the thin ice sheet that had filmed the waters, and all the warm air was a-tremble with the evaporations of the reviving earth, which filled it. The old grass and the sprouting, needle-shaped blades of the new grass turned green; the buds of the viburnums, the currant-bushes, and the viscous, vinous birches were swelling; and in the vines, which were besprinkled with golden flowers, hummed the liberated, flitting bees. The invisible skylarks poured forth their songs over the velvety green or chilled blackness of the fields; the plovers shrieked over the lowlands and swamps covered with dark brown, stagnant water, and the storks and geese flew high through the air, with their vernal cries. The cattle shedding their coats, with hair still hanging in spots, belowed in the pastures; the bandy-legged lambs gamboled around their bleating, wool-shedding mothers; the swift-footed children ran over the drying paths, leaving their footprints in the damp earth; the merry voices of the women with their homespun rang out on the pond, and in the yards resounded the axes of the peasants, mending their ploughs and harrows. Real spring had come.

XIII.

LEVÍN put on his long boots and a sleeveless cloth coat, instead of the furs he had worn heretofore, and went over the estate, crossing over runlets, which made the eyes smart with their reflections from the sun, and stepping now on the thin ice, and now into the sticky mud.

Spring is the time of planning and of anticipations. And, as a tree in the spring does not yet know whither and how its young shoots and branches, which are still contained in the swelling buds, will grow, so Levín, upon coming out into the open, did not yet know what occupations in his beloved estate first to turn to, but he felt that he was full of the best of plans and anticipations. First of all he went to see the cattle. The cows were let out into the enclosure. They were warming themselves in the sun, glistening in their moulted hair, and lowing, begging to be let out into the field. Having enjoyed the sight of the cows, whom he knew down to the minutest details, he ordered them to be driven out into the field, and the calves to be let into the enclosure. The shepherd ran cheerfully to get ready for the field. The women cow-tenders, raising their skirts and plashing through the mud with their white, not yet sunburnt, bare feet, ran with sticks after the bleating calves, who were mad with vernal joy, driving them into the yard.

Having enjoyed the sight of the increase of the present year, which was unusually fine, — the early calves were of the size of a peasant cow, and Páva's calf, of three months, was as big as a yearling heifer, — Levín ordered their

trough to be brought out and hay to be fed to them through the crating. But it turned out that the crating, which had been made in the fall, and which in the winter had not been in use in the enclosure, was all broken. He sent for the carpenter, who according to the schedule was to have been working on the threshing-machine. But it turned out that the carpenter was fixing the harrows, which were to have been mended in the Butter-week. That was very annoying to Levín. What so vexed him was that they repeated that eternal carelessness on the farm, against which he had been fighting with all his strength for so many years. The crating, as he learned, being useless in winter, had been taken to the working stables, and there was broken, for it had been lightly constructed for the use of the calves. Besides, this led to the discovery that the harrows and all the other farm implements, which he had ordered to be examined and mended in the winter, and for which three carpenters had been employed, were not yet put in shape, and they were working on the harrows when it was time to harrow. Levín sent for the office clerk; but he at once went to look him up himself. The clerk, beaming, like everything else on that day, in his sheepskin coat, fringed with lamb-wool, was walking from the threshing-floor, breaking a straw in his hands.

"Why is not the carpenter working on the threshing-machine?"

"I wanted to report to you yesterday: it was necessary to mend the harrows. It is time to plough."

"Why wasn't that done in winter?"

"What do you need the carpenter for?"

"Where is the crating from the calf-yard?"

"I have had it put away. What is to be done with these people?" said the clerk, waving his hand.

"Not with these people, but with this clerk!" said Levín, flying up. "What do I keep you for?" he ex-

claimed. But, upon recalling that this would not help matters, he stopped in the middle of his speech and only sighed. "Well, can we sow now?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Back of Túrkinó we shall be able to do so to-morrow or day after to-morrow."

"And the clover?"

"I have sent out Vasíli and Míshka: they are sowing it. I do not know whether they will get through: the mud is so sticky."

"For how many desyatínas?"

"For six."

"Why not for all?" exclaimed Levín.

That they were sowing in only six desyatínas, instead of twenty, was more aggravating still. The sowing of clover, according to theory, and according to his own experience, was only good when it was done as early as possible, almost over the snow. And Levín had never been able to carry that out.

"There are no working people. What will you do with these people? Three of them have not arrived. There is Semén—"

"Well, you ought to take them away from the straw."

"I have."

"Where, then, are the workmen?"

"Five of them are making compot" (he meant compost). "Four of them are pouring the oats over, for fear that it might be touched, Konstantín Dmítrievich."

Levín knew very well that "for fear that it might be touched" meant that the English seed oats were spoiled already, — again they had not carried out his orders.

"But I told you about it as early as Lent!" he shouted.

"Never mind, everything will be done in time."

Levín angrily waved his arms, went to the granaries to look at the oats, and returned to the stable. The oats

were not yet spoiled. But the workmen were shovelling the grain, whereas it could be let down directly into the lower granary. Having given this order and thus gaining two men for the sowing of the clover, Levín calmed down from his vexation with the clerk. Besides, the day was so beautiful that it was impossible to be angry.

"Ignát!" he called out to the coachman, who, with his sleeves rolled up, was washing a buggy at the well. "Saddle me —"

"Which one do you wish?"

"Well, let it be Kólpik."

"Yes, sir."

While the horse was being saddled, Levín again called up the clerk, who was keeping in sight; he wished to make peace with him, and he began to tell him about the oncoming spring work and farm plans.

The manure was to be hauled as early as possible, so that everything might be finished by the early mowing. The distant field was to be ploughed without interruption, so as to keep it in black fallow. The mowing was to be done, not by halves, but with the aid of hired help.

The clerk listened attentively, and apparently made an effort to approve of his master's plans; but he, nevertheless, had that familiar hopeless and gloomy aspect, which always irritated Levín. This aspect said: "All that is very nice, but as God may wish it."

Nothing so grieved Levín as that tone of his. But such a tone was common to all clerks, as many as he had tried. All took up the same attitude toward his plans, and so he no longer grew angry, but grieved and felt himself still more provoked to struggle against that elemental force, which he did not know how to call otherwise than "as God may wish," and which was always opposed to him.

"If we have the time, Konstantín Dmitrievich," said the clerk.

"Why should you not have the time?"

"We must by all means hire fifteen hands more. They do not come. To-day they came, but they ask seventy roubles for the summer."

Levín grew silent. Again this force was opposed to him. He knew that, no matter how much they tried, they could not hire more than forty, really about thirty-seven or eight, hands at the present rate; forty they could get, but no more. Still, he could not help struggling.

"Send to Súry, to Chefiróvka, if they do not come. We must find them."

"As to that, I will send," Vasíli Fédorovich said gloomily. "But here, the horses are getting weak."

"We shall buy new ones. I know," he added, smiling, "you want to do as little and as poorly as possible; but this year I will not let you do as you please. I will look after everything myself."

"You sleep too little as it is. It is jollier for us under the eyes of the master —"

"So the clover is being sowed in back of the Birch Wold? I will ride down there and take a look," he said, seating himself on the small dun-coloured Kólpik, which the coachman had brought up.

"You can't ride through the brook, Konstantín Dmítrievich," shouted the coachman.

"All right, then I will ride through the woods."

And, letting his good little horse, which snorted at the puddles and begged for the reins, run at a brisk amble, Levín rode over the mud of the courtyard and through the gate into the field.

If Levín felt merry in the cattle-yard and stables, he felt merrier still in the field. Shaking evenly at the amble of his good little horse, inhaling the warm, though fresh, odour of the snow and air, as he rode through the forest, over the brittle, powdery snow with its slushy tracks, he enjoyed the sight of every tree of his, with the reviving moss on its bark and the swelling buds. As he emerged

from the forest, there lay before him, over an enormous extent of space, an even, velvety cover of green, without a single bald spot or washout, only here and there, in the swales, spotted with remnants of melting snow. He was not angered by the sight of a peasant horse and yearling colt, which were trampling his sprouting fields (he ordered a peasant whom he met to drive them off), nor at the sarcastic and stupid answer of peasant Ipát, whom he asked, upon meeting, "Well, Ipát, will you be sowing soon?" "It is necessary first to plough up, Konstantín Dmítrievich," replied Ipát. The farther he rode, the merrier he felt, and farm plans, one better than the other, rose in his imagination: he would plant willows on the southern sides of all the fields so that the snow should not drift under them; he would cut up the whole field into six manured lots and three reserves with mowings; he would build a cattle-yard at the remote corner of the field, and would dig a pond; for the manuring he would build transportable enclosures for the cattle. And then there would be three hundred desyatínas of wheat, one hundred of potatoes, 150 of clover, and not one exhausted desyatína.

With such reveries, he carefully turned his horse along balks, so as not to trample over his sprouting fields, and rode up to the men who were sowing the clover. The seed-cart was standing not on a path, but on the ploughed field, and the winter wheat was rutted by the wheels and tramped down by the horse. Both men were sitting on a balk, evidently smoking a common pipe. The earth in the cart, with which the seed was mixed, was not powdered, but lay in frozen lumps. Upon seeing the master, Vasíli, one of the hands, went up to the cart, and Míshka began to sow. That was not nice, but Levín rarely was angry with the workmen. When Vasíli came close to him, Levín ordered him to take the horse back to the path.

"Never mind, sir, it will smooth out again," said Vasíli.

"Please don't discuss matters," said Levín, "but do as you are told!"

"Yes, sir," replied Vasíli, putting his hand to the horse's head. "The sowing, Konstantín Dmítrievich," he said, "is first-class. Only it is awful to walk! I have to drag forty pounds on each bast shoe."

"Why has the earth not been sifted?" asked Levín.

"We will crush it," answered Vasíli, picking up a handful of seed and crushing the earth in his hands.

It was not Vasíli's fault that they had given him unsifted earth, but it was none the less annoying.

Having more than once advantageously applied a certain means for suppressing his annoyance and for making everything which had seemed bad good again, he even now used this means. He watched Míshka trudging over the field, stirring up enormous glebes of earth which stuck to each of his feet, then himself climbed down from his horse, took Vasíli's seeder, and went himself to sow.

"Where did you stop?"

Vasíli pointed to a foot-mark, and Levín went to sow the earth with the seed, as best he could. It was hard to walk as in a bog, and, having trudged a furrow's length, he began to perspire, when he stopped and gave up the seeder.

"Now, sir, you must not hold me responsible for this furrow's length in the summer," said Vasíli.

"Why not?" Levín asked, merrily, feeling already the effect of the means employed.

"You wait for the summer to come. It will be fine. See how I sowed last spring. How well I did it! Konstantín Dmítrievich, I try for you as though you were my own father. I myself do not like to have things badly done, and I do not let others do so. What is good for the master is good for us. As I look there," said Vasíli, pointing to the field, "my heart rejoices."

"It is a fine spring, Vasíli."

"It is a spring such as the old men cannot recall. I was at home, — there my father has sowed three osmínas¹ of wheat. He says you cannot tell it from the rye."

"How long is it since you have begun to sow wheat?"

"You taught us two summers ago: you made me a present of two measures. We sold a chétvert and sowed three osmínas."

"Be sure and crush the lumps," said Levín, going to his horse, "and watch Míshka. If the seed comes up well, you will get fifty kopeks the desyatína."

"Much obliged to you. We are satisfied with you as it is."

Levín mounted his horse and rode to the field where the last year's clover was, and to the other, which was being prepared by the plough for the spring wheat.

The clover had come up superbly. It had already revived and looked green amidst the broken stubbles of last year's wheat. The horse sunk in the mud up to the pastern, and each foot smacked as it was withdrawn from the half-thawed earth. Over the ploughed field it was entirely impossible to ride: the horse could step only where there was a frozen crust, but in the thawed furrows the foot sank down above the pastern. The ploughed field was in superb condition: in two days it would be possible to harrow it and begin the sowing. Everything was beautiful and cheering. Levín rode back over the brook, hoping that the water would be low enough to cross. And, indeed, he did cross it, and scared up two ducks. "There must be wood-snipes, too," he thought, and just at the turn to the house he met the forest guard, who confirmed him in his belief about the wood-snipes.

Levín galloped home, in order to be in time for dinner and to prepare his gun for the evening.

¹ An osmína, one-half of a chétvert; a chétvert is nearly six bushels.

XIV.

As he rode up to the house, in the happiest of moods, he heard a little bell tinkling on the side of the main entrance.

"Why, that is from the railway," he thought. "Just the time for the Moscow train — Who may it be? What if it is brother Nikoláy? He said, 'Maybe I will go to the watering-place, and maybe I will come to see you.'"

At first he felt terribly displeased at the thought that the presence of his brother Nikoláy might destroy his happy vernal disposition. But he felt ashamed of this sentiment, and immediately, as it were, opened his spiritual embrace, and with meek joy waited and wished with his whole soul that it might be his brother. He touched his horse and, riding out from behind an acacia, saw a hired *tróyka* driving up from the station, and a gentleman in a fur coat. It was not his brother. "Oh, if it is only a pleasant man, with whom one may have a chat!" he thought.

"Ah!" Levín exclaimed, joyfully, lifting up both his hands. "What a welcome guest! Oh, how glad I am to see you!" he shouted, when he recognized Stepán Arkádevich.

"I shall now find out for certain whether she is already married, or when she will get married," he thought.

And on that beautiful spring day he felt that the memory of her was not painful to him.

"Well, you did not expect me?" said Stepán Arkádevich, climbing out of the sleigh, with pieces of mud on the bridge of his nose, on his cheek, and on his forehead, but beaming with joy and health. "I come to see you, that is one," he said, embracing and kissing him, "to shoot snipes, that is two, and to sell the timber in Ergushóvo, that is three."

"Very well! What a spring! But how did you get here in a sleigh?"

"In a cart it is even worse, Konstantín Dmítrievich," replied the driver, whom he knew.

"Well, I am very, very glad that you have come," Levín said, smiling a sincere, childish joyous smile.

Levín took his guest to the guest-chamber, whither were brought Stepán Arkádevich's things, a bag, a gun in a case, and a cigar-pouch; and, leaving him to wash himself and get dressed, he in the meantime went to the office to talk about the ploughing and the clover. Agáfya Mikháylovna, who was always concerned about the honour of the house, met him in the antechamber with questions about the dinner.

"Do as you please, so you get it ready at once," he said. And he went to see the clerk.

When he returned, Stepán Arkádevich, washed, combed, and beaming with a smile, was coming out of his door, and they both together went up-stairs.

"How glad I am to have reached you! Now I shall understand wherein the mystery consists which you are practising here. Really, I envy you. What a house! How charming everything is! It is light and bright," said Stepán Arkádevich, forgetting that it was not spring all the time and as clear as on that day. "And how charming your nurse is! A pretty chambermaid in an apron would be more desirable; but with your monkishness and severe style this is very good."

Stepán Arkádevich told many interesting bits of news,

and what interested Levín in particular, that his brother, Sergyéy Ivánovich, was thinking of visiting him in the country in the summer.

Stepán Arkádevich did not say a single word about Kitty and about the Shcherbátskis in general; he only gave him his wife's regards. Levín was grateful to him for his delicacy, and was very happy to have his guest with him. During his solitude he had, as always when left alone, accumulated a mass of ideas and feelings which he was unable to transmit to those who surrounded him, and so he now poured out on Stepán Arkádevich the poetic joy of spring, and the failures and plans of his estate, and his ideas and remarks about the books which he had read, and especially the idea of his work, the basis of which, without his noticing it, was formed by the criticism of all the old works on agronomy. Stepán Arkádevich, always pleasant and understanding everything by hints, was particularly pleasant during this visit, and Levín observed in him a new feature of respect and tenderness for him, by which he was flattered.

The efforts of Agáfiya Mikháylovna and of the cook to make the dinner particularly good had only this for its result, that both hungry friends, sitting down to the appetizer, filled themselves with bread and butter, a roast half of a goose, and pickled mushrooms, and that Levín ordered the soup brought in without the patties, with which the cook had hoped to surprise the guest. But Stepán Arkádevich, though used to quite different dinners, found everything exquisite: the herb wine, the bread, the butter, and especially the roast goose, and the mushrooms, and the nettle soup, and the chicken with the white sauce, and the white Crimean wine, — everything was superb and exquisite.

"Excellent, excellent," he said, lighting a fat cigarette, after the roast. "Coming to you I feel as though I left the noise and jolting of a steamer for the quiet shore.

So you say that the element of the farm-hand has to be studied itself and should lead in the choice of the methods of farming. I am a layman in these matters; but it seems to me that the theory and its application will have an influence on the farm-hand himself."

"Yes, but wait! I am not speaking of political economy, but of the science of agronomy. It must be like the natural sciences, observing the given phenomena, and the farm-hand in his economic, ethnographic —"

Just then Agáfya Mikháylovna entered with the preserves.

"Well, Agáfya Mikháylovna," Stepán Arkádevich said to her, kissing the tips of his chubby fingers, "what a fine roast you have, and what fine herb wine! Is it not time now, Konstantín?" he added.

Levín looked through the window at the sun setting behind the bare tree-tops.

"It is, it is," he said. "Kuzmá, get the line carriage ready!" and he ran down-stairs.

Stepán Arkádevich went down-stairs, himself carefully took the canvas cover off the lacquered box, and, opening it, began to take out his expensive new-fashioned shotgun. Kuzmá, who anticipated a fat *pourboire*, did not leave Stepán Arkádevich, and put on his stockings and boots, which Stepán Arkádevich cheerfully submitted to.

"Leave word, Konstantín, if Ryabínin, the merchant, comes, — I told him to come to-day, — to receive him and let him wait —"

"Are you selling your timber to Ryabínin?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Certainly I do. I have had dealings with him *absolutely and definitely*."

Stepán Arkádevich laughed. "Definitely and absolutely" were the merchant's pet words.

"Yes, he talks very funnily. Do you know where your master is going to?" he added, patting Láska, who was

whining and keeping close to Levín, licking now his hand, and now his boots and his gun.

The line carriage was standing at the porch when they came out.

"I have ordered the carriage to be hitched up, or had we better walk?"

"No, I prefer to ride," said Stepán Arkádevich, walking over to the vehicle. He took his seat, covered his feet with a striped plaid, and lighted a cigar. "Why don't you smoke? A cigar is, not exactly a pleasure, but the crown and symptom of pleasure. This is life! How nice! I should like to live so myself!"

"Who keeps you from it?" Levín said, smiling.

"Yes, you are a happy man. You have everything you like. You like horses, here they are; you like dogs, you have them; the chase, you have it; a farm, you have it."

"Maybe because I enjoy what I have, and do not worry about what I have not," said Levín, thinking of Kitty.

Stepán Arkádevich understood and looked at him, but did not say anything.

Levín was grateful to Oblónski that, with his usual tact, he did not say anything about the Shcherbátskis, when he saw that Levín was afraid of mentioning them; now Levín wanted to find out what so tormented him, but he did not dare to speak of it.

"Well, how are your affairs?" said Levín, surmising that it was not right for him to think only of himself.

Stepán Arkádevich's eyes sparkled merrily.

"You do not admit that one should like white loaves so long as one has rye flour and grits, — according to your opinion that is a crime; but I do not acknowledge life without love," he said, understanding Levín's question in his own way. "I cannot help it, I was born so. Really, so little harm is done to any one by it, and so much pleasure to one's self —"

"What, is it something new?" asked Levín.

"Yes, my dear! You see, you know the type of Ossianic women — of women whom you see in your dream — Well, there are such women in actual life — and these women are terrible. A woman, you see, is a subject which, no matter how much you may study it, will all the time be something quite new."

"Then it is best not to study them."

"No. Some mathematician has said that the enjoyment is not in the discovery of the truth, but in the searching for it."

Levín listened in silence, and, in spite of all the efforts which he was making over himself, he was absolutely unable to transfer himself into the soul of his friend and to comprehend his feelings and the charm of studying such women.

XV.

THE shooting-place was not far away, above a brook in the aspen brush. Upon reaching the forest, Levín got out of the vehicle and led Oblónski to the edge of a mossy and boggy clearing, which was already free from snow. He himself returned to the other end, to a twin birch, and, leaning his gun against the fork of the lowest, dry limb, he took off his caftan, girded himself better, and tried the freedom of the motions of his arms.

Old gray Láska, who was following them, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked her ears. The sun set behind the dense forest; and in the twilight, the little birches, which were scattered through the aspen grove, stood out in sharp outlines with their pendent branches, with their swollen buds, ready to burst.

From the dense forest, where still lay the snow, was heard the faint ripple of water meandering down in narrow runlets. The tiny birds chirped and now and then flitted from tree to tree.

In the intervals of complete quiet was heard the rustling of last year's leaves, which were stirring from the thawing of the ground and the sprouting of the grass.

"How fine! One can hear and see the grass grow!" Levín said to himself, as he noticed a slate-coloured wet aspen leaf moving near a new grass-blade. He stood, listening and looking, now down on the wet mossy grass, now at attentive Láska, now at the sea of bare tree-tops which extended before him at the foot of a hill, now at the darkling heaven veiled by white-striped clouds. A

hawk, leisurely flapping its wings, flew high above the distant forest; another hawk flew in the same direction and disappeared. The birds began to chirp louder and more busily in the thicket. Not far away an owl began to hoot, and Láska, shuddering, cautiously took a few steps and, bending her head sidewise, began to listen. A cuckoo was heard back of the brook. It cuckooed twice with its usual sound, then began to snore, and to call rapidly, and was all mixed up.

"What, the cuckoo already?" said Stepán Arkádevich, stepping out from behind a bush.

"Yes, I hear," replied Levín, reluctantly breaking the quiet of the forest in a voice which seemed disagreeable to him. "It will not be long now."

Stepán Arkádevich's figure again disappeared behind the bush, and Levín saw only the bright fire of a match, which soon after gave way to the red ashes of a cigarette, and a blue puff of smoke.

"Chick, chick!" clicked the hammers which Stepán Arkádevich was cocking.

"What makes that noise?" asked Oblónski, turning Levín's attention to a protracted hollow sound, as though a colt, frisking, were neighing in a thin voice.

"Don't you know? It is a male hare. But we must stop talking! Listen, it is flying!" Levín almost shouted, cocking his gun.

There was heard a distant thin whistle, and, in precisely that even beat which is so familiar to the hunter, two seconds later, a second, a third whistle, and after the third whistle could be heard the screeching. *

Levín cast his eyes about to the right and the left, and there, in front of him, against the turbidly blue sky, over the blending, tender shoots of the aspen-tops there appeared a flying bird. It was flying straight toward him; the near sounds of the screeching, resembling the even tearing of a tightly drawn fabric, resounded above his

ears; the long beak and neck of the bird were already visible, and the very moment that Levín aimed, a red flash of lightning gleamed behind the bush where Oblónski was standing, and the bird came down as an arrow and again whirled up in the air. Again lightning flashed, and a thud was heard; and, flapping its wings, as though trying to hold itself in the air, the bird stopped, stood still for a moment, and heavily dropped down on the boggy ground.

"Is it possible I have missed?" exclaimed Stepán Arkádevich, who could not see through the smoke.

"Here it is!" said Levín, pointing to Láska, who, raising one ear and wagging high the tip of her shaggy tail, with slow steps, as though wishing to prolong the pleasure, and as though smiling, was bringing up the dead bird to her master. "I am glad that you were successful," said Levín, at the same time experiencing a sensation of envy because he had not himself had the chance to kill that woodcock.

"A nasty miss from the right barrel," said Stepán Arkádevich, loading his gun. "Hush — it is flying."

Indeed, they heard penetrating whistles, rapidly following each other. Two wood-snipes, playfully racing with one another, and only whistling, without screeching, flew over the very heads of the hunters. There resounded four shots, and, like swallows, the wood-snipes whirled rapidly around and disappeared from view.

The shooting was superb. Stepán Arkádevich killed another brace, and Levín killed a brace, but of these he did not find one. It began to grow dark. Bright, silvery Venus was already shining low in the west, through the birches, with its gentle splendour, and high in the east gloomy Arcturus already was changing its red lights. Overhead Levín caught and lost the stars of the Ursa Major. The wood-snipes had stopped flying; but Levín decided to wait until Venus, which he could see below a

certain branch of a birch-tree, should pass above it, and until he should see all the stars of the Ursa Major. Venus had risen above the bough, and Charles's Wain with its shaft was already visible in the dark blue sky, but he was still waiting.

"Is it not time to go?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

The forest was quiet, and not a bird moved.

"Let us stand awhile yet," Levín replied.

"As you wish."

They were now standing about fifteen paces from each other.

"Stíva!" Levín suddenly exclaimed, "why don't you tell me whether your sister-in-law has married, or when she will get married?"

Levín felt himself so firm and calm that no answer, he thought, could affect him. But he had not at all expected what Stepán Arkádevich told him.

"She has not even thought of marrying, but she is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They are even afraid for her life."

"You don't say?" cried Levín. "Very ill? What is the matter with her? What was —"

Just as they were saying this, Láska pricked up her ears and looked at the sky and reproachfully at them.

"What a time they have found for talking!" she thought. "And there it flies — sure enough, there it is. They will miss it —" thought Láska.

But just at that moment both suddenly heard a piercing whistle which seemed to graze their ears, and both suddenly clasped their guns, and two streaks of lightning flashed, and two reports resounded at the identical moment. The wood-snipe, which was flying high, immediately folded its wings and fell into the thicket, bending down the slender shoots.

"Excellent! Common game!" exclaimed Levín, running with Láska into the thicket to find the wood-snipe.

“ Oh, yes, what was that disagreeable thing ? ” he thought. “ Yes, Kitty is ill — What is to be done ? I am very sorry,” he thought.

“ Oh, you have found it ! Clever dog ! ” he said, taking the warm bird out of Láska’s mouth, and putting it into the full bag. “ She has found it, Stíva ! ” he exclaimed.

XVI.

UPON returning home, Levín asked for all the details of Kitty's illness and for the plans of the Shcherbátskis, and, though he should have been ashamed to confess it, what he learned gave him pleasure. It pleased him because there was still some hope left, and still more it pleased him because the one who had pained him was pained. But when Stepán Arkádevich began to speak of the causes of Kitty's illness and mentioned Vrónski's name, Levín interrupted him.

"I have no right whatsoever to know the domestic details, and, to tell the truth, no interest whatsoever in the matter."

Stepán Arkádevich gave a faint smile, as he caught the sudden and to him familiar change in Levín's face, which became as gloomy as it had been merry a minute before.

"Have you entirely settled your affair about the timber with Ryabínin?" asked Levín.

"Yes, I have. It is an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand. Eight in advance, and the rest in six annual payments. I have had an awful bother with it. No one would give me more."

"That means that you have given away the timber," Levín said, gloomily.

"How is that?" Stepán Arkádevich said, with a good-natured smile, knowing that from now on everything would appear bad to Levín.

"The cause the timber is worth at least five hundred roubles per desyatína," replied Levín.

"Oh, you agriculturists!" Stepán Arkádevich said, "This is your tone of contempt for us city people. But when it comes to doing business, we do it better than anybody. Believe me, I have calculated everything," he said, "and the timber is very profitably sold, so much so that I am afraid that he may refuse yet. It is not a scrappy forest," said Stepán Arkádevich, wishing with the word "scrappy" to convince Levín completely of the injustice of his doubts, "but mainly of big timber. And it will not stand more than thirty sázhens¹ to the desyatína, for which he gives me two hundred roubles."

Levín smiled contemptuously. "I know," he thought, "that manner, not of him alone, but of all the city dwellers in general, who, having been in the country twice in ten years, and having caught two or three peasant expressions, use them in season and out of season, and think that they know everything. *Scrappy, stands thirty sázhens*. He talks, and does not know what he is saying."

"I will not undertake to teach you about what you are writing in your office," he said, "but if I need, I shall ask your advice. And you are so convinced that you understand everything about this wisdom of the forest. It is a difficult one. Did you count the trees?"

"Count the trees?" Stepán Arkádevich said, still wishing to get his friend out of his bad mood. "The stars, the planets' beams, the exalted mind perchance might count —"

"Yes, Ryabínin's exalted mind can. Not one merchant will buy it without counting, unless he gets it for nothing, as in your case. I know your forest. I hunt there every year, and your forest is worth five hundred roubles in cash, and he gives you two hundred on time. This means that

¹ A sázhen = seven feet.

you have made him a present of something like thirty thousand."

"Don't get so excited!" Stepán Arkádevich said, pityingly. "Why did not any one else give me as much?"

"Because he is in a league with the merchants; he has bought them off. I have had business with all of them, and I know them. They are not merchants, but dealers. One of these men will not take up a piece of business where he can make ten or fifteen per cent. but wants to buy by paying twenty kopeks on the rouble."

"Don't say that! You are out of sorts."

"Not in the least," Levín said, gloomily, as they drove up to the house.

At the porch already stood a small cart tightly covered with leather and iron bands, and with a tightly harnessed, well-fed horse with broad side-straps. In the cart sat a bloodshot and tightly belted clerk, who served Ryabínin as a coachman. Ryabínin himself was in the house, where he met the friends in the antechamber. Ryabínin was a tall, lank man of middle age, with moustache and shaven, prominent chin and bulging, turbid eyes. He wore a long-skirted blue coat, with buttons below the small of the back, and tall boots crumpled at the ankle and straight at the calf, over which were large overshoes. He wiped his face with a handkerchief in a circular manner and, wrapping his coat around him, though it was hanging properly as it was, he greeted the two friends with a smile, extending his hand toward Stepán Arkádevich, as though he wanted to catch something.

"Ah, there you are," said Stepán Arkádevich, giving him his hand. "Very well."

"I did not dare to disobey the orders of your Serenity, though the road was very bad. I positively came all the way on foot, but have made my appearance at the proper time. Konstantín Dmítrievich, my respects to you," he turned to Levín, trying to catch his hand also. But

Levín, frowning, looked as though he did not see his hand, and took out the snipes. "You have deigned to enjoy the chase! What kind of a bird may this be?" added Ryabínin, looking contemptuously at the snipes. "I suppose they have some kind of a taste." And he shook his head in disapproval, as though being considerably in doubt whether the game was worth the candle.

"Do you want to go to the cabinet?" Levín said, with a gloomy scowl, in French, to Stepán Arkádevich. "Go to the cabinet and talk it over with him!"

"We can go wherever it pleases you, sir," Ryabínin said, with contemptuous dignity, as though to intimate that others might perhaps have some difficulty in knowing how to act before people, but that for him there never could be any difficulty in anything.

When they entered the cabinet, Ryabínin looked around, as was his habit, as though to find an image, but, having found it, he did not cross himself. He cast a glance at the cases and book-shelves, and, with the same doubt, as in the case of the wood-snipes, he smiled contemptuously and disapprovingly shook his head, now no longer admitting that the game was worth the candle.

"Well, have you brought the money with you?" asked Oblónski. "Sit down!"

"There will be no trouble about the money. I have come to see you and have a talk with you."

"A talk! About what? Sit down!"

"That I will do," said Ryabínin, sitting down and leaning against the back of the chair in a most uncomfortable manner. "You will have to come down some, prince. I can't do it. The money is definitely ready, to the last kopek. There will be no trouble about the money."

Levín, who had been putting his gun into a closet, was already at the door, but, upon hearing the merchant's words, he stopped.

"And so you got the forest for nothing," he said. "He has come to me too late, or else I should have put a price on it."

Ryabínin rose and, in silence, with a smile, surveyed Levín from foot to head.

"Konstantín Dmítrievich is very stingy," he said, with a smile, turning to Stepán Arkádevich. "I can positively buy nothing of him. I tried to buy his wheat, and offered a good price for it."

"Why should I give away that which belongs to me? I did not find it on the ground and did not steal it."

"How can you say that? Nowadays it is positively impossible to steal. Nowadays we have courts by jury, and everything is now done nobly; let us not talk of stealing. I meant it in all honour. The prince is asking too much for the forest: I can't see my way. I beg you to lower the price a little."

"Is your business settled or not? If it is, there is no sense in haggling; if not," said Levín, "I will buy the timber."

The smile suddenly disappeared from Ryabínin's face. The rapacious, cruel expression of a vulture took its place upon it. With his swift, bony fingers he unbuttoned his coat, displaying his outwardly worn shirt, the brass buttons of his waistcoat, and a watch-chain, and quickly drew out a fat, old pocketbook.

"If you please, the timber is mine," he muttered, making a swift sign of the cross, and extending his hand. "Take the money,—the timber is mine. This is the way Ryabínin makes a trade: there's no need counting the pennies," he said, frowning and flourishing the pocketbook.

"If I were in your place, I should not be in such a hurry," said Levín.

"Why," Oblónski said, in surprise, "but I have promised him."

Levín left the room, slamming the door. Ryabínin looked at the door and, smiling, shook his head.

“It’s all on account of his youth, positively mere childishness. If I am buying it, believe my word, it is only for the sake of the reputation, — to be able to say that Ryabínin, and nobody else, bought Oblónski’s grove. God knows whether I shall be able to come out all right from it. Upon my word. If you please, sign the agreement — ”

An hour later, the merchant, cautiously wrapping himself in his cloak and hooking his coat, with the agreement in his pocket, seated himself in his tightly clamped cart and drove home.

“Oh, those gentlemen !” he said to his clerk. “They are a lot !”

“How is that ?” replied the clerk, giving him the reins and buttoning the leather boot. “Have you bought it. Mikhaíl Ignátich ?”

“Well, well — ”

XVII.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH, his pocket bulging out with the bank-bills, which the merchant had paid him for three months in advance, went up-stairs. The business with the timber was settled; the money was in his pocket; the shooting had been fine, — and Stepán Arkádevich was in the happiest of moods, and so he was particularly anxious to dispel the brown study into which Levín had fallen. He wanted to end the day at supper as pleasantly as it had been begun.

Levín was, indeed, out of sorts, and, in spite of all his wish to be kind and considerate to his guest, he could not control himself. The intoxication caused by the news that Kitty was not yet married began by degrees to work in him.

Kitty was not married, and she was ill, ill from love for a man who had scorned her. This insult seemed to fall upon him. Vrónski had scorned her, and she had scorned him, Levín. Consequently, Vrónski had the right to despise Levín, and was his enemy. But Levín did not reflect on all that. He felt dimly that in all that there was something offensive for him, and he was not angry at what was the cause of his annoyance, but found fault with everything that presented itself to him. The stupid sale of the timber, — the deception practised on Oblónski, which was consummated in his house, irritated him.

“Well, are you through?” he said, meeting Stepán

Arkádevich up-stairs. "Do you want to eat your supper?"

"I will not refuse it. What an appetite I have in the country! Just wonderful! Why did you not invite Ryabínin to supper?"

"The devil take him!"

"How strangely you act toward him!" said Oblónski. "You did not even offer him your hand. What harm is there in giving him your hand?"

"Because I do not give my hand to a lackey, and a lackey is a hundred times better than he."

"How retrograde you really are! What about the welding of the classes?" said Oblónski.

"If anybody wants to weld, let him do so, but to me it is an abomination."

"I see, you are positively retrograde."

"Really, I have never thought what I am. I am Konstantín Levín, and nothing more."

"Yes, Konstantín Levín, who is out of humour," Stepán Arkádevich said, with a smile.

"Yes, I am, and do you know why? On account of your stupid sale, pardon me for saying so —"

Stepán Arkádevich frowned in a good-natured manner, like a man who is insulted and annoyed for no cause whatever.

"Stop it!" he said. "When has it not been so that as soon as a man sells something, people tell him that it was worth a great deal more? But while one is selling, nobody makes an offer — No, I see, you have a grudge against that unfortunate Ryabínin."

"Maybe I have. And do you know why? You will again say that I am retrograde, or some such terrible word; but I am annoyed and pained to see the progressive impoverishment of the gentry, to which I belong and, in spite of the welding of the classes, am very glad to belong — The impoverishment is not due to excessive

luxury. That would not be so bad. To live in seigneurial fashion is all right for the gentry: they alone know how to do it. Now the peasants are buying up all the land around us, and that does not annoy me. The master does not do anything, the peasant works and pushes out the lazy man: that is proper, and I am glad for the peasant. But what offends me is to see this impoverishment taking place through some — what shall I call it? — innocence. Here a Polish tenant has bought up for half its value a charming estate belonging to a lady who lives in Nice. Here a merchant rents an estate at a rouble the *desyatína*, though it is worth ten. Here you have for no cause whatever made that rascal a present of thirty thousand."

"What of it? Shall I count every tree?"

"By all means. You have not counted, but Ryabínin has. Ryabínin's children will have means for living and getting educated, and yours, perhaps, will not have any!"

"You must pardon me, but there is something petty in this counting of yours. We have our occupations, and they have theirs, and they have to earn something themselves. However, the deed is done, and that is the end of it. Here come the poached eggs: I like them best that way. And Agáfya Mikháylovna will let us have a little of that excellent herb wine —"

Stepán Arkádevich sat down at the table and began to jest with Agáfya Mikháylovna, assuring her that he had not eaten such a dinner and supper for a long time.

"You at least praise it," said Agáfya Mikháylovna, "while with Konstantín Dmítrievich it makes no difference what we give him; if it is only a crust of bread, — he eats it and goes away."

No matter how much Levín endeavoured to conquer himself, he was gloomy and reticent. He had to put a question to Stepán Arkádevich, but he could not make up his mind to, and could not find the proper form or time in

which to do it. Stepán Arkádevich had already gone down-stairs to his room; he had undressed himself, washed himself once more, put on his gaufered night-gown, and lain down, but Levín still dallied in his room, talking of all kinds of trifles, and unable to ask him what was in his mind.

"See how wonderfully they make soap now," he said, unwrapping and examining a perfumed cake of soap, which Agáfya Mikháylovna had left for the guest, but which Oblónski had not used. "Look at it! It is a work of art!"

"Yes, they have reached perfection in everything," said Stepán Arkádevich, with a moist, blissful yawn. "The theatres, for example, and those amusements — ah-ah-ah!" he yawned. "Electric light everywhere — ah-ah!"

"Yes, electric light," said Levín. "Yes. Well, and where is Vrónski now?" he asked, suddenly putting down the soap.

"Vrónski?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, stopping his yawn. "He is in St. Petersburg. He left soon after you, and has not been in Moscow since. And do you know, Konstantín, I will tell you the truth," he continued, leaning against the table and resting on his arm his handsome, ruddy face, from which shone, like stars, his liquid, kindly, sleepy eyes. "It was your own fault. You were frightened of your rival. I told you then — I do not know on whose side were the greater chances. Why did you not go for it? I told you then that — " He yawned with his jaws only, without opening his mouth.

"Does he know that I proposed, or not?" thought Levín, looking at him. "There is something cunning, diplomatic in his countenance," and, feeling that he was blushing, he silently looked Stepán Arkádevich in the face.

"If there was anything then on her part, it was an infatuation for appearances," continued Oblónski. "That

perfect aristocratism, you know, and the future position in the world affected, not her, but her mother."

Levín frowned. The insult of the refusal, through which he had passed, burned his heart as though with a freshly received wound. But he was at home, and at home the walls are a succour.

"Wait, wait," he said, interrupting Oblónski. "You say 'aristocratism.' Permit me to ask you what this aristocratism of Vrónski, or of anybody else, consists in, — such an aristocratism, that I could be scorned. You consider Vrónski an aristocrat, but I do not. A man whose father has risen from nothing through intrigues, whose mother has had liaisons with God knows whom — No, you must pardon me: I regard as aristocrats people like myself, who can point back to three or four honourable generations of men who stood on the highest level of culture (talent and intellect is another matter), and who have never acted with rascality toward any one, and were in need of no one, as my father and grandfather have been. And I know many such. It seems petty to you that I count the trees in the forest, and you give away thirty thousand to Ryabínin; but you will get some tenure and I do not know what, while I shall not, and so I hold dear what my ancestors have left me and I work for — We are aristocrats, and not those who can live only by favours from the mighty of this world, and who can be bought for two dimes."

"Whom are you aiming at? I agree with you," said Stepán Arkádevich, sincerely and merrily, though he felt that Levín had him, too, in mind when he spoke of those who could be bought for two dimes. Levín's animation gave him real pleasure. "Whom are you aiming at? Much of what you say about Vrónski is not true, but I am not speaking of that. I tell you frankly, in your place I would go to Moscow now with me, and —"

"I do not know whether you know, or not, but it is all

the same to me. I will tell you, — I proposed and received a refusal, and Kitty Aleksándrovna is now an oppressive and shameful memory to me.”

“Why? Nonsense!”

“Let us not speak of it. Forgive me, if you please, if I have been rude to you,” said Levín. Now that he had unburdened his heart, he was again the same that he had been in the morning. “Stíva, please don’t be angry,” he said, and, smiling, took his hand.

“Not in the least. There is no reason why I should be. I am glad to have had an explanation. Do you know, shooting is generally good in the morning. Had we not better go? I would not be sleeping anyway, and from the shooting I can go directly to the station.”

“Very well.”

XVIII.

ALTHOUGH Vrónski's whole inner life was taken up by his passion, his external life rolled on, unchangeably and irrepressibly, over the old, habitual rails of worldly and regimental interests. The interests of the regiment took up an important place in Vrónski's life, because he loved the regiment and, still more, because he was loved in the regiment. Not only was he loved there, but he was also respected and an object of pride. They were proud of him because he, an immensely wealthy man, with an excellent education and natural gifts, with his road open to every kind of success and ambition, scorned all this, and of all the interests of life had taken those of the regiment and of his comrades nearest to his heart. Vrónski was conscious of the view which his comrades held in regard to him, and he not only was fond of that life, but felt it his duty to maintain the view which had once been established in regard to him.

Naturally he did not speak to any of his comrades about his love, did not betray himself during the wildest potations (however, he never was so drunk as to lose control of himself), and closed the mouths of those frivolous comrades who attempted to refer to his liaison. But, in spite of it all, his love was known in the whole city: all guessed more or less correctly about his relations with Anna Karénin; the majority of the young men envied him, — which to him was the most oppressive part of his love, — Karénin's high position and, therefore, the prominence of this liaison in society.

The majority of the young women, who envied Anna, and who had long ago become tired of hearing her called "upright," were glad of what they suspected, and were only waiting for confirmation of the changed public opinion, which was to come down upon her with all the weight of its contempt. They were preparing those lumps of mud which they were going to throw at her when the time came. The majority of the older people and of men high in office were dissatisfied with this coming public scandal.

Vrónski's mother, upon hearing of this liaison, was at first satisfied, both because nothing, according to her opinion, so much gave the last touch to a brilliant young man as a liaison in the higher circles of society, and because Anna Karénin, to whom she had taken such a liking, and who had talked so much about her son, was after all just what all beautiful and decent women were according to her thinking. But she had lately learned that her son had declined a post offered to him, which would have been important for his career, only that he might remain in the regiment and be able to see Anna, and she had also learned that prominent personages were dissatisfied with him for it, and so she changed her opinion. She was also dissatisfied with him because, from everything she had heard about this liaison, it was not that brilliant, graceful, worldly liaison of which she would have approved, but of the Werther kind, — a desperate passion, as she was told, which might lead him to commit rash acts. She had not seen him since his sudden departure from Moscow, and sent word through her eldest son that he should come to see her.

The elder brother, too, was not satisfied with him. He did not consider what kind of a love it was, whether great or small, passionate or impassionate, wicked or not (he himself, a father of a family, kept a dancing-girl, and so was lenient in such things), but he knew that it was a

love which did not please those whom it ought to please, and so he did not approve of his brother's conduct.

In addition to his occupations connected with his service and with society, Vrónski had still another occupation, — horses, of which he was passionately fond.

During that year the officers were to have hurdle-races. Vrónski entered the list, bought himself an English thoroughbred mare, and, in spite of his love, was passionately, though with reserve, carried away by the coming event.

The two passions did not interfere with each other. On the contrary, he needed an occupation and distraction, independent of his love, in which he refreshed and rested himself from the impressions which agitated him too much.

XIX.

ON the day of the Krasnosélsk races, Vrónski came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the common mess-room of the officers. He did not need to keep very strict diet because his weight was exactly equal to the required 180 Russian pounds ; but he had to keep from adding fat, and so he avoided pastry and sweetmeats. He was sitting with his coat unbuttoned over his white vest, leaning both his arms on the table and, while he waited for the beefsteak, looking into a French novel which was lying on his plate. He was looking into the book merely to avoid getting into a conversation with the officers who came in and went out, and was thinking.

He was thinking of the rendezvous which Anna had appointed after the races. He had not seen her for three days and, on account of her husband's return from abroad, did not know whether he could see her on that day, nor did he know how to find out. The last time he had seen her at the summer residence of his cousin Betsy. The summer home of the Karénins he frequented as little as possible. He wanted to go there now, and was reflecting on the question of how to do it.

"Of course, I will say that Betsy has sent me to find out whether she would be at the races. Of course I will go there," he decided, raising his head from the book. And, as he vividly presented to himself the happiness of seeing her, his face became serene.

"Send some one to my house and tell them there to hitch my tróyka at once," he said to the servant who

brought him a beefsteak on a hot platter. Moving up the dish, he began to eat.

In the adjoining billiard-room could be heard the striking of the balls, sounds of conversation, and laughter. Through the entrance door appeared two officers: one, a young man, with a weak, thin face, who had but lately entered the regiment from the Corps of Cadets; another, a puffy old officer with a bracelet on his wrist and swollen eyes.

Vrónski glanced at them and knit his brow and, as though he did not see them, looked sidewise at the book and continued to eat and read at the same time.

"Well, are you strengthening yourself for work?" asked the puffy officer, sitting down near him.

"As you see," replied Vrónski, frowning and wiping his mouth, without looking at him.

"Are you not afraid that you will put on flesh?" the officer said, turning around a chair for the young man.

"What?" Vrónski said, angrily, making a face of disgust and showing his serrated rows of teeth.

"Are you not afraid that you will put on flesh?"

"Oh, there, sherry!" said Vrónski, without answering, and, putting the book on the other side, he continued to read.

The puffy officer took the wine-card and turned to the young officer.

"Select what we are going to drink," he said, giving him the card, and looking at him.

"Please, some Rhenish wine," said the young man, timidly looking askance at Vrónski and trying to catch his sprouting little moustache with his fingers. Seeing that Vrónski did not turn around, the young officer got up.

"Let us go to the billiard-room!" he said.

The puffy officer rose submissively, and they directed their steps toward the door.

Just then tall and stately Captain Yáshvin entered the room. Disdainfully nodding to the two officers, he went up to Vrónski.

"Ah, there he is!" he exclaimed, giving him a strong blow with his large hand on his shoulder-strap. Vrónski looked back angrily, but immediately his face beamed with its characteristic calm and firm kindness.

"That's clever, Alésha," said the captain, in a loud bari-tone. "Eat now, and then you will drink a little wine-glass full."

"I do not want to eat."

"There are the inseparable ones," added Yáshvin, looking sarcastically at the two officers, who had just left the room. And he sat down near Vrónski, bending at a sharp angle his shin and thigh, which were too long for the height of the chair, and which were clad in tightly fitting riding-breeches. "Why did you not come last night to the Krásnenski Theatre? Numérova was not at all bad. Where were you?"

"I stayed a little too long at the Tverskóys," said Vrónski.

"Ah!" retorted Yáshvin.

Yáshvin, a gambler, carouser, and not only a man without principles, but even an immoral man, — Yáshvin was Vrónski's best friend in the regiment. Vrónski loved him, both for his extraordinary physical strength, which he generally displayed in being able to drink like a fish, and to go nights without sleeping and yet show no change, and for his great moral strength, which he displayed in relation to his superiors and comrades, calling forth terror and respect toward himself, and in his games, where he handled tens of thousands, and which, despite the wine consumed, he played so cleverly and so firmly that he was regarded as the first card-player in the English Club. Vrónski respected and loved him, more especially because he felt that Yáshvin loved him not for his name and

wealth, but for his own sake. And of all people, Vrónski wanted to speak only to him of his love. He felt that Yáshvin was the only one who, though he seemed to despise all sentiment, could understand that strong passion which now filled his whole life. Besides, he was convinced that Yáshvin certainly found no enjoyment in gossip and scandals, but that he understood that feeling as was proper, that is, that he knew and believed that this love was not a joke, a pastime, but something more serious and important.

Vrónski did not speak to him about his love, but he knew that he knew everything and that he understood it as was proper, and it gave him pleasure to see that in his friend's eyes.

"Oh, yes!" said Yáshvin, in response to Vrónski's statement that he had been at the Tverskóys', and, with a gleam of his black eyes, he took hold of his left moustache and, from force of a bad habit, began to turn it into his mouth.

"Well, and you, what were you doing last night? Did you win anything?" asked Vrónski.

"Eight thousand. But three of them are bad, — he will hardly pay them."

"In that case you may lose your bet on me," Vrónski said, laughing. (Yáshvin was betting heavily on Vrónski.)

"I sha'n't lose under any consideration. Makhótin is the only danger."

And the conversation turned on the outlook of the coming races, of which alone Vrónski could now think.

"Come, — I have finished," said Vrónski, rising, and walking toward the door.

Yáshvin, too, rose, stretching his enormous legs and long back.

"It is too early yet for my dinner, but I must take a drink. I will be back in a minute. Oh, there, wine!"

he shouted in his hollow tone, famous in commanding, which made the window-panes rattle. "No, I don't want it," he immediately shouted again. "You are going home, so I will go with you."

And he went out with Vrónski.

XX.

VRÓNSKI was living in a spacious, clean Finnish hut, which was partitioned into two rooms. Petrítski was living with him in the camp, too. Petrítski was asleep when Vrónski entered the room with Yáshvin.

"Get up! You have slept enough," said Yáshvin, walking behind the partition, and jerking by the shoulder the tousled Petrítski, who had stuck his nose into the pillow.

Petrítski suddenly got up on his knees and looked around him.

"Your brother was here," he said to Vrónski. "He woke me up, — the devil take him, — and said that he would come again." And pulling the coverlet over him, he again threw himself on the pillow. "Let me alone, Yáshvin," he said, angrily, to Yáshvin, who was pulling off his coverlet. "Stop!" He turned around and opened his eyes. "You had better tell me what to drink: there is something so nasty in my mouth that —"

"Vódka is better than anything," Yáshvin said, in a bass voice. "Tereshchéenko! Bring your master some vódka and cucumbers," he shouted, evidently fond of hearing his own voice.

"You think vódka will do it? Eh?" asked Petrítski, frowning, and rubbing his eyes. "And will you drink? Let us drink together! Vrónski, will you?" said Petrítski, rising, and wrapping himself under his arms in the striped blanket.

He went through the partition door, raising his hands and singing, in French, "There was a king in Thule."

"Vrónski, will you drink?"

"Get away," said Vrónski, who was putting on a coat handed him by his lackey.

"Where are you going?" Yáshvin asked him. "Here is the tróyka," he added, as he saw the approaching vehicle.

"To the stable, and then I have to go to Bryánski, to see about the horses," said Vrónski.

Vrónski had, indeed, promised to be at Bryánski's, which was about ten versts from Peterhof, and to bring him the money for the horses; and he wanted to be there in time. But his comrades immediately understood that that was not the only place he was driving to.

Petrítski, continuing to sing, winked with one eye and puffed up his lips, as much as to say: "We know what kind of a Bryánski you mean."

"Only don't be too late!" was all Yáshvin said, and, to change the subject, he added: "How is my sorrel doing? Drawing well?" he asked, looking out of the window at the centre horse, which he had sold.

"Wait!" Petrítski shouted to Vrónski, who was already going out. "Your brother has left you a letter and a note. Wait, where are they?"

Vrónski stopped.

"Well, where are they?"

"Where are they? That is the question," Petrítski spoke solemnly, pointing his forefinger upwards from his nose.

"Tell me, for this is stupid," Vrónski said, smiling.

"I have made no fire. It must be here somewhere."

"Stop your fooling! Where is the letter?"

"Really, I have forgotten. Or did I see it in a dream? Wait, wait! What is the use of getting angry? If you had drunk yesterday, as I did, four bottles apiece, you

would not know now where you are lying. Wait! I will recall it in a minute!"

Petrítski went back of the partition and lay down on his bed.

"Wait! I was lying like this, and he was standing like this. Yes, yes, yes, yes — Here it is!" And Petrítski pulled the letter out from underneath the mattress, whither he had put it away.

Vrónski took the letter and his brother's note. It was precisely what he had expected, — a rebuke from his mother for not having come, and a note from his brother saying that he wanted to have a talk with him. Vrónski knew that it was all about the same matter. "What have they to do with it?" thought Vrónski. Crumpling the letter and the note, he stuck them between the buttons of his coat, in order to read them more attentively on his way. In the vestibule of the hut he met two officers: one from his own regiment, and the other from a different regiment.

Vrónski's quarters were always the retreat of all the officers.

"Which way?"

"To Peterhof, on business."

"Has the horse come from Tsárskoe?"

"Yes, but I have not yet seen it."

"They say Makhótin's Gladiator is limping."

"Nonsense! Only how will you race in this mud?" said the other.

"Here are my saviours!" cried Petrítski, upon seeing the newcomers, while before him stood the servant with the vódka and pickled cucumber on a tray. "Yáshvin tells me to drink this, in order to brace me up."

"Well, you gave it to us last night!" said one of the newcomers. "You did not let us sleep all night long."

"Really, how charmingly we ended up!" Petrítski began to tell the story. "Volkov climbed on the roof and

said that he felt sad. Says I: 'Let us have music, — a funeral march!' He fell asleep on the roof to the sounds of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink some vódka by all means, and then seltzer, and a lot of lemons," said Yáshvin, standing in front of Petrítski, like a mother compelling her child to swallow his medicine, "and then a little bit of champagne, — say a little bottle."

"This is clever. Wait, Vrónski, we will drink together!"

"No, good-bye, gentlemen! I do not drink to-day."

"Well, will you put on flesh? If so, we will drink without you. Let us have seltzer and a lemon!"

"Vrónski!" shouted some one, when he was already in the vestibule.

"What?"

"You had better get your hair cut, for it is too heavy, particularly on the bald spot."

Vrónski was indeed getting prematurely bald. He gave a merry laugh, showing his rows of sound teeth, and, pushing his cap over his bald spot, he went out and seated himself in the vehicle.

"To the stable!" he said. He took out his letters, in order to read them, but changed his mind, so as not to distract his attention before the examination of the horse. "Later!" —

XXI.

THE temporary stable, a plank booth, had been built close to the hippodrome, and thither his horse was to have been brought on the day before. He had not yet seen her. During the last days he had not taken the horse out himself, but had turned her over to the trainer, and now he was in complete ignorance in what condition she had arrived and was now. He had barely got out of his carriage, when his groom, the so-called boy, having recognized his vehicle from a distance, called out the trainer. The dry Englishman in tall boots and short jacket, with only a tuft of hair left under his chin, walking with the awkward gait of jockeys, spreading his elbows, and swaying his body, came out to meet him.

"How is Frou-Frou?" he asked in English.

"All right, sir," the Englishman said, somewhere within his throat. "You had better not go there," he said, raising his cap. "I have put a muzzle on her, and she is excited. You had better not go to the horse,—it makes her nervous."

"I will go in. I want to take a look."

"Let us go!" the Englishman said, still keeping his mouth closed. Knitting his brow and swaying his elbows, he walked ahead with his loose gait.

They entered a little courtyard in front of the booth. An attendant, in a clean blouse, a spruce, dashing young boy, with a broom in his hand, met the persons entering and followed them. In the booth there were five horses in the stalls, and Vrónski knew that thither must have been

brought on that day his main rival, Makhótin's chestnut Gladiator, which was five vershóks¹ high. Vrónski was even more anxious to see Gladiator, whom he had not seen; but he knew that the etiquette of horse-racing demanded that he should not see him, and that it was even improper to ask about that horse. Just as he was walking through the corridor, the boy opened a door leading to the second stall on the left, and Vrónski saw a large chestnut horse with white feet. He knew that this was Gladiator, but, with the feeling of a man who turns away from a stranger's opened letter, he turned his head away and walked over to Frou-Frou's stall.

"Here is the horse that belongs to Ma-k — Mak — I can never pronounce that name," said the Englishman, over his shoulder, pointing his finger with its dirty nail at Gladiator's stall.

"Makhótin? Yes, that is my one serious rival," said Vrónski.

"If you rode him," said the Englishman, "I would bet on you."

"Frou-Frou is more nervous, while he is stronger," said Vrónski, smiling at the praise conferred on his riding.

"In hurdle races everything is in the riding and the pluck," said the Englishman.

Vrónski was not conscious of sufficient pluck, that is, energy and daring, but, what was more important still, he was firmly convinced that no one in the world could have more pluck than he had.

"You no doubt know that there was no need of a big sweating?"

"There was no need," replied the Englishman. "Please do not speak loud! The horse is nervous," he added, nodding his head toward the closed stall, before which they were standing, and where could be heard the pattering of the horse's feet on the straw.

¹A vershók = $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

He opened the door, and Vrónski stepped into the stall, which was dimly lighted up by one small window. Here stood a dun-coloured horse with a muzzle, restlessly changing the position of her feet on the straw. Having become accustomed to the semiobscurity of the stall, Vrónski once more, with one general glance, involuntarily took in all the parts of his favourite horse. Frou-Frou was of medium size and not without blemishes. She was all narrow-boned; her breast was narrow, though her breastbone protruded prominently. Her buttocks sloped a little too much, and her fore legs, but especially her hind legs, were considerably curved. The muscles of her arms and of her legs were not particularly large; but in her girth she was unusually broad, which was the more striking with her training and her lean belly. The bones of her shanks did not look wider than a finger, when seen from the front, but looked exceedingly broad when seen from the side. Outside of her ribs she looked pinched at the sides and stretched lengthwise. But she possessed in the highest degree one quality which made one forget her defects; this quality was her *blood*, that blood which *tells*, as the English say. The sharply outlined muscles beneath a network of veins, which was stretched out in the thin, movable, velvety smooth skin, seemed to be as firm as bones. Her dry head, with its bulging, sparkling, merry eyes, widened at the nose into prominent nostrils, with blood-filled membrane. In her whole figure, but especially in her head, there was a definite, energetic, and at the same time tender expression. She was one of those animals which, it seems, do not talk merely because the mechanical structure of their mouths does not permit them to do so.

At least, Vrónski thought that she understood everything which he, looking at her, was feeling now.

The moment that Vrónski entered her stall, she inhaled the air deeply and, squinting her bulging eye so that the

white was filled with blood, looked from the opposite corner at the visitors, shaking the muzzle and flexibly changing the position of her feet.

"You see how nervous she is," said the Englishman.

"Oh, darling, oh!" said Vrónski, going up to the horse, and quieting her.

But the nearer he approached her, the more agitated she was. Only when he walked over to her head, she suddenly quieted down, and her muscles shook under her thin, tender skin. Vrónski patted her firm neck, threw back a strand of the mane, which had strayed across the withers, and moved his face up to her expanding nostrils, which were as thin as the wing of a bat. She loudly inhaled and exhaled the air through her strained nostrils, shudderingly dropped her sharp ear, and pointed her strong black lip toward Vrónski as though wishing to catch his sleeve. But recalling about her muzzle, she shook it and once more began to change the position of her well-turned feet.

"Calm yourself, darling, calm yourself!" he said, patting her over her forehead. He left the stall with the joyous consciousness that the horse was in the best of condition.

The agitation of the horse was also communicated to Vrónski; he felt that the blood was rushing to his heart, and that, like the horse, he wanted to move and bite; he was filled with both terror and joy.

"Well, I rely upon you," he said to the Englishman, "to be on the spot at half-past six."

"All right," said the Englishman. "And whither are you going now, milord?" he suddenly asked, employing the word, "milord," which he had never used before.

Vrónski raised his head in surprise, and looked, as he could look, not into the eyes, but at the forehead of the Englishman. But, upon seeing that the Englishman, in

putting this question, was looking at him not as at his master, but as at a jockey, he replied to him :

"I have to see Bryánski. I shall be back in an hour."

"How many times to-day will they ask that of me?" he said to himself, blushing, which did not happen frequently with him. The Englishman looked fixedly at him. And, as though knowing whither Vrónski was going, he added :

"The first thing is to be calm before the riding. Don't get out of sorts, and do not allow yourself to be irritated !"

"All right," Vrónski said, smiling. Leaping into his carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive him to Peterhof.

He had travelled but a few steps when a cloud, which had been threatening rain since morning, overcast the sky, and the rain came down in torrents.

"Too bad !" thought Vrónski, raising the top of the carriage. "It was muddy enough before, but now it will be simply a swamp." Sitting in the solitude of his covered carriage, he took out his mother's letter, and his brother's note, and read them.

Yes, it was still the same. All of them, his mother, his brother, all found it necessary to interfere with the affair of his heart. This interference led him to resentment, — a feeling which he had never experienced. "What business is it of theirs? Why does every one regard it as his duty to be concerned about me? And why do they annoy me? Because they think that it is something which they cannot understand. If it were a common, base, worldly liaison, they would leave me alone. They feel that it is something different, that it is not mere play, and that that woman is dearer to me than any other. And this is incomprehensible and, therefore, vexatious to them. Whatever our fate may be or shall be in the

future, we have made it, and we do not complain," he said, in the word "we" connecting himself with Anna. "No, they must tell us how to live. They have no conception of what happiness is; they do not know that without that love there is no happiness, nor unhappiness for us, — simply no life," he thought.

He was angry with all for this interference, for the very reason that he felt in his soul that they, those all, were right. He felt that the love which united him with Anna was not a momentary infatuation, which would pass, as pass worldly liaisons, without leaving any other traces in the lives of either than pleasant or unpleasant reminiscences. He was conscious of the painfulness of his position and of hers, the whole difficulty, considering their prominence in the eye of society, of concealing their love, of lying and deceiving, — of lying, deceiving, outwitting, and eternally thinking of others, whereas the passion which united them was so strong that they both forgot everything else but their love.

He thought vividly of those frequent occasions when lies and deceptions, which were so contrary to his nature, had been necessary; he recalled most vividly that feeling of shame on account of this necessity of lying and deceiving, which he had more than once observed in her. And he experienced a strange feeling, such as now and then had assailed him since his liaison with Anna. It was the feeling of loathing for something, — whether for Aleksey Aleksándrovich, or for himself, or for the whole world, he did not know for certain. But he always dispelled that strange feeling. And now he shook himself, and continued the march of his ideas.

"Yes, she was unhappy before, but proud and calm; now she cannot be calm and dignified, though she does not show it. Yes, I must put an end to it," he decided.

And now for the first time occurred to him the clear

idea that it was necessary to stop this lie, and the quicker, the better. "She and I must give everything up, and we must hide ourselves somewhere alone with our love," he said to himself.

XXII.

THE downpour did not last long, and as Vrónski drove on at the full speed of the centre horse, which drew along the side horses that were galloping through the mud without the reins, the sun again made its appearance, and the roofs of the summer residences and the old lindens of the gardens on both sides of the main street sparkled in their wet splendour, and the water merrily dropped from the branches and came down in streams from the roofs. He was no longer thinking of how this downpour must have ruined the hippodrome, but was glad that, thanks to this rain, he, no doubt, would find her at home, and alone, for he knew that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who had lately returned from the watering-place, had not yet come down from St. Petersburg.

Hoping to find her alone, Vrónski, to attract as little attention as possible, got out of his carriage, as he always did, before reaching a small bridge, and proceeded on foot. He did not ascend the porch from the street, but entered the courtyard.

"Has the master come?" he asked the gardener.

"No, sir. The lady is at home. You had better enter by the porch: there are people there, and they will open the door for you," replied the gardener.

"No, I will enter from here."

And, being convinced that she was alone, and wishing to take her by surprise, for he had not promised to be there on that day, and she, no doubt, did not expect him to come before the races, he walked on, holding his sword

and cautiously stepping over the sand of the path, which was lined by flowers, toward the terrace that fronted the garden. Vrónski had now forgotten everything he had thought on his way about the burden and difficulty of his situation. He was thinking only of seeing her soon, not merely in imagination, but alive, just as she was in reality. He was already entering, stepping flatly, in order not to make any noise on the declivitous steps of the terrace, when he suddenly recalled, what he always forgot, and what formed the most painful side of his relations with her, — her son, with his inquisitive, disgusting glance, as he thought.

This boy had more frequently than any one else been an obstacle to their relations. When he was present, neither Vrónski nor Anna dared to mention anything that could not have been repeated before everybody ; they even did not allow themselves to hint at anything that the boy could not understand. They had had no agreement about it : it had established itself of its own accord. They would have considered it an insult to themselves to deceive that child. In his presence they conversed like acquaintances. But, in spite of this caution, Vrónski had frequently observed the boy's fixed, dismayed glance directed upon him, and his strange timidity and unevenness, which now found expression in caresses, and now in coldness and bashfulness toward him. The child seemed to feel that between that man and his mother there existed some important relation, the significance of which he could not grasp.

Indeed, the boy felt that he could not understand that relation, and he tried hard and in vain to make clear to himself what feeling he ought to have toward that man. With a child's sensitiveness to the manifestation of feelings, he saw clearly that his father, his governess, his nurse, — all did not love Vrónski, and even looked at him with contempt and fear, though they did not speak

about him, and that his mother regarded him as her best friend.

"What does it mean? Who is he? How must I love him? If I do not understand, I am to blame, or I am a stupid or bad boy," thought the boy; and it was this that caused his scrutinizing, inquisitive, partly hostile expression, and that timidity and unevenness which so oppressed Vrónski. The presence of that boy always and invariably evoked in Vrónski that strange feeling of causeless loathing, which he had experienced of late. The presence of the boy called forth in Vrónski and in Anna a feeling which was akin to that experienced by a navigator, who sees by the compass that the direction in which he is rapidly moving diverges greatly from the one he ought to take, but that it is not in his power to arrest the motion; that every minute removes him more and more from his course, and that to acknowledge the divergence from the right course is the same as acknowledging his ruin.

This child with his naïve view of life was the compass which indicated to them the deflection from what they knew, but did not wish to know.

This time Serézha was not at home, and she was all alone, sitting on the terrace, and waiting for the return of her son, who had gone out for a walk and had been overtaken by the rain. She had sent out a man and a girl to find him, and was sitting there and waiting for him. She was dressed in a white robe with broad embroidery, and was sitting in the corner of the terrace behind some flowers and did not hear his approach. Inclining her black, curly head, she pressed her brow against a cold watering-can which was standing on the balustrade, and was holding it with both her beautiful hands, the rings of which he knew so well. The beauty of her whole figure, head, neck, arms, every time struck Vrónski as something unexpected. He stopped, looking at her in delight. But the moment he wanted to take a step in order to approach her, she felt his

presence, pushed aside the watering-can, and turned toward him her heated face.

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" he said in French, walking up to her. He wanted to run up to her; but, thinking that there might be strangers near by, he looked at the door of the balcony and blushed, as he blushed every time, at the thought of being obliged to be afraid and look around.

"No, I am well," she said, rising, and giving a firm pressure to his offered hand. "I did not expect — you."

"O Lord! What cold hands!" he said.

"You frightened me," she said. "I was waiting for Serézha: he went out for a walk; they will come from this direction."

But, although she tried to be calm, her lips trembled.

"Forgive me for having come, but I could not go through the day without seeing you," he continued, in French, in which language he always spoke to her, thus avoiding the impossible, cold "you" between them, and the dangerous "thou" of the Russian.

"Forgive you for what? I am so glad!"

"But you are not well, or you are grieved," he continued, without letting her hand out of his, and bending down over her. "What were you thinking about?"

"Always about the same!" she said, with a smile.

She told the truth. At whatever moment she might have been asked what she was thinking about, she could have replied without making a mistake: "About the same thing, — about my happiness, and about my unhappiness." Just at the moment when he came to her she was thinking of this: she was wondering why for others, for Betsy, for example (she knew of her secret liaison with Tushkévich), everything was so easy, while for her it was so painful. On that day this thought tormented her for certain special reasons. She asked him about the races. He answered her, and, seeing that she was agitated, and

wishing to divert her, he began to tell her in the simplest tone about the details of the preparations for the races.

"Shall I tell him, or not?" she thought, looking at his calm, caressing eyes. "He is so happy, so busy with his races, that he will not understand it as he ought to, — he will not understand the whole significance of this event for us."

"But you have not told me what you were thinking about when I entered," he said, interrupting his narrative. "Do tell me."

She made no reply and, inclining her head a little, looked stealthily and questioningly at him with her eyes sparkling behind the long lashes. Her hand, which was playing with a plucked leaf, was trembling. He saw this, and his face expressed that submissiveness, that slavish devotion, which so bribed her.

"I see that something has happened. How can I be calm for a moment, when I know that you have some sorrow which I do not share? Tell it to me, for the Lord's sake!" he repeated, imploringly.

"Yes, I will not forgive him if he does not understand the whole meaning of this. It would be better not to tell him than to put him to the test," she thought, still looking at him, and feeling that her hand with the leaf was trembling more and more.

"For God's sake!" he repeated, taking her hand.

"Shall I tell?"

"Yes, yes, yes —"

"I am pregnant," she said, softly and slowly.

The leaf in her hand trembled more violently still, but she did not turn her eyes away from him, so that she might see how he would receive it. He grew pale, wanted to say something, but stopped, dropped her hand, and lowered his head. "Yes, he has grasped the whole meaning of this event," she thought, and gratefully pressed his hand.

But she was mistaken in her assumption that he understood the meaning of the news as she, a woman, understood it. Upon receiving this information he experienced with tenfold strength the attack of that strange feeling of loathing toward some one, which had been assailing him; at the same time he understood that the crisis he had wished for had finally arrived, that it was impossible to keep it much longer from her husband, and that it was necessary in one way or another as soon as possible to put a stop to that unnatural situation. And, besides, her agitation was communicated to him in a physical way. He looked at her with a submissive, tender glance, kissed her hand, got up, and silently walked up and down on the terrace.

"Yes," he said, with determination, as he walked over to her, "neither you nor I have looked upon our relations as play, and now our fate is decided. It is necessary to put an end," he said, looking around, "to the lie in which we are living."

"To put an end? How shall we put an end to it, Aleksyéy?" she said, softly.

She was composed now, and her face was beaming with a tender smile.

"To leave your husband and unite our lives."

"They are united as it is," she said, in a barely audible voice.

"Yes, but entirely, entirely!"

"But how, Aleksyéy? Instruct me how?" she said, with a sad smile at the hopelessness of her situation. "Is there a way out of this situation? Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"There is a way out of any difficulty. You must make up your mind," he said. "It will, in any case, be better than the situation in which you are living. I see how you are worrying on account of everything, on account of society, and of your son, and of your husband."

"Oh, only not on account of my husband," she said, with a simple smile. "I do not know, I do not think of him. He does not exist."

"You do not speak sincerely. I know you. You are worried on his account, too."

"He does not even know," she said, and suddenly a deep red appeared on her face: her cheeks, forehead and neck were flushed, and tears of shame appeared in her eyes. "Let us not speak of it!"

XXIII.

VRÓNSKI had several times tried, though not as firmly as this time, to lead her up to the discussion of her situation, and had every time run up against that superficiality and levity of judgment with which she even now responded to his challenge. It looked as though there was in this matter something which she could not, or would not, make clear to herself, as though every time when he began to speak of it, she, the real Anna, retreated into herself, and another, different woman, a stranger to him, whom he did not love and was afraid of, and who resisted him, came out in her stead. But he determined to tell her everything on that day.

"Whether he knows, or not," Vrónski said, in his habitual firm voice, "whether he knows, or not, does not concern us. We cannot—we cannot remain in the position in which we are, especially now."

"What, in your opinion, must be done?" she asked, with the same light sarcasm. She, who had been afraid that he might look lightly at her pregnancy, now was annoyed because he concluded from this that it was necessary to do something.

"You must tell him everything and leave him."

"Very well. Suppose I do it," she said. "Do you know what will come of it? I will tell you in advance," and an evil light burned up in her eyes, which but a minute ago had been so tender. "'Ah, you love another and have entered into criminal relations with him?'" (She imitated her husband and emphasized the word "criminal")

just as he would do it.) “‘I have warned you of the consequences in their religious, civil, and domestic relations. You have paid no attention to me. Now I cannot have my name disgraced — ’” (“and my son,” she wanted to add, but she could not speak lightly of her son) “‘my name disgraced,’ and something of that kind,” she added. He will certainly say, in his presentative manner, with precision and distinctness, that he cannot free me, but that he will take the proper measures in order to stop the scandal. And he will calmly and precisely do what he says. That is what will happen. He is not a man, but a machine, and a bad machine at that when he gets angry,” she added, recalling Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with all the details of his figure and his manner of speech, and making him guilty of everything bad she could find in him, and forgiving him nothing for that terrible sin of which she was guilty toward him.

“But, Anna,” said Vrónski, in a persuasive, soft voice, trying to calm her, “it is nevertheless necessary to tell him, and then to be guided by what he will do.”

“Well, shall we run away?”

“Why not? I see no possibility of continuing this. And not for my own sake, — I see that you are suffering.”

“Yes, to run away, and I to become your paramour,” she said, resentfully.

“Anna,” he said, tenderly, but reproachfully.

“Yes,” she continued, “to become your paramour and ruin everything — ”

She had again intended to say “my son,” but could not pronounce that word.

Vrónski could not understand how she, with her strong, honest nature, could bear that situation of deceit without wishing to get out of it; but he did not divine that the chief cause was that word “son,” which she could not pronounce. When she thought of her son and

his future relations to the mother, who had abandoned her husband, she felt so terribly at what she had done that she did not stop to reflect, but, like a woman, tried to ease her conscience with deceptive thoughts and words, so that everything might be left as of old and that she might be able to forget the terrible question of what would become of her son.

"I beg you, I implore you," she suddenly said, in an entirely different, a sincere and tender voice, taking his hand, "never speak with me about this!"

"But, Anna —"

"Never. Leave it to me! I know all the baseness, all the terror of my situation; but it is not so easy to decide as you think. Leave it to me, and obey me! Never speak of it to me! Do you promise? — Yes, yes, you must promise me!"

"I promise everything, but I cannot be calm, especially after what you have told me. I cannot be calm when you are not —"

"I?" she repeated. "Yes, I am tormented at times; but that will pass, if you will never speak to me of it. Only when you mention it to me, I am tormented."

"I do not understand," he said.

"I know," she interrupted him, "how hard it is for your honest nature to lie, and I am sorry for you. I often think that you have ruined your life for my sake."

"I have been just thinking myself," he said, "that you have sacrificed everything for me! I cannot forgive myself your unhappiness."

"I unhappy?" she said, moving up toward him, and looking at him with an ecstatic smile of love. "I am like a hungry person who has been given to eat. Maybe he is cold, and his garment is torn, and he is ashamed, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No, here is my happiness —"

She heard the voice of her approaching son and, cast-

ing a rapid glance at the terrace, she got up with a start. Her eyes were kindled with the fire he knew so well; with a rapid motion she raised her beautiful, ring-be-decked hands, took his head, gazed at him with a long glance, and, bending her face toward him, with her open, smiling lips rapidly kissed him on his mouth and both eyes, and pushed him aside. She wanted to go away, but he held her back.

“When?” he muttered, looking ecstatically at her.

“To-night, at one o’clock,” she whispered. Drawing a laboured sigh, she went with her light, rapid steps to meet her son.

Serézha was caught in the rain in the large garden, and he and his nurse had remained all the time in an arbour.

“Well, good-bye,” she said to Vrónski. “Now I must go soon to the races. Betsy has promised to come after me.”

Vrónski looked at his watch and hurried away.

XXIV.

As Vrónski looked at his watch on the balcony of Karénin's summer residence, he was so upset and occupied with his thoughts that he saw the hands on the dial, but could not make out what time it was. He went out into the avenue and, cautiously walking over the mud, directed his steps toward his carriage. He was so brimful of feeling for Anna that he did not think what time it was and whether he could still go to see Bryánski. As often happens, he now had only the external faculty of memory, which told him only in what succession things decided upon were to be done. He went up to his coachman, who had fallen asleep on the box in the slanting shadow of a dense linden, looked in surprise at the whirling columns of the gnats that were circling about the sweaty horses, and, waking the coachman, leaped into the vehicle and told him to drive him to Bryánski's. Only after he had ridden seven versts, he regained his senses sufficiently to be able to look at his watch, and then he saw that it was half-past five and that he was late.

On that day there were to be a number of events: a race of the Guards, then a race of the officers of two versts, and one of four versts, the one in which he was to race. He had time yet to get there for his race, but if he first went to see Bryánski, he could barely get back in time, and then the whole yard would be full, and that was not good. But he had given Bryánski his word, and so he decided to go on, telling the coachman not to spare the horses.

He arrived at Bryánski's, stayed there five minutes, and had himself driven back. The swift driving calmed him down. Everything oppressive that there was in his relations with Anna, all the indefiniteness which was left after their conversation, — everything had leaped out of his head; he was now thinking with delight and agitation about the race and that, after all, he would get there in time, and now and then the expectation of the rendezvous at night flashed with a bright light through his imagination.

The sensation of the forthcoming race took possession of him more and more, in proportion as he approached the atmosphere of the races, riding past the carriages which were driving to the races from St. Petersburg and from the summer residences.

In his quarters no one was at home: they were all at the races, and his lackey was waiting for him at the gate. While he changed his clothes, the lackey told him that the second event had already begun, that a number of gentlemen had come to ask about him, and that a boy had twice come running from the stable.

Having changed his clothes without any haste (he was never in a hurry and did not lose his self-composure), Vrónski told his coachman to drive him to the booths. At the booths he could see an ocean of carriages, pedestrians, and soldiers surrounding the hippodrome, and the stands swarming with people. Evidently the second race was on, for just as he entered the booth, he heard a bell. Walking over to the stable, he fell in with Makhótin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, who, caparisoned with an orange housing, trimmed in blue, with seemingly enormous blue-fringed ears, was being led into the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked the groom.

"In the stable, saddling."

In the open stall Frou-Frou was already saddled. She was just being brought out.

"Am I late?"

"All right! All right!" said the Englishman. "Don't get nervous!"

Vrónski once more surveyed the charming, beloved shape of his horse, who was trembling in her whole body, and, tearing himself with difficulty away from this spectacle, he left the booth. He walked up to the stands at the most advantageous time, in order not to attract anybody's attention. The two-verst race was just ended, and all eyes were directed to the chevalier guard in front, and the body-hussar behind, who were urging on their horses with all their might, and getting close to the stake. From within and without the circle all crowded around the stake, and a group of soldiers and officers of the chevalier guards, shouting loudly, expressed their joy at the expected victory of their officer and comrade. Vrónski entered the middle of the crowd unnoticed, almost at the same time as the bell was rung to announce the end of the race, and a tall, mud-bespattered chevalier guard, who came in first, dropped down in his saddle and gave the reins to his hard-breathing, gray stallion, who looked dark from the sweat.

The stallion, with difficulty planting his feet, slowed down the rapid motion of his huge body, and the officer of the chevalier guards, like a man waking from a profound sleep, looked around and gave a laboured smile. He was surrounded by a crowd of friends and strangers.

Vrónski purposely avoided that select crowd from high life, which was moving with reserve and freedom, and talking in front of the stands. He had learned that Anna and Betsy and his brother's wife were there, and had not gone near them, so as not to divert his attention. But his acquaintances, whom he met at every step, made him stop, telling him the details of the past events, and asking him why he was late.

Just as the racers were called to the stand to receive

their prizes, and all turned to go there, Vrónski's elder brother, Aleksándr, a colonel with shoulder-knots, of low stature, just as sturdy as Aleksyéy, but handsomer and ruddier, with a red nose and drunken, open face, came up to him.

"Did you get my note?" he said. "You can never be found."

Aleksándr Vrónski, in spite of his life of debauch, which consisted mainly in drinking hard, was a courtier in the fullest sense.

Speaking with his brother about what for him was a very disagreeable piece of business, and knowing that the eyes of many might be directed upon them, he now had a smile on his face, as though he was jesting with his brother about something very unimportant.

"I received it, and I positively cannot understand what *you* are worrying about," said Aleksyéy.

"What I am worried about is that I was told, but awhile ago, that you were not here, and that on Monday you were seen at Peterhof."

"These are things that fall under the notice of those who are directly interested in them, and the affair about which you are worrying is such as —"

"Yes, but in such a case people don't serve, don't —"

"I ask you not to interfere, that is all."

Aleksyéy Vrónski's frowning face grew dark, and his protruding lower jaw jerked, which rarely happened with him. As he was a man with a very good heart, he was seldom angry, but when he did get angry, and his chin began to tremble, he was dangerous, and Aleksándr Vrónski knew that. Aleksándr Vrónski smiled a gay smile.

"I only wanted to transmit to you mother's letter. Answer her, and don't get nervous before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added, smiling, and going away from him.

But, soon after him, another friendly greeting stopped Vrónski.

"You do not want to know your friends! Good evening, *mon cher!*" said Stepán Arkádevich, who here, among all this splendour of St. Petersburg, shone not less than in Moscow, with his ruddy face and glistening, well-groomed side-whiskers. "I arrived yesterday, and am very glad to be able to see your triumph. When shall we see each other?"

"Come to-morrow to the mess-room," said Vrónski. Excusing himself, and pressing the sleeve of Stepán Arkádevich's overcoat, he walked to the middle of the hippodrome, whither they were bringing in the horses for the great hurdle race.

The perspiring, tired horses, which were led out by the grooms, were being taken home, and one after the other there appeared new, fresh horses, for the coming event, — mostly English horses, in hoods, resembling, with their pinched bellies, some strange, huge birds. On the right they brought in the lank beauty Frou-Frou, who stepped on her elastic and fairly long pasterns as on springs. Not far from her they were taking off the housing from spoon-eared Gladiator. The large, superb, very regular shape of the stallion, with magnificent buttocks and unusually short pasterns abutting directly on the hoof, involuntarily attracted Vrónski's attention. He wanted to go up to his horse, but was again stopped by an acquaintance.

"Ah, there is Karénin!" said to him an acquaintance, with whom he was speaking. "He is looking for his wife, and she is in the middle of the stand. Have you not seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vrónski. Without looking around at the stand where Anna was indicated to him, he went up to his horse.

Vrónski had not had time to examine the saddle, about which he wanted to give certain orders, when the contestants were called up to the stand to take their numbers and start. With serious, stern, and many of them with

pale faces, seventeen officers assembled at the stand and drew their numbers. Vrónski got Number 7. Some one called, "Mount!"

Feeling that he, together with the other contestants, formed the centre toward which all eyes were directed, Vrónski, in a condition of tension, in which he generally became slow and calm in his motions, walked over to his horse. On account of the solemnity of the races Cord had put on his gala costume, a black buttoned coat, a stiffly starched collar, which abutted against his cheeks, a round black hat, and jack-boots. He was as calm and dignified as always, and himself held the two reins of the horse, standing in front of her. Frou-Frou continued to tremble as in an ague. Her eye, full of fire, was looking awry at Vrónski, who was coming up to her. Vrónski stuck his finger under the girth. The horse looked more awry still, showed her teeth, and dropped her ears. The Englishman puckered his lips, wishing to express a smile at having his saddling examined.

"Mount, and you will not be so nervous."

Vrónski for the last time surveyed his rivals. He knew that he should not see them during the race. Two of them were already riding up to the starting-place. Gáltsin, one of Vrónski's dangerous rivals and his friend, were circling around his bay stallion, which did not allow him to mount. A small body-hussar in tight riding-breeches was galloping ahead, arching his back like a cat, from a desire to imitate the English. Prince Kuzóvlev was pale, sitting on his thoroughbred mare of the Grabóvski stud, and an Englishman led her by the bridle. Vrónski and all his comrades knew Kuzóvlev and his peculiarity of "weak" nerves and tremendous egotism. They knew that he was afraid of everything, even of riding a horse of the line; but now, because it was all so terrible, and because people broke their necks, and at every obstacle there stood doctors, and an ambulance with the cross upon it, and the sisters

of mercy, he decided that he would take part in the race. Their eyes met, and Vrónski winked to him kindly and approvingly. There was one, however, whom he did not see, and that was his chief rival, Makhótin, on his Gladiator.

"Don't be in a hurry," Cord said to Vrónski, "and remember this: don't check the horse near the obstacles, and don't send her ahead; just let her do as she pleases."

"All right, all right," said Vrónski, taking the reins.

"If possible, head the race; but don't lose courage to the last minute, even though you may be behind."

Before the horse had a chance to move, Vrónski, with a flexible, strong motion, put his foot into the notched steel stirrup, and lightly and firmly placed his solid body on the saddle with its creaking leather. Finding the stirrup with his right foot, he with a habitual motion straightened out the double reins, and Cord took his hands off. As though uncertain with which foot to step first, Frou-Frou, drawing out the reins with her long neck, moved as if on springs, shaking her rider on her flexible back. Cord quickened his steps and followed him. The excited horse drew out her reins now from one side and now from another, trying to deceive the rider, and Vrónski tried in vain to calm her with his voice and hand.

They were already approaching the dammed river, on the way toward the place from which they were to be started. Many of the contestants were in front and many behind, when Vrónski suddenly heard behind him the sounds of a horse galloping through the mud, and Makhótin rode past him on his white-footed, spoon-eared Gladiator. Makhótin smiled, displaying his long teeth, but Vrónski looked angrily at him. He did not like him in general, but now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival, and he was annoyed at him because he had raced past, exciting his horse. Frou-Frou threw up his left leg

for a gallop, took two leaps, and, angry at the tightly pulled reins, passed to a jogging trot, which jolted the rider. Cord, too, knit his brows, and almost ran at an amble after Vrónski.

XXV.

THERE were in all seventeen officers who contested in the race. The race was to take place on a large elliptic track of four versts in front of the stand. On this track there were placed nine obstacles: a river; a large, blind barrier, about five feet wide, in front of the stand; a dry ditch; a ditch with water; a slope; an Irish banquette (one of the most difficult of obstructions), consisting of a brush-covered embankment, behind which, invisible for the horse, there was a ditch, so that a horse had to clear both obstacles, or get killed; then two more ditches with water, and one dry ditch, — and the end of the race was opposite the stand. But the race began not at the track, but about seven hundred feet to one side of it, and on that distance was the first obstacle, — the dammed river, three arshíns¹ in width, which the riders could clear or ford at their option.

Two or three times the riders took up their stand in a line, but each time some one horse got out of the line, and they had to line up once more. The expert starter, Colonel Sestrín, was beginning to get angry, when, at last, he called out for the fourth time, “Go,” and the riders started.

All eyes, all opera-glasses, were turned to the variegated crowd of riders, while they were lining up.

“They have started! They are racing!” was heard on all sides, after a silence of expectation.

And groups of men and single pedestrians began to run from place to place, in order to see better. In the first

¹ An arshín = $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

minute the assembled group of riders spread out, and they were seen approaching the river by twos and threes, and one after another. To the spectators it appeared as though they had started together; but for the riders there were seconds of difference, which had a great significance for them.

Agitated, and exceedingly nervous, Frou-Frou lost her first moment, and several horses got the start of her, but, before reaching the river, Vrónski, keeping as tight a rein as he could on the horse, easily outran three of them, and he was headed only by Makhótin's chestnut Gladiator, and ahead of all by charming Diana, who was carrying Kuzóvlev, more dead than alive.

At first Vrónski did not control himself or the horse. Up to the first obstacle, the river, he could not guide her movements.

Gladiator and Diana came up together and at almost the same moment: up, up, they rose above the river and flew across to the other side; imperceptibly, as though flying, Frou-Frou rose in the air; but, at the same moment that Vrónski felt himself in the air, he suddenly saw, almost under the feet of his horse, Kuzóvlev rolling over with his stallion on the other side (Kuzóvlev dropped the reins after the leap, and the horse went head over heels with him). Vrónski did not learn these details until later; now he only saw that right underfoot, where Frou-Frou had to land, might be Diana's foot or head. But Frou-Frou, like a falling cat, made an effort with her feet and back, while on the leap, and bore on past the horse.

"Oh, darling!" thought Vrónski.

Beyond the river Vrónski got entire control of his horse and began to check her in, expecting to cross the large barrier back of Makhótin and then to attempt to pass him on the following, unimpeded distance of about fourteen hundred feet,

The large barrier was placed before the emperor's booth. The emperor, and the whole court, and masses of the people, all were looking at them, — at him and at Makhótin, who was a horse's length ahead of him, just as they were approaching the devil (thus the blind barrier was called). Vrónski felt that all eyes were on all sides directed upon him, but he did not see anything except the ears and neck of his horse, the earth which was running toward him, and the crupper and white feet of Gladiator, beating time in front of him and remaining at the same distance. Gladiator rose, without striking anything, swished his short tail, and disappeared from Vrónski's eyes.

"Bravo!" exclaimed somebody's voice.

At that same moment the boards of the barrier flashed under his eyes and directly in front of him. Without the least change of motion, the horse bore upwards underneath him; the boards disappeared, and only behind him was heard a thud. Excited by Gladiator who was heading her, the horse rose too early before the barrier and struck her hoof against it. But her speed did not change, and Vrónski, who got a lump of mud into his face, understood that he was again at the same distance from Gladiator. He again saw in front of him his crupper, his short tail, and again the same rapidly moving white feet that did not change their distance.

At the very moment that Vrónski thought that it was necessary to get around Makhótin, Frou-Frou herself, understanding what he was thinking of, without any encouragement, considerably increased her speed and began to approach Makhótin from the most advantageous side, from the rope side. Makhótin did not let her have the rope. Vrónski was just thinking that he might outrun Makhótin on the outer side, when Frou-Frou changed her foot and began to get around him on the other side. Frou-Frou's shoulder, which was getting dark from the perspiration, was on a line with Gladiator's crupper. A few paces

they went side by side. But, before the obstacle, which they were approaching, Vrónski, to avoid making the large circle, began to work the reins, and quickly overtook Makhótin on the slope. He barely caught a glimpse of his face, which was bespattered with mud. It even seemed to him that Makhótin had smiled.

Vrónski outran him, but he felt him immediately behind him and heard all the time behind his back the even gallop and felt the freshness of the puffed breathing of Gladiator's nostrils.

The following two obstacles, the ditch and the barrier, were easily cleared, but Vrónski began to hear nearer and nearer Gladiator's panting and tramping. He sent his horse ahead and felt with delight that she was easily increasing her speed, and the sound of Gladiator's hoofs could be heard again at the former distance.

Vrónski was heading the race,—precisely what he wanted and Cord had advised him to do,—and now he was sure of success. His agitation, joy, and tenderness for Frou-Frou kept increasing. He wanted to look back, but did not dare to do so, and he tried to calm himself and to keep the horse back so as to save her reserve force, equal to what, he felt, was left in Gladiator. One more, the most difficult, obstacle was left; if he could clear it ahead of the others, he would certainly come in first. He was galloping up to the Irish banquette, and for a moment both he and the horse were assailed by doubt. He noticed the indecision in the horse's ears and raised his whip, but he immediately felt that his doubt was unfounded: the horse knew what to do. She increased her speed, and evenly, just as he had expected her to do, flew up, and, pushing herself away from the ground, surrendered herself to the force of inertia, which carried her far beyond the ditch; and she continued her race at the same pace, without any effort, and from the same foot.

"Bravo, Vrónski!" he heard the voices of a group of

men, — he knew they were friends from his regiment, — who were standing near that obstacle; he could not help recognizing Yáshvin, but he did not see him.

“Oh, my precious one!” he thought of Frou-Frou, listening to what was going on behind. “He has cleared it!” he thought, hearing the tramp of Gladiator’s feet behind him. There was left the last ditch with water, about two arshíns in width. Vrónski did not look at it, but, wishing to come in far ahead, he began to work the reins in a circular form, raising and dropping the horse’s head in even time with her gallop. He felt that the horse was using her last strength; not only her neck and shoulders were moist, but the perspiration came out in drops on her withers, her head, and her sharp ears, and she breathed in short, quick gasps. But he knew that she had enough reserve force for the remaining two hundred sázhens. Only because he felt himself nearer to the ground, and by the peculiar softness of the motion, Vrónski knew how much she had increased her speed. She flew over the ditch, as though she did not notice it. She flew across it like a bird; but just then Vrónski, to his terror, felt that he had not fallen in with the motion of the horse, but that, himself not knowing how, he had made a bad, unpardonable movement by sinking down into the saddle. Suddenly his position changed, and he knew that something terrible had happened. He was not yet able to account for it to himself when the white feet of the chestnut stallion flashed by him, and Makhótiu passed ahead at a rapid pace. Vrónski touched the ground with one foot, and his horse staggered on that foot of his. He had barely withdrawn his leg, when she fell down on one side, grunting heavily, and making desperate efforts with her thin, perspiring neck, in order to rise, but she floundered at his feet, like a wounded bird. The awkward motion made by Vrónski had broken her back; but that he understood only much later. What he saw now was that Makhótiu was rapidly

moving off, while he stood, staggering, all alone on the muddy, motionless ground, and before him, breathing heavily, lay Frou-Frou and, bending her head toward him, looked at him with her charming eye. Still ignorant of what had happened, Vrónski pulled her reins. She again quivered like a fish, making the wings of the saddle creak and straightening out her fore legs, but, unable to raise her back, she again floundered and fell down on her side. With his face disfigured from passion, pale, and with trembling nether jaw, Vrónski struck her belly with his heel, and began to pull the reins again. But she did not move: she stuck her muzzle into the ground and looked at her master with her speaking glance.

"Ah, ah, ah!" Vrónski grunted, clasping his head. "Ah, ah, ah! What have I done?" he cried. "The race lost! And through my shameful, unpardonable fault. And this unfortunate, dear, ruined horse! Ah, ah, ah! What have I done?"

A crowd of people, a doctor and his assistant, and officers of his regiment ran up to him. To his misfortune he felt that he was whole and unharmed. The horse had broken her back, and it was decided to shoot her. Vrónski was unable to answer questions, — he was unable to speak with any one. He turned around and, without picking up his cap, which had slipped off, he went away from the hippodrome, himself not knowing whither he was going. He felt unhappy. For the first time in his life he experienced a deep misfortune, an irreparable misfortune, of which he himself was the cause.

Yáshvin, with his cap, caught up with him and took him home, and half an hour later Vrónski regained his composure. But the recollection of this race for a long time remained in his soul as the most oppressive and painful recollection of his life.

XXVI.

THE external relations of Aleksyév Aleksándrovich with his wife were the same as ever. The only difference was that he was even busier than before. As in former years, with the opening of spring he had gone abroad to a watering-place, to improve his health, which was every year shattered by the intensified winter work. And, as always, he returned in July and immediately went to work at his accustomed task with renewed vigour. As usual, his wife had moved to the summer residence, while he remained in St. Petersburg.

Since that conversation which had taken place after the evening at Princess Tverskóy's, he had never again spoken to Anna about his suspicions and jealousy, and that habitual tone of his, which consisted in representing some one else, was most convenient for his present relations with his wife. He was somewhat colder toward her. He only seemed to have a slight grudge against her for that first nocturnal conversation, which she had declined. In his relations with her there was a shade of annoyance, but nothing more. "You did not want to have an explanation with me," he seemed to say, turning mentally to her, "so much the worse for you. Now you will be asking me, but I will not have any explanations. So much the worse for you," he said, mentally, like a man who, having tried in vain to put down a fire, should get angry at his vain endeavours and should say: "There, take it! Burn if you want to!"

He, that clever and shrewd statesman, did not compre-

hend the whole insanity of such a relation to his wife. He did not comprehend it, because it was too terrible for him to comprehend his real situation, and he in his soul had shut, locked, and sealed the box in which were contained his feelings for his family, that is, for his wife and son. He, an attentive father, since the end of the winter had become unusually cold toward his son, and maintained the same sarcastic attitude toward him as toward his wife. "Ah, young man!" he would address him.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought and said that in no previous year had he had so much business on hand as just then; but he did not acknowledge that in that year he invented work for himself, as this was one of the means of not opening the box where lay the feelings for his wife and family, and the thoughts of them, which became the more terrible the longer they lay there. If any one had had the right to ask Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich what he thought of his wife's behaviour, meek, humble Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich would have made no reply, and would have become very much angered at the one who put that question to him. For this reason there was something proud and severe in the expression of Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's face, whenever he was asked about his wife's health. He did not wish to think anything about the conduct and feelings of his wife, and he really did not think of them.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's permanent summer residence was in Peterhof, and generally Lídiya Ivánovna lived there also in the summer, in the vicinity, and in constant relations with Anna. During that summer Lídiya Ivánovna refused to live in Peterhof, had not once called on Anna Arkádevna, and had hinted to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich about the inconvenience of Anna's cultivating Betsy's and Vrónski's acquaintances. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich sternly stopped her, expressing his idea that his wife was above suspicion, and since then had begun to

avoid Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. He did not wish to see, and he did not see that in society many had been looking askance at his wife; he did not wish to understand, and he did not understand why his wife had so insisted on going to Tsárskoe, where Betsy lived, and from where it was not far to the camp of Vrónski's regiment. He did not permit himself to think of it, and he did not think of it; but, at the same time, he in the depth of his soul, without as much as saying that to himself, and without having any proofs, or suspicions, knew positively that he was a deceived husband, and this made him deeply unhappy.

How often, during his happy matrimonial existence of eight years, had Alekseyé Aleksándrovich said, as he looked at faithless women and deceived husbands, "How could they allow it to come to that? Why do they not break this monstrous situation?" But now, since the misfortune had come down on his own head, he not only did not think of how to break the situation, but did not even want to know it, for the very reason that it was too terrible, too unnatural.

Since his return from abroad, he had gone twice to his summer residence. Once he had dined there, and another time he had passed an evening there with guests, but not once did he sleep there, as he had been in the habit of doing in previous years.

The day of the races was a very busy one for Alekseyé Aleksándrovich; but, having scheduled his occupations for the day, he decided that immediately after his early dinner he would go to his wife at the summer residence, and from there to the races, where would be the whole court, and where he himself intended to be. The reason he wanted to call on his wife was that he had decided for propriety's sake to see her once a week. Besides, on that day, which was the 15th, he had to hand his wife, according to custom, her money for expenses.

With his usual control over his ideas, he, having considered everything about his wife, did not permit his thoughts to pass beyond what concerned her.

The morning was a very busy one for him. On the day before, Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had sent him a pamphlet of a famous China traveller, who was then staying in St. Petersburg, with a letter, in which she asked him to receive the traveller himself, a man who, for many reasons, was very interesting and useful. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had not had time to read the whole pamphlet in the evening, and so finished it in the morning. Then there appeared petitioners; there began reports, receptions, appointments, removals, awards of premiums, pensions, and salaries, and his correspondence, — that “Week-day” work, as he called it, which took so much time away from him. Then came his personal business, — the visit of his doctor and his manager. The manager did not take up much of his time. He only transmitted to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sums of money desired by him, and gave a short report of the state of affairs, which were not quite satisfactory, because, on account of the frequent journeys undertaken that year, more had been spent, and so there was a deficit. But the doctor, a famous St. Petersburg physician, who was in friendly relations with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, took up much of his time. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had not expected him on that day, and was surprised at his visit, and still more so when the doctor carefully inquired about the state of his health, auscultated and tapped him, and felt his liver. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not know that his friend, Lídiya Ivánovna, who had noticed that his health was not so good that year, had asked the doctor to call on him and examine him. “Do it for me!” Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had said to him.

“I will do that for Russia,” the physician had replied.

“He is a priceless man!” Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had said.

The doctor remained very much dissatisfied with Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. He found the liver considerably enlarged, nutrition weakened, and no effect from the mineral waters. He prescribed as much physical exercise as possible and as little mental exertion as possible, and, above all, the avoidance of causes for sorrow, that is, what for Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was as impossible as to stop breathing; and he went away, leaving in Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich the unpleasant feeling that something was wrong in him, and that this could not be mended.

Leaving Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, the doctor on the porch met his acquaintance Slyúdin, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's secretary. They had been comrades at the university, and, although they rarely met, respected each other and were good friends, and so there was no one to whom the doctor would have so openly expressed his opinion about the patient as to Slyúdin.

"How glad I am that you have called on him," said Slyúdin. "He is not well, and I think — Well, how is it?"

"It is like this!" said the doctor, waving above Slyúdin's head to his coachman, to bring up the carriage. "It is like this," said the doctor, taking into his white hands the finger of his kid glove and stretching it. "Don't stretch a string, and try to break it, and you will find it hard to do; but stretch it to the last point, and press the weight of your finger against the strained string, — it will burst. But he, with his assiduity and conscientious work, is strained to the last point; and there is an external, a heavy pressure," concluded the doctor, significantly raising his eyebrows. "Will you be at the races?" he added, walking down to the carriage, which had driven up. "Yes, yes, it takes much time," said the doctor to something Slyúdin had said and he had not made out.

Soon after the doctor, who had taken up so much of his time, there appeared the famous traveller, and Aleksyáy

Aleksándrovich, making use of the pamphlet, which he had just read, and of his previous knowledge of the matter, startled the traveller by the depth of his knowledge of the subject and by the breadth of his enlightened view.

At the same time with the traveller there was announced the arrival of a Government marshal of nobility, who had come to St Petersburg, and with whom he had to have a talk. After the departure of this man, he had to finish his daily task with his secretary, and then he had to call on an important personage, in a serious and weighty matter. He got back only at five o'clock, the time of his dinner, and, having dined with his secretary, he invited him to ride with him to his summer residence, and then to the races.

Without accounting to himself for this, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich always tried to have a third person present during his meetings with his wife.

XXVII

ANNA was standing up-stairs before a looking-glass, pinning up, with Ánnushka's help, the last ribbon on her dress, when she heard on the driveway the sounds of wheels pressing against the pebbles.

"It is too early for Betsy," she thought, and, looking through the window, she saw the carriage and, coming out of it, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's black hat and familiar ears. "How unseasonable! I wonder whether he means to stay overnight!" she thought, and everything which might come from it seemed so terrible to her, that, without a moment's reflection, she with a happy and beaming face went out to meet him and, feeling in her the presence of that familiar spirit of lying and deceit, immediately surrendered herself to this spirit and began to speak, herself not knowing what she was going to say.

"Ah, how sweet this is!" she said, giving her hand to her husband and greeting the friend of the house, Slyúdin, with a smile. "I hope you will stay overnight," were the first words which the spirit of deceit dictated to her, "and now we shall go together. What a pity I promised Betsy: she said she would come after me."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich frowned at the mention of Betsy's name.

"Oh, I will not separate the inseparable ones," he said, in his habitual tone of jesting. "Mikhaíl Vasílevich will go with me. The doctors order me to walk. I will walk a little on the way, and will imagine that I am at a watering-place."

"There is no hurry," said Anna. "Do you want tea?" She rang the bell.

"Bring in tea, and tell Serézha that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich is here! Well, how is your health? Mikhaíl Vasílevich! You have not called on me; see how beautiful things are on my balcony!" she said, turning now to one, and now to another.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too much and too rapidly. She felt that herself, the more so since in the curious look which Mikhaíl Vasílevich cast upon her she had noticed that he seemed to watch her.

Mikhaíl Vasílevich at once went out on the terrace.

She sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look very well," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "the doctor called on me to-day and took an hour of my time. I feel that one of my friends must have sent him to me: my health is so precious —"

"Well, what did he say?"

She asked him about his health and occupations, advised him to take a rest, and to come to stay with her.

All this she said merrily and rapidly, and with a peculiar sparkle of her eyes; but Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich now ascribed no significance to this tone of hers. He only heard her words and gave them only the direct meaning which they had. And he replied to her simply, though jestingly. In all this conversation there was nothing peculiar, but afterward Anna could never think of this short scene without an anguish of shame.

Serézha entered, preceded by his governess. If Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had allowed himself to observe, he would have noticed the timid, embarrassed glance with which Serézha looked at his father, and then at his mother. But he did not wish to see anything, and he did not see anything.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Really, he is getting to be a man. Good day, young man!"

And he gave his hand to frightened Serézha.

Serézha, who even before had been timid in the presence of his father, now that his father had begun to call him "young man," and that his mind was crossed by the doubt whether Vrónski was a friend or foe, was shy of him. He looked at his mother, as though asking her protection. Only with his mother did he feel at ease. In the meantime Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, talking with the governess, held his son by the shoulder, and Serézha felt so painfully uncomfortable that Anna saw that he was getting ready to cry.

Anna, who had blushed when her son had entered, now, upon noticing that Serézha was ill at ease, sprang up, took Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's hand off his shoulder, and, kissing her son, took him to the terrace and immediately returned.

"Well, it is time now," she said, looking at her watch. "I wonder why Betsy is not coming!"

"Yes," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He rose and, dovetailing his hands, cracked the fingers. "I have also come to bring you money, since nightingales are not to be fed on fairy-tales," he said. "I suppose you need it."

"No, I do not — yes, I do," she said, without looking at him, and blushing to the roots of her hair. "I suppose you will come here from the races."

"Oh, yes," replied Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "Here is the ornament of Peterhof, Princess Tverskóy," he added, looking through the window at the approaching English carriage with elegant trimmings and a tiny, high-swung body. "What foppishness! Superb! Let us go, too!"

Princess Tverskóy did not leave the carriage, but her lackey, in gaiters, pelerine, and black hat, jumped down at the door.

"I am going, good-bye!" said Anna. Kissing her son,

she went up to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and gave him her hand. "It is so nice of you to have come!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich kissed her hand.

"Well, good-bye! You will come to tea, and that is nice," she said, leaving the room, with a beaming smile and happy. But the moment she was out of his sight, she felt the spot on her hand which his lips had touched, and shuddered from disgust.

XXVIII.

WHEN Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich made his appearance at the races, Anna was already sitting in the stand, beside Betsy, where all the high life was collected. She saw her husband from a distance. Two men, her husband and her lover, were two centres of life for her, and she felt their nearness without the aid of the external senses. She was conscious of the approach of her husband while he was yet a distance away, and involuntarily followed him in those waves of the crowd, among which he was moving. She saw him come up to the stand, now condescendingly responding to fawning salutations, now kindly or absent-mindedly greeting his equals, now cautiously catching the glance of the mighty of this world, and taking off his large, round hat which pressed down the tips of his ears. She knew all these ways of his, and she loathed them. "Nothing but egoism, a desire to succeed, — that is all there is in his soul," she thought, "and the elevated ideas, the love of enlightenment, religion, all this is only a tool for his successes."

From his glance at the ladies' stand (he was looking straight at her, but did not recognize her in the sea of gauze, ribbons, feathers, parasols, and flowers), she knew that he was endeavouring to find her; but she purposely did not notice him.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich!" Princess Betsy called out to him. "You evidently do not see your wife: here she is!"

He smiled his cold smile.

"There is so much splendour here that my eyes are bewildered," he said, entering the stand. He smiled at his wife as a husband ought to smile when meeting his wife whom he has just left, and exchanged greetings with the princess and other acquaintances, giving each his or her due, that is, jesting with the ladies and saluting the gentlemen. Below, near the stand, stood an adjutant-general, famous for his intellect and culture, a man whom Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich respected very much. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich began to talk with him.

There was an interval between the races, and so nothing interfered with their conversation. The adjutant-general condemned the races. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich defended them. Anna listened to his thin, even voice, without missing a single word, and every word of his seemed to her to have a false ring and painfully affected her ear.

When the four-verst hurdle-race began, she bent forward and, without taking her eyes away, looked at Vrónski, who walked over to the horse and mounted, and at the same time heard that disgusting, incessant voice of her husband. She was tormented by fear for Vrónski, but still more she was vexed by what to her seemed to be the incessant sound of her husband's thin voice with its familiar intonations.

"I am a bad woman, a ruined woman," she thought, "but I do not like to lie, I cannot endure lying, while *he*" (her husband) "lives on lying. He knows everything, sees everything; what can he feel, if he can speak so calmly? If he killed me, or Vrónski, I could respect him. But no, all he needs is lies and decency," Anna said to herself, without thinking what she really wanted from her husband, how she wanted him to be. Nor did she understand that the present garrulousness of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, which irritated her so much, was only an expression of his inner alarm and unrest. Just as a child that has hurt himself jumps about and brings his muscles into action in

order to drown his pain, thus Alekseyéy Alekxándrovich was in need of mental exercise, in order to drown those thoughts about his wife, which in her presence and in that of Vrónski, and during the eternal repetition of his name, forcibly attracted his attention. And as it is natural for a child to jump about, so it was natural for him to speak well and cleverly. He said:

"The danger connected with military cavalry races is a necessary condition of these races. If England is able in her military history to point to most brilliant cavalry achievements, this is due mainly to the fact that she has historically developed in herself this power of animals and men. Sport, in my opinion, has a great meaning, but we, as is always the case, see only what is on the surface."

"Not at the surface," said Princess Tverskóy. "An officer, they say, has had two of his ribs broken."

Alekseyéy Alekxándrovich smiled his smile, which only showed his teeth, but which said nothing else.

"Let us admit that this is not superficial," he said, "but something internal. But that is another matter," and he again turned to the general, with whom he was speaking earnestly. "You must not forget that those who race are military men who have chosen this activity, and you will confess that every calling has its reverses. This is directly part of the military duties. The monstrous sport of boxing or of the Spanish toreadors is a sign of barbarism. But the specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I will not go to see it a second time: it agitates me too much," said Princess Betsy. "Don't you think so, Anna?"

"It agitates, but you cannot tear yourself away," said another lady. "If I had been a Roman, I should not have missed a single circus."

Anna did not say anything and, without putting down her opera-glass, kept looking at one spot.

Just then a distinguished general crossed the stand. Interrupting his speech, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich rose hurriedly, but in a dignified manner, and bowed low to the military man who was passing.

"Are you not racing?" the military man jested.

"My race is harder," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich replied, respectfully.

And although the answer had no meaning, the military man looked as though he had heard a clever saying from a clever man, and as though he fully understood *la pointe de la sauce*.

"There are two sides," continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, "the participants and the spectators; and the love of these spectacles is a certain symptom of the low development of the spectators, I confess, but —"

"Princess, will you bet?" was heard from below the voice of Stepán Arkádevich turning to Betsy. "Whom are you for?"

"Anna and I are for Prince Kuzóvlev," replied Betsy.

"I am for Vrónski. A pair of gloves."

"It goes."

"How beautiful it is, don't you think so?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent, while they were talking about him, but immediately began once more.

"I agree, not the manly games —" he continued.

But just then the riders were being started, and all conversations stopped. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, too, grew silent, and all rose and turned to the river. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was not interested in the races, and so did not look at the riders, but absently began to survey the spectators with his weary eyes. His glance stopped on Anna.

Her face was pale and severe. She evidently did not see anything or anybody but one. Her hand convulsively compressed her fan, and she did not breathe. He looked at her, and hurriedly turned away and gazed at the others.

"This lady is agitated, and the other ladies, too, are agitated; that is quite natural," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said to himself. He wanted to avoid looking at her, but his glance was instinctively attracted to her. He once more scanned her face, trying not to read what was so clearly written upon it, and, against his will, he read in terror what he did not wish to know.

Kuzóvlev's first fall at the river agitated everybody. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that the one she was looking at had not fallen. When later Makhótin and Vrónski cleared the great barrier, and the officer following them fell on his head, dying on the spot, and a buzz of horror ran through the crowd, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw that Anna did not even notice it and with difficulty understood what they were talking about near her. And he began to look at her oftener and oftener, and with greater persistency. Anna, all absorbed in watching Vrónski gallop, felt the sidewise glance of her husband's cold eyes directed upon her.

She looked back for a moment, glanced interrogatively at him, and, slightly frowning, again turned away from him.

"Oh, it is all the same to me," she seemed to say to him, and never again looked at him.

The races were unfortunate, and of the seventeen men more than half had fallen off or been hurt. Toward the end of the races all were in agitation, which was the more noticeable since the emperor was dissatisfied.



"She completely lost her composure."

XXIX.

ALL loudly proclaimed their disapproval and repeated the phrase, which some one had started, "All that is needed now is a circus with lions," and terror was felt by everybody, so that when Vrónski fell and Anna gave a loud cry, there seemed to be nothing unusual in it. But immediately afterward a change took place in her countenance, which was positively indecent. She completely lost her composure. She began to flutter like a caged bird: she now wanted to get up and go somewhere, and now turned to Betsy.

"Let us go, let us go!" she said.

But Betsy did not hear her. She was bending down and talking to a general who had come up to her.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich walked over to Anna and politely offered her his arm.

"Let us go, if you wish," he said to her, in French; but Anna was listening to what the general was saying, and did not notice her husband.

"They say he broke his leg," said the general.

"That is disgraceful."

Anna, without replying to her husband, raised her opera-glass and looked at the spot where Vrónski had fallen; but it was so far, and there was such a crowd assembled there, that it was impossible to make out anything. She dropped her opera-glass and wanted to go; but just then an officer galloped up to the emperor and reported something to him. Anna leaned forward to hear.

"Stíva! Stíva!" she called out to her brother.

But her brother did not hear her. She again wanted to leave.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," said Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, touching her hand.

She turned away from him in disgust and, without looking into his face, replied :

"No, no, leave me! I shall stay here!"

She now saw that from the place of Vrónski's fall an officer was running across the track to the stand. Betsy waved her handkerchief to him. The officer brought the news that the rider was not killed, but that the horse had broken her back.

Upon hearing this, Anna quickly sat down and covered her face with her fan. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich saw that she was weeping and unable to restrain not only her tears, but even her sobs, which made her breast rise. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich concealed her from view by standing in front of her, thus giving her time to regain her composure.

"For the third time I offer you my arm," he said after awhile, turning to her. Anna looked at him and did not know what to say. Princess Betsy came to her rescue.

"No, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, I will take Anna home, — I promised her I would," Betsy interposed.

"Pardon me, princess," he said, smiling politely, but looking firmly into her eyes, "I see that Anna is not quite well, and I wish she would go with me."

Anna looked frightened about her, humbly rose, and put her hand on her husband's arm.

"I will send to him to find out, and will let you know," Betsy whispered to her.

Upon leaving the stand, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich spoke, as usually, with those he met, and Anna was compelled to answer and talk, as usually; but she

was not herself and walked as in a sleep, holding her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Is it true? Will he come, or not? Shall I see him to-night?" was what she thought.

She silently sat down in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's carriage and silently left the mass of equipages. In spite of everything which he had seen, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich still refused to think of the real situation of his wife. He had only seen the external symptoms. He had seen her act improperly, and regarded it as his duty to tell her so. He opened his mouth in order to tell her how improperly she had conducted herself, but involuntarily said something quite different.

"How prone we all are to look at these cruel spectacles," he said. "I observe —"

"What? I do not understand," Anna said, contemptuously.

He was offended, and immediately started to say what he wished to say.

"I must tell you," he said.

"Here it is, the explanation," she thought, and she felt terribly.

"I must tell you that you have conducted yourself improperly this evening," he said to her, in French.

"How have I conducted myself improperly?" she said aloud, rapidly turning her head to him and looking him straight in the eye, but no longer with her former merri-ment under which she concealed something, but with a determined look, under which she with difficulty concealed the terror which she was experiencing.

"Don't forget," he said to her, pointing to the open window opposite the coachman.

He got up and raised the window.

"What did you find improper?" she repeated.

"That despair which you were unable to conceal at the fall of one of the riders,"

He was waiting to hear what she would reply; but she was silent and looked in front of her.

"I have asked you to conduct yourself in such a manner before the world as not to give evil tongues a chance to say anything against you. There was a time when I used to speak of internal relations; I do not speak of them now. Now I speak of external relations. You have acted improperly, and I wish that this should not be repeated."

She had not heard one-half of his words; she was experiencing terror before him, and was thinking of whether it was true that Vrónski was not killed. Was it of him that they said he was unharmed, and that his horse had its back broken? She only smiled a feigned sarcastic smile when he was through, and made no reply because she had not heard what he had said. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich began to speak boldly, but when he understood clearly what he was talking about, the terror which she was experiencing was communicated to him. He noticed that smile, and a strange delusion came over him.

"She is smiling at my suspicion. Yes, she will say directly what she told me then: that there are no foundations for my suspicion, and that it is ridiculous."

Now that the discovery of everything was pending over him, there was nothing he wished so much as that she should answer him sarcastically, as before, that his suspicion was ridiculous and unfounded. What he knew was so terrible, that he was now prepared to believe anything. But the expression of her frightened and gloomy face did not even give promise of any deception.

"Perhaps I am mistaken," he said. "In such case I beg to be pardoned."

"No, you are not mistaken," she said, slowly, looking desperately at his cold face. "You are not mistaken. I was in despair, and could not help being. I am listening to you, and thinking of him. I love him, I am his para-

mour, I cannot bear — I am afraid — I hate you — Do with me what you please!”

And, throwing herself into the corner of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands and burst out into tears. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not stir and did not change his direct glance. But his face suddenly assumed the solemn immobility of a dead man, and this expression did not change during the whole time of the journey to the summer residence. As they drove up to the house, he turned his head to her, still with the same expression.

“Yes! But I demand the observance of the external conditions of decency until,” his voice trembled, “until I shall have taken the measures which will ensure my honour, of which I shall inform you.”

He stepped out first and helped her out. In sight of the servants, he pressed her hand, seated himself in the carriage, and drove back to St. Petersburg.

Soon after he left, a lackey came from Princess Betsy, with a note for Anna:

“I sent to Aleksyéy to find out about his health, and he writes to me that he is sound and safe, but in despair.”

“So *he* will be here!” she thought. “How well it was that I told him everything!”

She looked at her watch. Three hours were left still, and the recollection of the details of their last meeting burned her blood.

“O Lord, how light it is! It is terrible, but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light — My husband! Oh, yes — Well, thank God, everything is over with him.”

XXX.

As in all places where people congregate, even so in the small watering-place, whither the Shcherbátskis went, society had assumed its crystallized form, which assigned to each member a definite and unchangeable position. Just as definitely and unchangeably as a particle of water in the cold assumes a certain form of a snow crystal, even so every new arrival at the watering-place at once fell into his appropriate place.

Fürst Shcherbátski sammt Gemahlin und Tochter, from the lodgings which they occupied, and from their name, and from the acquaintances which they met, immediately crystallized into their definite and predetermined place.

That year there was at the resort a real German *Fürstin*, in consequence of which the crystallization of society went on more energetically than ever. Princess Shcherbátski wanted by all means to introduce her daughter to the *Fürstin*, and this ceremony took place on the second day. Kitty curtsied gracefully and low in her *very simple*, that is, very stylish, Parisian summer gown. The *Fürstin* said: "I hope that the roses will soon return to this pretty face," and definite paths of life were at once firmly established for the Shcherbátskis, and they no longer could depart from them.

The Shcherbátskis became also acquainted with the family of an English lady, and with a German countess, and with her son who had been wounded in the late war, and with a Swedish savant, and with M. Canut and his sister. But the company of the Shcherbátskis was instinctively composed of a Moscow lady, Márya Evgénievna

Rtíshchev and her daughter, who was unsympathetic to Kitty because she had grown ill, like herself, from love, and of a Moscow colonel, whom Kitty had seen since her childhood and had known in uniform and epaulettes, and who here, with his small eyes and open neck with a coloured tie, was very funny and very tiresome, because it was impossible to get rid of him.

When all this had assumed a definite form, Kitty began to feel dull, the more so since the prince went to Karlsbad, and she was left alone with her mother. She was not interested in those she knew, as she felt that nothing novel would come from them. But the chief interest of her heart at the watering-place consisted in observing and guessing about those whom she did not know. In accordance with her character, Kitty always assumed the very best in people, especially in those whom she did not know. And even now, trying to guess who was who, what relations there existed between them, and what kind of people they were, Kitty imagined the most remarkable and beautiful characters, and found confirmation in her observations.

Among such persons she was most interested in a Russian girl, who had come to the resort with an ailing Russian lady, Madame Shtal, as she was called. Madame Shtal belonged to the upper classes of society, but was so ill that she could not walk, and only on rare, fine days appeared at the springs in a small vehicle. But it was not so much her illness as her pride, as the princess explained it, that kept Madame Shtal from getting acquainted with any of the Russians. The Russian girl tended on Madame Shtal, and, besides, Kitty had observed, cultivated the acquaintance of all the seriously ill patients, of whom there were many at the springs, and in the most natural manner tended on them. This Russian girl, according to Kitty's observation, was not a relative of Madame Shtal's, and, at the time time, was not a hired

attendant. Madame Shtal called her Várenka, while others called her Mlle. Várenka. Outside of the interest which Kitty found in watching the relations that existed between this girl and Madame Shtal and other strangers, Kitty, as frequently happens, experienced an inexplicable sympathy for this Mlle. Várenka, and felt, from the glances which she exchanged, that she was liked, too.

Mlle. Várenka was not exactly not in her first youth, but was really a being without youth: she might have been taken for nineteen, or for thirty. On examining her features closely, it would have been found that, in spite of the sickly colour of her face, she was rather beautiful than otherwise. She would even have been well proportioned, were it not for the excessive dryness of her body, and her disproportionate head, as compared with her medium size; but she could not be attractive to men. She resembled a beautiful, full-petalled, but faded and odourless flower. Besides, she could not be attractive to men because she lacked that of which there was such an abundance in Kitty, — the reserve fire of life and consciousness of her own attractiveness.

She seemed to be busy all the time doing something in which there could be no doubt, and, therefore, looked as though she could not be interested in extraneous matters. It was this contrast which more than anything else attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that in her, in her mode of life, she would find a sample of what she was now painfully in search of, — the interests of life, the dignity of life, outside the worldly relations of a girl toward men, which was so loathsome to Kitty, and which to her now appeared as a disgraceful display of wares waiting for the purchasers. The more Kitty observed her unknown friend, the more she became convinced that this girl was that perfect being she thought her to be, and the more she was anxious to become acquainted with her.

The two girls met several times a day, and at each

meeting Kitty's eyes said, "Who are you? What are you? Is it true that you are that charming being I imagine you to be? But, for God's sake, do not think," her glance added, "that I am taking the liberty of thrusting myself upon your acquaintance. I simply admire you and love you." "I, too, love you, and you are very, very sweet. And I should love you more still, if I had the time," replied the glance of the strange girl. Indeed, Kitty saw that she was always busy. Either she was taking the children of some Russian family away from the springs, or carrying a plaid for some patient, or wrapping her in it, or she was trying to divert the attention of some irritable sick man, or selecting and buying pastry for somebody's coffee.

Soon after the arrival of the Shcherbátskis, two persons, who attracted the general hostile attention, made their appearance at the morning hours at the springs. Those were a very tall, stooping man with huge arms, wearing an old, short overcoat, which was not in proportion to his size, with black, naïve, and, at the same time, terrible eyes, and a pockmarked, good-looking woman, who was very badly and tastelessly appparelled. Taking these people for Russians, Kitty began in her imagination to form a very beautiful and touching romance about them. But the countess, learning from the *Kurliste* that it was Nikoláy Levín and Márya Nikoláevna, explained to Kitty what a bad man this Levín was, and all her reveries about these two people were at once dispelled. Not so much because her mother had told her so, as because it was Konstantín's brother, these persons suddenly became very objectionable to Kitty. This Levín, by his habit of jerking his head, now provoked in her an irrepressible feeling of disgust.

It seemed to her that in his large, terrible eyes, which persistently followed her, there was an expression of hatred and sarcasm, and she tried to avoid meeting him.

XXXI.

It was a nasty day ; it had been raining since morning, and the patients with umbrellas were crowding in the gallery.

Kitty was walking with her mother and the Moscow colonel, who was foppishly displaying his ready-made coat of a German make, which he had bought at Frankfurt. They were walking along one side of the gallery, trying to avoid Levín, who was walking along the other side. Várenka, in her dark dress and black hat with drooping brim, was walking the whole length of the gallery with a blind Frenchwoman, and every time she met Kitty she exchanged a friendly glance with her.

"Mamma, may I speak with her?" said Kitty, who had been watching her friend, noticing that she was going up to the spring, and that they might meet there.

"Yes, if you want to ; I will first find out about her, and will come up myself," said her mother. "What remarkable quality have you discovered in her? No doubt, a travelling companion. If you want to, I will make Madame Shtal's acquaintance. I used to know her *belle-sœur*," added the princess, proudly raising her head.

Kitty knew that the princess was offended because Madame Shtal seemed to avoid making her acquaintance. Kitty did not insist.

"Wonderfully sweet she is!" she said, looking at Várenka, just as she was handing the Frenchwoman a glass. "See how simple and sweet it all is!"

"Your *engouements* are amusing to me," said the prin-

cess. "We had better go back!" she added, upon noticing Levín, who was moving toward them, with his lady and a German doctor, with whom he was discussing something in a loud and angry voice.

They turned around, in order to go back, when they suddenly heard, no longer loud talking, but shouting. Levín had stopped and was shouting, and the doctor, too, was excited. The princess and Kitty hurried away, and the colonel joined the crowd, to find out what it was all about.

A few minutes later the colonel overtook them.

"What was it there?" asked the princess.

"A shame and disgrace!" replied the colonel. "One is eternally afraid to meet Russians abroad. That tall gentleman had words with the doctor, speaking rudely to him because he did not cure him in the right way, and even raising his cane against him. It is simply disgraceful!"

"Oh, how disagreeable!" said the princess. "Well, how did it end?"

"Fortunately a girl interfered, — the one in the mushroom bonnet. I think she is a Russian," said the colonel.

"Mlle. Várenka?" Kitty asked, joyfully.

"Yes, yes. She was the first one to know what to do: she took the gentleman's arm and led him away."

"You see, mamma?" Kitty said to her mother. "You wonder why I admire her!"

On the following day, when Kitty again started watching her stranger friend, she noticed that Mlle. Várenka was already in the same relations with Levín and his woman as with all her other protégés. She went up and talked to them, and acted as interpreter for the woman, who could not speak any foreign language.

Kitty began to implore her mother to allow her to make her acquaintance. And, although it was unpleasant for the princess to make as it were the first step in be-

coming acquainted with Madame Shtal, who for some reason allowed herself to be haughty, — she made inquiries about Várenka, and, having learned the details in regard to her, which led to the conclusion that there was nothing bad, though little good, in this acquaintance, she herself first walked up to Várenka and made her acquaintance.

The princess selected the time when Kitty had gone to the spring, and Várenka had stopped in front of the baker's, in order to go up to her.

"Permit me to get acquainted with you," she said, with her distinguished smile. "My daughter is in love with you. You may not know me. I —"

"It is more than mutual, princess," Várenka hastened to reply.

"What a good act you did yesterday to our pitiable countryman!" said the princess.

Várenka blushed.

"I do not remember. It seems to me I did nothing," she said.

"Why, you saved Levín from some unpleasantness."

"Yes, *sa compagne* called me, and I tried to calm him: he is very ill, and was dissatisfied with the physician. I am in the habit of tending on such patients."

"Yes, I heard that you lived at Menton with your aunt, I believe, Madame Shtal. I used to know her *belle-sœur*."

"No, she is not my aunt. I call her mamma, but I am not related to her; I was brought up by her," Várenka replied, blushing again.

This was said so simply, and the truthful, open expression of her face was so sweet, that the princess understood why Kitty had fallen in love with Várenka.

"What about this Levín?" asked the princess.

"He is leaving," replied Várenka.

Just then Kitty came up from the spring, with a face

beaming with joy, because her mother had made the acquaintance of Várenka.

"Now, Kitty, your strong desire to get acquainted with Mlle. —"

"Várenka," Várenka helped her out, smiling. "Everybody calls me so."

Kitty's face was flushed with joy, and she for a long time pressed the hand of her new friend, who did not respond to her pressure, but let her hand lie motionless in Kitty's. Her hand did not answer the pressure, but Mlle. Várenka's face shone forth with a calm, joyful, though somewhat sad, smile, which disclosed her large, but beautiful teeth.

"I myself wished it long ago," she said.

"But you are so busy —"

"Oh, on the contrary, I have nothing to do," replied Várenka; but that very moment she was compelled to leave her new acquaintances, because two little Russian girls, the daughters of a patient, were running up to her.

"Várenka, mamma wants to see you!" they shouted.

And Várenka went away with them.

XXXII.

THE details which the princess had learned about Várenka's past and her relations with Madame Shtal, and about Madame Shtal herself, were the following :

Madame Shtal, of whom some said that she had worn out her husband, while others said that he had worn her out with his immoral conduct, had always been an ailing, overexcited woman. When, separating from her husband, she bore her first child, the child died at once, and Madame Shtal's relatives, knowing her sensitiveness and fearing that this news might kill her, substituted for it a girl who was born the same night in the same house in St. Petersburg, — the daughter of a court cook. This was Várenka. Madame Shtal learned later that Várenka was not her daughter, but continued to educate her, the more readily, since, very soon after, Várenka was left without any relatives.

Madame Shtal had been living continually abroad in the South, for more than ten years, never getting up from her bed. Some said that Madame Shtal had made for herself a social position of a virtuous, highly religious woman ; others said that she was in her heart that highly moral being, living for the good of others, that she appeared to be. No one knew what her religion was, whether Catholic, Orthodox, or Protestant ; but this much was sure : she stood in friendly relations with the highest personages of all churches and religions.

Várenka had been living abroad with her all the time,

and all who knew Madame Shtal knew and loved Mlle. Várenka, as they all called her.

Having learned all the details, the princess found nothing prejudicial in her daughter's cultivating Várenka's acquaintance; the more so since Várenka had the very best manners and education: she spoke excellent French and English, and, above all, communicated to her Madame Shtal's regrets that on account of her illness she was deprived of the pleasure of getting acquainted with the princess.

When Kitty became acquainted with Várenka, she admired her more and more, and every day discovered new virtues in her.

Hearing that Várenka sang well, the princess asked her to come to see them in the evening and sing for them.

“Kitty plays, and we have a piano,—it is true, not a good one,—but you will afford us a great pleasure,” said the princess, with her feigned smile, which now especially displeased Kitty because she noticed that Várenka did not want to sing. However, Várenka came in the evening, and brought her music with her. The princess invited Márya Evgénievna and her daughter and the colonel to her house.

Várenka seemed to be quite indifferent to the presence of strangers, and immediately walked over to the piano. She could not accompany herself, but read the music for singing nicely. Kitty, who played well, accompanied her.

“You have unusual talent,” the princess said to her, after she had sung the first piece nicely.

Márya Evgénievna and her daughter thanked and praised her.

“Just see,” said the colonel, looking out of the window, “what an audience has assembled here to hear you!”

Indeed, beneath the window stood a fairly large crowd

"I am very glad that this affords you pleasure," Várenka answered, in a simple manner.

Kitty looked proudly at her friend. She was delighted at her art, and at her voice and face, but more than anything at her manner, which showed that she had no thought of her singing and was quite indifferent to the praise; she only seemed to ask whether she should sing more, or whether it was enough.

"If it had been I," Kitty thought of herself, "how proud I would have been of it! How glad I should have been of this crowd beneath the window! But it makes no difference whatsoever to her. She is actuated only by the desire not to refuse and to do mamma a favour. What is there in her? What gives her that power to scorn everything, to be independently calm? How I should like to know it, and learn it from her!" Kitty thought, gazing at this calm face. The princess asked Várenka to sing something else, and she sang another piece, just as evenly, distinctly, and well, standing straight at the piano and keeping time on it with her thin, olive-coloured hand.

The following piece in her music album was an Italian song. Kitty played the prelude and looked around at Várenka.

"Let us omit this one," Várenka said, blushing.

Kitty arrested her frightened, questioning glance on Várenka's face.

"Well, another," she said, hurriedly, turning the leaves and comprehending at once that something was connected with that piece.

"Yes," replied Várenka, putting her hand on the music, and smiling, "yes, let us have it!" And she sang just as calmly, coldly, and well as before.

When she got through, all thanked her again and went to tea. Kitty and Várenka walked into the little garden which was near the house.

"Am I right in thinking that some memory is connected with that song?" Kitty asked her. "Don't tell me," she added, hurriedly, "only say whether I am right."

"Why not, I will tell you," Várenka said, simply, and, without waiting for a reply, continued: "Yes, a memory, and it was once oppressive. I loved a man, and I sang that song to him."

Kitty looked silently and reverentially at her, opening wide her large eyes.

"I loved him, and he loved me; but his mother did not wish it, and he married another. He now lives not far from us, and I see him now and then. You did not think that I, too, had a romance?" she said, and in her beautiful face flickered the fire which Kitty felt at one time had illuminated the whole of her.

"Why should I not have thought so? If I were a man, I should be unable to love anybody else after seeing you. But I cannot understand how he, to please his mother, could have forgotten you and made you so unhappy; he had no heart."

"Oh, no, he is a very good man, and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. So we shall not sing again to-night?" she added, starting toward the house.

"How good you are, how good!" exclaimed Kitty. She stopped and kissed her. "If I could be only a little like you!"

"Why should you be like any one? You are good as you are," Várenka said, smiling her meek, weary smile.

"No, I am not at all good. Tell me — Wait, let us sit down," said Kitty, seating her on the bench, beside herself. "Tell me, is it really not offensive to think that a man has scorned your love, that he did not want you?"

"But he did not scorn me; I believe that he loved me, but that he was an obedient son —"

"Yes, but if he had done so of his own accord, and not

by his mother's wish?" said Kitty, feeling that she had betrayed her secret, and that her face, which was burning with the glow of shame, had already given her away..

"In that case he would have acted badly, and I would not have regretted it," replied Várenka, evidently comprehending that this eventuality referred not to her, but to Kitty.

"But the insult?" said Kitty. "It is impossible to forget the insult, impossible!" she continued, recalling her glance at the last ball, during the pause in the dance.

"Where is here the insult? You have not acted badly?"

"Worse than badly, — disgracefully."

Várenka shook her head and placed her hand on Kitty's.

"Where is the disgrace?" she said. "You certainly could not tell a man, who was indifferent to you, that you loved him?"

"Of course not; I never said a single word, but he knew. No, no! there are glances and manners. I shall not forget it, if I live a hundred years."

"What of it? I do not understand. The question is whether you love him now, or not," said Várenka, calling everything by its name.

"I hate him; I cannot forgive myself."

"Very well, then."

"But the disgrace, the insult!"

"Oh, it would be bad if all girls were as sensitive as you," said Várenka. "There is not a girl who has not experienced this. It is all so unimportant."

"What, then, is important?" asked Kitty, gazing at her face in curious surprise.

"Oh, much is," Várenka said, smiling.

"What, for example?"

"Oh, many things are more important," replied Várenka,

not knowing what to say. But just then the princess was heard calling through the window, "Kitty, it is damp! Either take a shawl, or come into the house!"

"That is so, it is time!" said Várenka, getting up. "I have to call yet on Madame Berthe; she asked me to."

Kitty held her hand, and with impassioned curiosity and entreaty asked her with her glance: "What is that important thing that gives that peace? You know, so tell me!" But Várenka did not understand what Kitty's glance asked her about; all she remembered was that she had to go that evening to see Madame Berthe and be in time for tea with her *mamma*, at midnight. She entered the house, collected her music, and, bidding all good-bye, started to leave.

"Allow me to see you home," said the colonel.

"Indeed, how can she go home all alone at night?" the princess confirmed him. "Let me at least send Parásha along!"

Kitty saw that Várenka with difficulty repressed a smile at the words that it was necessary to see her home.

"No, I always go by myself, and nothing ever happens to me," she said, taking her hat. And kissing Kitty a second time, after all without telling her what was important, she with a rapid step, with the music under her arm, disappeared in the semiobscurity of the summer night, carrying away with her the secret of what was important and what gave her that enviable calm and dignity.

XXXIII.

KITTY made also the acquaintance of Madame Shtal, and this acquaintance, together with her friendship with Várenka, not only had a powerful influence upon her, but also consoled her in her sorrow. This consolation she found in the fact that, thanks to this acquaintanceship, a new world was disclosed to her, one that had nothing in common with her past, — an exalted, beautiful world, from the height of which she could calmly look at her past. What was revealed to her was that, in addition to the instinctive life to which Kitty had abandoned herself, heretofore, there was also a spiritual life. This life was revealed to her in a religion, which had nothing in common with the one she had known from childhood, and which had found its expression in masses and vespers in the Widow House, where acquaintances might be met, and in the memorizing of Slavic texts with the priest; this religion was exalted, mysterious, and connected with a series of beautiful ideas and sentiments, which it not only was possible to believe in, because that was commanded, but which one could also love.

It was not from words that Kitty learned all this. Madame Shtal spoke with Kitty as with a dear child, whom she admired as a reminiscence of her own youth, and only once she hinted that in all human sorrows consolation is found only in love and faith, and that for Christ's mercy to us there are no insignificant sorrows, — and immediately changed the subject. But Kitty in every

motion of hers, in every divine glance, as she called it, especially in the whole history of her life, of which she learned from Várenka, in everything saw *that which was important* and which she had not known heretofore.

But, no matter how elevated Madame Shtal's character was, no matter how touching her whole history, no matter how exalted and gentle her speech, Kitty involuntarily noticed certain traits in her, which confounded her. She noticed that, asking about her relatives, Madame Shtal smiled disdainfully, which was contrary to Christian goodness. She noticed also that, when she once met a Catholic priest at her house, Madame Shtal carefully kept herself in the shadow of the lamp-shade and smiled in a peculiar manner. However insignificant these observations were, they confounded her and made her lose confidence in Madame Shtal. But Várenka, lonely, homeless, friendless Várenka, who with her sad disappointment did not wish for anything and did not complain about anything, was the same perfection that Kitty permitted herself to dream about. She understood, through Várenka's example, that it sufficed to forget oneself and love others, in order to be calm, happy, and beautiful. And Kitty wanted to be like that. Now that she understood what *the most important* thing was, Kitty was not satisfied merely to admit it, but immediately abandoned herself with all her soul to this newly revealed life. From Várenka's narrative about what Madame Shtal and others, whom she named, did, Kitty formed for herself the plan of her future life. Like Madame Shtal's niece, Aline, of whom Várenka told her so much, she would, wherever she might be, look up the unfortunate, would aid them as much as possible, distribute the Gospel, read the Gospel to the sick, to criminals, and to the dying. The idea of reading the Gospel to criminals, as Aline did, had a special charm for Kitty. All these were secret dreams, which Kitty did not disclose to her mother, or to Várenka.

Still, in expectation of the time when she could carry out her plans on a large scale, Kitty even now, in the watering-place, where there were so many patients and unfortunate people, easily found an opportunity for applying her new rules, in imitation of Várenka.

At first the princess only noticed that Kitty was under a powerful influence from her *engouement*, as she called it, toward Madame Shtal, and especially toward Várenka. She saw that Kitty not only imitated Várenka in her activity, but also involuntarily imitated her manner of walking, talking, and blinking. Later the princess observed that, independently of this enchantment, a serious transformation was taking place in her daughter.

The princess saw that Kitty was reading in the evenings the French Gospel, which Madame Shtal had presented to her, which she had never done before; that she avoided society acquaintances and visited the patients who were under Várenka's protection, especially the needy family of the sick artist Petróv. Kitty was apparently proud of acting as a sister of mercy in that family. All that was very well, and the princess had no objection to it, the more so since Petróv's wife was a very decent woman, and since the German princess, who had noticed Kitty's activity, had called her a consoling angel. All that would have been very nice, if there had not been an excess of it. The princess saw that her daughter was falling into an extreme, and she told her so.

"*Il ne faut jamais rien outrer,*" she said to her.

But her daughter made no reply to her; in her soul she thought that it was impossible to talk of overdoing in matters of Christianity. What excess could there be in complying with a religion which enjoins us to give the other cheek when we are smitten on one, and to give away our cloak when they take our coat from us? But the princess did not like this excessive zeal, and was still more displeased because she felt that Kitty did not wish to lay

her whole soul bare to her. Indeed, Kitty concealed her new views and feelings from her mother. She concealed them, not because she did not respect or love her, but only because she was her mother. She would have disclosed them to any one sooner than to her mother.

"Anna Pávlovna has not called on us for quite awhile," the princess once said about Petróv's wife. "I invited her to come, but she seems to be dissatisfied with something."

"No, I have not noticed, mamma," Kitty said, blushing.

"When were you there last?"

"We are meaning to take an outing into the mountains to-morrow," Kitty replied.

"Well, go, if you wish," said the princess, gazing at her daughter's embarrassed expression, trying to divine the cause of this embarrassment.

On that day Várenka came to dinner, bringing the information that Anna Pávlovna had changed her mind and would not go to the mountains on the following day. And the princess noticed that Kitty again blushed.

"Kitty, have you not had some unpleasantness with the Petróvs?" asked the princess, when they were left alone. "Why has she stopped sending the children and coming herself?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she was positively at a loss to understand why Anna Pávlovna seemed to be dissatisfied with her. Kitty told the truth. She did not know the cause of Anna Pávlovna's change of feeling toward her, though she surmised it. She suspected something which she could not tell her mother, and which she did not even say to herself. It was one of those things which one knows, but dare not mention to oneself: so terrible and disgraceful it would be to make a mistake.

Again and again she passed in review all her relations with that family. She recalled the naïve joy which had

been expressed on Anna Pávlovna's good-natured, round face whenever they met ; she recalled their secret discussions about the sick man and their plotting to take him away from work, which he was forbidden to do, and to entice him to go out walking with them ; and she thought of the devotion of the youngest boy, who called her " My Kitty," and who would not lie down to sleep without her. How nice it had all been ! Then she recalled Petrón's dreadfully lean figure, and his long neck, and the cinnamon-coloured coat which he wore, his scanty curling hair, his interrogative blue eyes, which at first had frightened Kitty, and his morbid attempts to appear brisk and animated in her presence. She recalled the effort which at first she had had to make in order to overcome the loathing which she had experienced toward him, as toward all consumptives, and the difficulty she had had in discovering what to say to him. She recalled that timid, meek glance which he used to cast at her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness, and later of the consciousness of her goodness, which she had experienced then. How well it had all been ! But all that had been at first. Now, a few days past, everything suddenly was changed for the worse. Anna Pávlovna met Kitty with feigned amiability, and kept watching her and her husband.

Was it possible that his touching joy at her approach was the cause of Anna Pávlovna's coldness ?

" Yes," she recalled, " there was something unnatural in Anna Pávlovna, and not at all resembling her kindness, as she said, two days ago : ' He has been waiting for you all the time, and would not drink the coffee without you, though he was dreadfully weakened.' "

" Maybe it displeased her when I handed him the plaid. It was all so simple, but he accepted it so awkwardly, and kept thanking me so long, that I myself felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me, which he painted so well. And, above all, that confused and

tender glance! Yes, yes, it is so!" Kitty repeated to herself in terror. "No, it cannot, it must not be! He is so pitiable!" she said to herself soon after.

This doubt poisoned the charm of her new life.

XXXIV.

JUST before the end of the watering season, Prince Shcherbátski, who had gone from Karlsbad to Baden and Kissingen, to his Russian acquaintances, — to fill himself with the Russian spirit, as he said, — returned to his family.

The views of the prince and the princess on life abroad were diametrically opposed to each other. The princess found everything beautiful and, in spite of her well-established position in Russian society, endeavoured abroad to resemble a European lady, which she was not, — because she was a Russian lady, — and so she pretended that she did not feel quite at her ease. But the prince, on the contrary, found everything abroad bad, was oppressed by the European life, stuck to his Russian habits, and purposely tried to appear less European abroad than he really was.

The prince returned thinner in body, with loosely hanging bags of skin on his cheeks, but in the merriest of moods. His happy disposition was increased when he saw Kitty completely restored. The news of Kitty's friendship with Madame Shtal and Várenka, and the observations which the princess communicated to him about a certain change that had taken place in Kitty, worried the prince, and called forth his usual feeling of jealousy of everything that carried his daughter away from him, and the fear lest his daughter should get away from his influence to some regions which would be inaccessible to him. But these disagreeable bits of news

were drowned in the sea of good nature and mirth which he always possessed, and which had become intensified by the Karlsbad springs.

On the day following his arrival, the prince in his long cloak, with his Russian wrinkles and bloated cheeks, which were supported by a starched collar, and in the happiest of moods, went with his daughter to the springs.

It was a beautiful morning: the neat, cheerful houses with their little gardens, the sight of the red-faced, red-armed, beer-filled, cheerfully working servant girls, and the bright sun, made the heart glad; but, the nearer they approached the springs, the more frequently did they come across sick people, and their aspect was even more pitiable amidst the habitual conditions of the well-regulated German life. Kitty was no longer struck by this contrast. The bright sun, the merry sheen of verdure, the sounds of the music, were for her the natural frame for all these familiar faces, and of the changes for better or for worse, which she had been observing; but to the prince the brightness and splendour of the June morning, and the sounds of the orchestra, playing a new, merry waltz, and especially the sight of the buxom servant girls, appeared as something indecent and monstrous, in connection with these gloomily moving corpses, collected from all the ends of Europe.

In spite of the feeling of pride and return of youth, which he was now experiencing, as his favourite daughter was walking with him arm in arm, he seemed to feel ill at ease and ashamed of his sturdy gait and the large, plump members of his body. He almost experienced the feeling of a man who is not dressed in society.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new acquaintances," he said to his daughter, pressing her hand with his elbow. "I love your nasty Soden for having set you up again. Only it is sad, very sad here. Who is this?"

Kitty gave him the names of the acquaintances and strangers whom they met. At the very entrance into the garden they met blind Madame Berthe with her attendant, and the prince was happy to see the blissful expression of the old Frenchwoman when she heard Kitty's voice. She immediately began to speak with him, with French excessive amiability, praising him for having such a charming daughter, and before her extolling her to the skies, and calling her treasure, pearl, and consoling angel.

"Well, then she is the second angel," the prince said, smiling. "She calls Mlle. Varenka angel number one."

"Oh, Mlle. Varenka is a real angel, *allez*," Madame Berthe interposed.

In the gallery they met Varenka herself. She was walking hurriedly toward them, carrying an elegant red bag.

"Here is papa, who has arrived!" Kitty said to her.

Varenka made, simply and naturally, as she did everything, a motion, intermediate between a greeting and a curtsy, and immediately started talking with the prince, without embarrassment and simply, as she spoke with everybody.

"Of course, I know you, know you very well," the prince said to her with a smile, from which Kitty was happy to learn that her father liked her. "Whither are you hurrying so?"

"Mamma is here," she said, turning to Kitty. "She has not slept all night, and the doctor has advised her to be out. I am carrying some handiwork to her."

"So this is angel number one!" the prince said, when Varenka had left.

Kitty saw that he wanted to make fun of Varenka, but that he was quite unable to do so because he had taken a liking to her.

"Now we shall see all your friends," he added, "and Madame Shtal, too, if she deigns to recognize me."

"Did you know her before, papa?" Kitty asked him, in terror, as she noticed a fire of sarcasm burning in the prince's eyes at the mention of Madame Shtal.

"I used to know her husband, and her a little, before she joined the pietists."

"What is a pietist, papa?" asked Kitty, frightened to hear that that which she so highly esteemed in Madame Shtal had a name.

"I do not exactly know myself. All I know is that she thanks God for everything, for every misfortune, — even because her husband has died. Now this turns out to be ridiculous, because they did not live well together."

"Who is this? Such a pitiful face!" he asked, noticing on a bench an undersized patient in a cinnamon-coloured overcoat and white pantaloons, which made strange folds on the fleshless bones of his legs. This gentleman raised his straw hat above his scanty curling hair, disclosing a high forehead, which was unhealthily reddened by the hat.

"That is Petróv, an artist," Kitty replied, blushing. "And this is his wife," she added, pointing to Anna Pávlovna, who, as though on purpose, while they were approaching, started after her child, who had run off on the path.

"What a pitiful and what a sweet face he has!" the prince said. "Why did you not go up to him? He wanted to tell you something."

"Let us go up, then!" Kitty said, turning around with determination. "How is your health to-day?" she asked Petróv.

Petróv got up, leaning on his cane, and timidly looked at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince. "Allow me to make your acquaintance!"

The artist bowed and smiled, opening his strangely glistening white teeth.

"We were waiting for you yesterday, princess," he said to Kitty.

He staggered as he said this, and, repeating this motion, he tried to show that he did so on purpose.

"I wanted to come, but Várenka told me that Anna Pávlovna had sent word that you would not go."

"Why should we not go?" Petróv said, blushing and immediately beginning to cough, searching for his wife with his eyes. "Anna, Anna!" he exclaimed aloud, and on his thin white neck the thick veins swelled like ropes.

Anna Pávlovna came up.

"How is it you sent word to the princess that we would not go?" he whispered in irritation, having lost his voice.

"Good morning, princess!" Anna Pávlovna said, with the feigned smile, which was so different from her former address. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she turned to the prince. "They have been expecting you for a long time, prince."

"How is it you sent word to the princess that we would not go?" the artist whispered hoarsely a second time, more angrily than before, apparently becoming more irritated because his voice betrayed him and he was unable to give his words the expression he wished to give to them.

"O Lord, I thought that we should not go," his wife answered with annoyance.

"How, when —" He began to cough and waved his hand.

The prince raised his hat and went away with his daughter.

"Oh, oh!" he drew a deep sigh. "Oh, the unfortunates!"

"Yes, papa," replied Kitty. "And you must know that they have three children, no servants, and almost no means.

He gets something from the Academy," she spoke with animation, trying to drown the agitation which had risen in her on account of the peculiar change in Anna Pávlovna's relations with her.

"Here is Madame Shtal," said Kitty, pointing to a vehicle, in which, surrounded by pillows, something was lying under a parasol, wearing something gray and blue. That was Madame Shtal. Behind her stood a gloomy, sturdy German labourer, who was rolling her. Near by stood a blond Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by name. A few patients were dallying near the vehicle, looking at this lady as at something unusual.

The prince went up to her, and Kitty immediately noticed in his eyes a fire of sarcasm, which embarrassed her. He went up to Madame Shtal and started speaking with her most politely and charmingly, in that excellent French which only a few speak now.

"I do not know whether you will remember me, but I must introduce myself to you in order to thank you for your kindness to my daughter," he said to her, taking off his hat, and not putting it on again.

"Prince Aleksándr Shcherbátski," Madame Shtal said, raising up to him her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty observed dissatisfaction. "Very glad to see you! I have grown so fond of your daughter."

"Is your health still not good?"

"Yes, I am used to it," said Madame Shtal. She introduced the prince to the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little," the prince said to her. "I have not had the honour of seeing you for ten or eleven years."

"Yes, God gives us the cross, and the strength to bear it. One often wonders what this life is tending to. From the other side!" she vexedly turned to Várenka, who was wrapping her legs with a plaid in a way that she did not want.

"To do good, no doubt!" the prince said, laughing with his eyes.

"That is not for us to judge," said Madame Shtal, observing the shade of the expression in the prince's face.

"So you will send me the book, dear count? Thank you very much," she turned to the young Swede.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prince, upon noticing the Moscow colonel, who was standing near by, and, bowing to Madame Shtal, he went away with his daughter and the Moscow colonel, who had joined them.

"That is our aristocracy, prince!" said the Moscow colonel, meaning to be sarcastic. He had a grudge against Madame Shtal because she was not acquainted with him.

"She is still the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, that is, before she took to her bed?"

"Yes. She took to her bed in my day," said the prince.

"They say she has not been up these ten years —"

"Yes, because she is short-legged. She is very ill-proportioned —"

"Papa, that is impossible!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear. But your Várenka catches it from her," she added. "Oh, those ailing ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa!" Kitty retorted, warmly. "Várenka worships her. And then, she does so much good! Ask whom you please! Everybody knows her and Aline Shtal."

"Perhaps," he said, pressing her hand with his elbow, "but it is much better to do it so that, no matter whom you ask, nobody knows anything about it."

Kitty grew silent, not because she had nothing to say, but because she did not wish to reveal her secret thoughts. But, strange to say, although she prepared herself not to submit to her father's view, not to give him access to her holiness, she felt that the divine image of Madame Shtal,

which she had carried in her soul for a whole month, had disappeared irretrievably, just as a figure formed from a robe cast down vanishes the moment you know how the robe is lying. There was left only a short-legged woman, who was lying down because she was ill-proportioned, and who was tormenting Várenka for not wrapping her plaid right. And by no effort of her imagination was she able to bring back the former Madame Shtal.

XXXV.

THE prince communicated his happy mood to his home-folk, and to his friends, and even to the German landlord, where the Shcherbátskis were living.

After returning from the springs with Kitty and having invited the colonel and Márya Evgénievna and Várenka to coffee, the prince ordered the table and chairs to be brought out into the little garden, under a chestnut-tree, and breakfast to be served there. And the landlord and the servants became animated under the influence of his cheerfulness. They knew his liberality, and half an hour later an ailing Hamburg doctor, who was living up-stairs, was looking enviously through the window at this merry company of healthy Russians assembled under the chestnut-tree. Under the shadow of the leaves, trembling in circles, at the table which was covered with a white cloth and filled with coffee-pots, bread, butter, cheese, and cold venison, the princess sat in a head-dress with lilac ribbons, passing cups and sandwiches. At the other end sat the prince, eating with gusto, and talking loud and merrily. The prince had spread near him all his purchases, carved boxes, spelicans, paper-knives of all kinds, of which he had bought a mass at every watering-place, and which he distributed to everybody, including Lieschen, the chambermaid, and the landlord, with whom he jested in his comical German brogue, assuring him that it was not the mineral waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent food, especially the cherry soup. The princess made fun of her husband for his Russian habits, but was more ani-

mated and merry than she had been during all her time at the springs. The colonel, as always, smiled at the prince's jokes; but in respect to Europe, which he had carefully studied, he took the part of the princess. Good-natured Márya Evgénievna rolled in laughter at every funny remark made by the prince, and Várenka — a thing Kitty had never before observed in her — almost died with a feeble, but contagious laughter, which was provoked in her by the jokes of the prince.

All that amused Kitty, but she could not help being worried. She could not solve the problem, which her father had involuntarily set before her, by his merry attitude toward her friends and toward the life of which she had become so fond. To this problem was also added the change in her relations with the Petróvs, which had become so disagreeably manifest on that day. All were cheerful, but Kitty could not be, and this increased her torment. She experienced a feeling akin to what she used to experience in childhood, when she was locked up in her room as a punishment and heard the merry laughter of her sisters.

"What did you buy this mass for?" said the princess, smiling, and handing her husband a cup of coffee.

"I would be out walking and would pass a shop, and they would invite me to buy: '*Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht*.' When they got as far as '*Durchlaucht*' I could not withstand them any longer, and ten thalers were gone."

"He did it only from tedium," said the princess.

"Of course, from tedium. I felt so dull, my dear, I did not know what to do with myself."

"How can one feel dull, prince? There are now so many interesting things in Germany," said Márya Evgénievna.

"But I know everything of interest: I know their cherry soup and their pea sausages. I know it all."

"No, say what you please, prince, their institutions are charming," said the colonel.

"What is there interesting? They are all satisfied like copper pennies: they have conquered everybody. But what have I to be satisfied with? I have not conquered anybody; all I have to do is to take off my own boots and put them myself in front of the door. In the morning you have to get up, dress yourself at once, and go to the hall to drink miserable tea. It is quite different at home! You wake up when you get ready, grumble at something or other, growl, regain your consciousness, think matters over, and are in no hurry whatsoever."

"But time is money, — you are forgetting," said the colonel.

"Nonsense! There is some time which you would gladly get rid of at half a rouble a month, and again you would not take any amount of money for half an hour. Am I right, Kitty? What makes you so gloomy?"

"Nothing."

"Where are you hurrying? Sit awhile," he turned to Várenka.

"I must go home," said Várenka, rising, and again bursting out into laughter. She adjusted herself, bade them all good-bye, and went into the house to get her hat.

Kitty followed after her. Even Várenka now appeared quite different to her. She was not worse, but different from what she had imagined her before.

"Oh, I have not had such a laugh for a long time!" said Várenka, picking up her parasol and bag. "How dear your father is!"

Kitty was silent.

"When shall we see each other?" Várenka asked.

"Mamma wanted to call on the Petróvs. Won't you be there?" asked Kitty, with an inquisitive glance.

"I will," Várenka replied. "They are getting ready to leave, and I promised them to help them pack."

"I will be there, too."

"No, why should you?"

"Why not? Why not?" Kitty said, opening her eyes wide, and taking hold of Várenka's parasol, in order to keep her back. "No, wait, why not?"

"Well, your papa has come, and, then, they are embarrassed in your presence."

"No, you must tell me why you do not want me to be often at the Petróvs? You do not want me to! Why?"

"I did not say so," Várenka replied, calmly.

"Yes, you must tell me!"

"Shall I tell you everything?" asked Várenka.

"Everything, everything!" Kitty replied.

"There is nothing special, except that Mikhaíl Alekseyévich" (that was the artist's name) "had at first intended to leave earlier, and now he does not want to leave," Várenka said, smiling.

"Well, well?" Kitty hurried her, looking gloomily at her.

"Well, I do not know how, but Anna Pávlovna said to him that the reason he did not wish to leave was because you were here. Of course it was not proper, but this led to a quarrel between them. And you know how irritable patients are."

Kitty frowned more and more, and kept silence, and Várenka talked by herself, trying to soothe and pacify her, when she saw a gathering outburst of either tears or words, — she did not know which.

"And so it is better for you not to go — You understand, — you are not offended —"

"Serves me right, serves me right!" Kitty spoke rapidly, taking the parasol out of Várenka's hands, and looking past the eyes of her friend.

Várenka wanted to smile, as she saw the childish anger of her friend, but she was afraid she might offend her.

"How does it serve you right? I do not understand," she said.

"It serves me right, because all this was hypocrisy, because this was all made up, and not from the heart. What business have I with a stranger? And now it has turned out that I am the cause of a quarrel, and that I have done what nobody has wanted me to do. Because it is all hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy!"

"But why should one be hypocritical?" Várenka said, softly.

"Oh, how stupid, how mean! I had no business — It is all hypocrisy!" she kept saying, opening and closing the parasol.

"But for what purpose?"

"In order to appear better before people, before oneself, before God, to cheat everybody. No, now I will not again surrender myself to it! Let me be bad, but at least not false to myself, a cheat!"

"Who is a cheat?" Várenka said, reproachfully. "You speak as though —"

But Kitty was still in her fit of excitement. She did not allow Várenka to finish her sentence.

"I am not talking of you, not at all of you. You are perfection. Yes, yes, I know that you are all perfection; but what is to be done if I am bad? This would not be if I were not bad. If so, let me be such as I am, and not a hypocrite. What business have I with Anna Pávlovna! Let them live as they please, and I will live as I please. I cannot be different from what I am — It is not that, not that!"

"What is not that?" Várenka asked, in perplexity.

"It is not that. I cannot live otherwise than from my heart, and you live by rules. I have fallen in love with you simply, but you, no doubt, have taken a liking to me, in order to save me, to instruct me!"

"You are unjust," said Várenka.

"I am not saying anything about others, — I am just speaking of myself."

"Kitty!" was heard her mother's voice. "Come here and show father your corals!"

Without making peace with her friend, Kitty, with a proud look, took the corals in a box from the table and went to her mother.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you so red?" her mother and father said, in one voice.

"Nothing," she replied. "I will be back at once," and she ran back.

"She is still here!" she thought. "What shall I tell her, O Lord? What have I done? What have I said? Why did I offend her? What shall I do? What shall I tell her?" thought Kitty, stopping at the door.

Várenka, in her hat and with the parasol in her hands, was sitting at the table, looking at the spring which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Várenka, forgive me, forgive me!" Kitty whispered, going up to her. "I did not know what I was saying I —"

"Really, I did not mean to cause you grief," Várenka said, smiling.

Peace was made. But with her father's arrival, the whole world in which Kitty had lived changed for her. She did not renounce everything which she had learned, but she understood that she had been deceiving herself, thinking that she could be what she wished. She seemed to have come to her senses; she saw the whole difficulty of maintaining herself, without hypocrisy and boasting, on the height to which she wished to raise herself; besides, she felt the whole weight of this world of woe, of diseases, of the dying, in which she was living; all the efforts she had been making over herself, in order to love it all, seemed painful to her, and she wanted to get out into the fresh air, back to Russia, to Pokróvskoe, where

her sister Dolly had already gone with her children, as she had learned from a letter.

But her love for Várenka suffered no diminution. Taking leave of her, Kitty asked her to visit her in Russia.

"I will come, when you are married," said Várenka.

"I never will marry."

"Well, then, I shall never come."

"If so, I will marry just to have you there. Look out: remember your promise!" said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecy came true. Kitty returned home, to Russia, cured. She was not as free from cares and as merry as she had been, but she was calm. Her Moscow sorrows had become a reminiscence.

ANNA KARÉNIN

1873 - 1876

Parts III., IV., and V.

ANNA KARÉNIN

“Vengeance is mine, I will repay.”

PART THE THIRD

I.

SERGYÉY IVÁNOVICH KÓZNYSHÉV wanted to rest from his mental labour, and instead of going abroad, as he usually did, he arrived toward the end of May in his brother's village. According to his convictions, country life was the best. He now came to his brother's to enjoy this life. Konstantín Levín was very glad, the more so since he did not expect his brother Nikoláy during that summer. And yet, in spite of his love and respect for Sergyéy Ivánovich, Konstantín Levín was ill at ease with his brother in the country. He felt ill at ease, even annoyed, to see his brother's relation to the country.

For Konstantín Levín the country was a place of abode, that is, of joys, suffering, labour; for Sergyéy Ivánovich the country was, on the one hand, a relaxation from labour, and, on the other, a useful antidote to corruption, and he took it with pleasure and with the consciousness of its usefulness. For Konstantín Levín the country had this good in it, that it was a field for unquestionably useful labour; for Sergyéy Ivánovich the

country was particularly good because there it was possible and necessary to do nothing. Besides, Sergyéy Ivánovich's relation to the people annoyed Konstantín. Sergyéy Ivánovich said that he loved and knew the masses, frequently conversed with the peasants, which he could do well, without feigning and pretending, and from every such chat deduced general data in favour of the masses, and in proof of his knowing the people. Such a relation to the masses did not please Konstantín Levín.

For Konstantín the masses were only the chief participants in the general labour, and, in spite of all the respect and, as it were, blood love for the peasant, imbibed by him, as he himself said, no doubt with the milk of his peasant nurse, he, as a participant with them in the common labour, now and then went into ecstasy over the strength, meekness, and justice of these men, and often again, when in the common affair other qualities were needed, flew into a fury at the masses for their recklessness, sloth, drunkenness, and lying. If Konstantín Levín had been asked whether he loved the people, he would have been at a loss how to answer the question. He loved and disliked the masses, just as any other people. Of course, being a good man, he liked more people than he disliked, and so it was with the masses. But he was unable to love or dislike the masses as something by itself, because he not only lived with the masses, and not only were all his interests connected with them, but he even regarded himself as a part of the masses, saw in himself and in the masses no especial virtues or defects, and could not put himself up against the masses. Besides, although he had for a long time lived in the closest relations with the peasants, as a master and rural judge, and, above all, as an adviser (the peasants trusted him and came from a distance of forty versts to get his advice), he had no definite opinion about the masses, and in response to the question whether he knew them, he would

have been as much at a loss to answer as to the question whether he loved them. For him to say that he knew the masses would be the same as saying that he knew individual men. He had been all the time observing and meeting all sorts of people, among them individual peasants, whom he considered good, interesting people, and all the time noticed in them new features, changed his old judgments about them, and formed new ones.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, on the contrary, just as he liked and praised country life in contradistinction to the one he did not like, even so he loved the masses in contradistinction to that class of people which he did not like, and even so he knew them as something different from people in general. In his methodical mind there were clear conceptions of the definite forms of the popular life, deduced partly from the popular life itself, but mainly from the contrast. He never changed his opinion about the masses and his sympathetic relation to them.

In any difference of opinion that arose in the judgment of the brothers about the masses, Sergyéy Ivánovich always vanquished his brother, even because Sergyéy Ivánovich had definite conceptions about them, their character, qualities, and tastes; while Konstantín Levín had no definite and unchangeable view, so that in their discussions Konstantín was continually caught contradicting himself.

To Sergyéy Ivánovich, his younger brother was a fine fellow, with a *well placed* heart (as he expressed it in French), but with a mind which, though sufficiently alert, was none the less subject to the impressions of the minute and therefore full of contradictions. With the condescension of an elder brother he now and then explained to him the meaning of things, but could find no pleasure in disputing with him, because he beat him too easily.

Konstantín Levín looked at his brother as at a man

of enormous intellect and culture, noble in the highest sense of the word, and endowed with the ability to be active for the common good. But in the depth of his soul, the older he grew and the more intimately he became acquainted with his brother, the oftener and oftener did it occur to him that this ability to be active for the common good, of which he felt himself absolutely deprived, might after all be not a virtue, but a lack of something, — not a lack of good, honest, noble desires and tastes, but a lack of the vital power, that which is called heart, that striving which causes a man from all the endless paths of life that present themselves to him to choose one and wish for that one. The more he knew his brother, the more he observed that Sergyéy Ivánovich, like many others who were working for the common good, had not been led by his heart to this love of the common good, but had by reasoning arrived at the fact that it was good to attend to this matter, and so busied himself with it. Levín was confirmed in this supposition of his by the observation that his brother took the questions of the common good and of the immortality of the soul no more to heart than a game of chess or the ingenious structure of a new machine.

Besides, Konstantín Levín felt ill at ease with his brother in the country, because in the country, especially in the summer, he was constantly occupied with farm matters, and the long summer day did not suffice for him to accomplish all that was necessary, while Sergyéy Ivánovich rested himself. But, though he rested now, that is, did not work on his book, he was so used to mental activity that he was fond of uttering the thoughts that occurred to him in a beautiful, compact form, and wanted to be heard; but the most general and natural hearer was his brother. Therefore, despite the friendly simplicity of their relations, Konstantín felt embarrassed to leave him alone. Sergyéy Ivánovich was fond of

lying down in the grass to bask in the sun and talk lazily.

"You will not believe," he said to his brother, "what enjoyment I derive from this Ukrainian indolence. There is not an idea in the head, as though it were swept clean."

But it was tiresome for Konstantín Levín to sit and listen, especially since he knew that without him the manure would be hauled on the unplatted field and would be heaped up God knew how, if he did not watch it; and the coulter ploughs would not be screwed on to the ploughs, but would be taken down, and then they would say that coulter ploughs were a foolish device that could not compare with the old-fashioned wooden ploughs, and so forth.

"You have had enough walking in the sun," Sergyéy Ivánovich would say to him.

"I have just to run to the office for a minute," Levín would answer, running into the field.

II.

IN the first days of June, nurse and stewardess Agáfya Mikháylovna, who was taking a jar of newly pickled mushrooms to the cellar, happened to slip and fall, whereat she wrenched her wrist. There arrived the young, talkative county physician, who was just fresh from the university. He examined the hand and said that it was not wrenched; he enjoyed a talk with the famous Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév and, to show his enlightened view of things, told him all the county gossip and complained of the bad state of the County Council. Sergyéy Ivánovich listened attentively and asked him questions, and, incited by the new hearer, himself began to talk. He enunciated a few pertinent and weighty remarks, which were respectfully appreciated by the young doctor, and came into the animated frame of mind which was so familiar to his brother, and into which he generally came after a brilliant and animated conversation. After the doctor's departure, he wanted to go to the river with a fishing-rod. Sergyéy Ivánovich was fond of fishing and seemed to be proud of liking such a foolish occupation.

Konstantín Levín, who had to go to the tillage and the meadows, offered himself to take his brother down in a cabriolet.

It was that time of the year, in the height of summer, when the crops of the year are defined; when the cares for the next year's sowing have begun, and the mowing is

at hand ; when the rye is all headed and, grayish green, waves in the wind with light, unfilled ears ; when the green oats, with the tufts of yellow grass scattered among them, unevenly mature over the late fields ; when the early buckwheat is already in the seed, concealing the ground ; when the fallows which the cattle have tramped into a rocky mass, with the paths left through them, which the plough does not take, are half-ploughed up ; when the drying manure heaps in the fields smell at day-break and at evening twilight together with the honeyed grass, and in the lowlands, awaiting the scythe, stands a solid sea of well-kept meadows, with the black heaps of the weeded sorrel.

It was that time when in the field labour there comes a short period of rest before the beginning of the annually repeated harvest which annually calls forth all the strength of the masses. The crops were in excellent condition, and the summer days were clear and warm, and the nights short and fresh with dew.

The brothers had to travel through the forest to get to the meadows. Sergyéy Ivánovich all the time admired the beauty of the rank-leaved forest, indicating to his brother now an old linden, dusky from the shady side, agleam with its yellow stipules, and ready to flower, and now the emerald tree shoots of the present year. Konstantín Levín did not like to talk or hear about the beauty of Nature. Words for him detracted from the beauty of what he saw. He assented to what his brother was saying, but involuntarily began to think of something else. As they emerged from the forest, all his attention was absorbed in the contemplation of a fallow field on a mound, which here was yellowed with grass, here rutted in squares, here heaped in knolls, and here even ploughed up. Long files of carts travelled over the field. Levín counted them and was satisfied to find that everything necessary was being hauled out, and, at the sight of the meadows, his thoughts

were transferred to the question of the mowing. Driving up to the meadow, Levín stopped his horse.

The morning dew was still nestling on the dense undergrowth of the grass, and Sergyéy Ivánovich, to avoid wetting his feet, asked his brother to take him in the cabriolet to the willow bush near which perches bit well. Though Konstantín Levín hated to crush his grass, he drove on the meadow. The high grass softly wound about the wheels and about the legs of the horse, leaving its seeds on the spokes and hubs.

His brother sat down beneath the bush and began to straighten out the line, while Levín took the horse a short distance away. He tied it up and walked into the illimitable, grayish-green, becalmed sea of the meadow. In the wet places the silky, ripening grass reached almost to the waist.

Levín crossed the meadow and came out on the road, where he met an old man with a swollen eye, who was carrying a swarm-basket with bees.

"Well, did you catch any, Fomích?" he asked.

"Indeed not, Konstantín Dmítrievich! I am glad to have kept my own. The mash fermented for the second time — Luckily the boys came up in time. They are ploughing at home. They unhitched the horse and rode up —"

"What do you think, Fomích, — shall I mow, or wait?"

"Well, we generally wait to St. Peter's Day; but you always mow earlier. Well, God willing, the grass is fine. There will be some pasturage for the cattle."

"And what do you think about the weather?"

"That is God's affair. Maybe the weather will be all right."

Levín walked back to his brother.

The fish did not bite. But Sergyéy Ivánovich did not feel dull and seemed to be in the happiest of moods.

Levín saw that, having been stirred up by the doctor, he wanted to talk; but Levín wanted to get home as soon as possible, in order to make the proper arrangement about taking the mowers out on the next day, and to decide his doubt about the mowing, which troubled him very much.

“Well, let us go!” he said.

“What is the use in hurrying? Let us sit here awhile. How drenched you are! The fish do not bite, but it is nice here. Every sport is nice because you have to deal with Nature. How charming this steely water is!” he said. “These meadow banks always remind me of a riddle,” he continued, “do you know it? The grass says to the water: ‘And we will sway to and fro, sway to and fro.’”

“I do not know this riddle,” Levín replied, gloomily.

III.

"Do you know, I have been thinking of you," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "It is shameful what they are doing in your county, as the doctor has been telling me; he is not at all a stupid fellow. I have been telling you, and I tell you now: it is not good that you do not attend the meetings and that you, in general, keep away from the County Council. If decent people will keep away from it, — everything will naturally go God knows how. We pay out money which goes for salaries, and yet we have neither schools, nor medical assistants, nor midwives, nor apothecary shops, nor anything else."

"I have tried," Levín said, softly and reluctantly, "I cannot, so what is to be done?"

"What is it you cannot? I positively fail to understand it. Indifference, inability, I do not admit; could it really be indolence?"

"Neither the one, nor the other, nor the third. I have tried, and I see that I cannot do anything," said Levín.

He did not pay much attention to what his brother was saying. He was looking beyond the river at a tilled field, where he could make out a black spot; he could not tell whether it was a horse, or his clerk on horseback.

"Why can you not do anything? You have made an attempt, and it did not turn out as you wanted it, and so you surrender. How can you do without ambition?"

"Ambition," said Levín, touched to the quick by his brother's words, "I do not understand. If I had been told

at the university that others understood integral calculus and I did not, there would have been a case for ambition. But here a man has first to be convinced that it is necessary to have a special ability for these things, and, above all, that all these things are very important."

"What, this is not important?" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, touched to the quick because his brother regarded as unimportant that which interested him, and, more especially, because he hardly seemed to be listening to him.

"It does not seem important to me; it does not rouse me, so what will you do about it?" replied Levín, having made out that what he saw was the clerk, and that the clerk had, no doubt, dismissed the peasants from the ploughing. They were turning over their ploughs. "Is it possible they are through ploughing?" he thought.

"Listen, really," his elder brother said, with a frown on his handsome, intelligent face, "there are limits to everything. It is all very nice to be an odd and frank man, and not to be fond of falsehood,—I understand it all; but what you say has either no sense or a very bad sense. How is it that you find unimportant the fact that the masses whom you love, as you assure me —"

"I have never assured," thought Konstantín Levín.

"—are dying without receiving any assistance? Coarse midwives kill the children, and the masses grow up in stark ignorance and remain in the power of every scribe, and you are given the means for aiding them, and you do not aid them because, in your opinion, this is not important."

And Sergyéy Ivánovich placed a dilemma before him: "Either you are so undeveloped that you cannot see what you can do, or you do not wish to forfeit your peace, ambition, and I know not what, in order to do this."

Konstantín Levín felt that all he could do was to surrender, or to acknowledge that he lacked love for the common good. And this offended and grieved him.

"Both," he said, with determination. "I do not see how it is possible —"

"What? It is not possible, by properly investing the money, to furnish medical assistance?"

"It is impossible, as it seems to me. Over the four thousand square versts of our county, with our thaws, snow-storms, and working season, I see no possibility of furnishing medical assistance everywhere. And, besides, I do not believe in medicine."

"Excuse me, that is not just. I will give you a thousand examples. Well, and schools?"

"What are the schools for?"

"What are you saying? Can there be any doubt about the usefulness of education? If it is good for you, it is good for everybody."

Konstantín Levín felt himself morally pinned to the wall, and so grew excited and involuntarily expressed the chief cause of his indifference to the common good.

"All this may be very well; but why should I bother myself about establishing medical centres, which I never make use of, and schools, whither I will not send my children, and whither the peasants do not wish to send theirs, and whither I am not yet firmly convinced that they ought to be sent?" he said.

Sergyéy Ivánovich was for a moment surprised to hear this unexpected view of things; but he immediately formed a new plan of attack.

He was silent for awhile, pulled out one rod, threw the line into another place, and, smiling, turned to his brother.

"You must excuse me. In the first place, the medical centre has done you some good. We had to send for the county doctor to look after Agáfyá Mikháylovna."

"Well, I think that her hand will remain crooked."

"That is still a question. Then again, a literate peasant and labourer is more useful and valuable to you."

"No, you may ask whom you please," Konstantín Levín

replied, with firmness, "a literate man, as a labourer, is much worse. You can't mend the roads with him, and if he builds a bridge, he steals the material."

"However," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with a frown, disliking contradictions, especially such as kept jumping from one subject to another, and disconnectedly introduced new proofs, so that it became impossible to tell to what to reply, "however, this is a different matter. Excuse me: do you acknowledge that education is good for the people?"

"I do," said Levín. He immediately thought that he had said something different from what he believed. He felt that, from his admitting this, it would be proved to him that he was talking nonsense. He did not know how this would be proved to him, but he knew that this would be proved to him logically, and he waited for this proof.

The proof was much simpler than Konstantín Levín had expected it to be.

"If you acknowledge it to be good," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "you, as an honest man, cannot fail to love this matter and sympathize with it, and, therefore, to wish to work for it."

"But I do not yet acknowledge it to be good," Konstantín Levín said, blushing.

"What? You just said —"

"That is, I do not recognize it either as good or as possible."

"That you cannot know, having made no effort."

"Well, let us suppose," said Levín, although he did not at all suppose it, "let us suppose that it is so; I still fail to see why I should bother myself about it."

"How is that?"

"Well, since we have gone so far in our conversation, explain it to me from the philosophical point of view," said Levín.

"I cannot understand what philosophy has to do with

it," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, in a tone which to Levín seemed to imply that he did not recognize his brother's right to talk philosophy. And this irritated Levín.

"This!" he said, excitedly. "I believe that the prime mover of all our actions is, after all, our personal happiness. Now, in the institutions of the County Council, I, as a nobleman, see nothing which might conduce to my well-being. The roads are no better, and cannot be better; the horses take me over bad roads as well. I need no doctors and no medical centres. I need no justice of the peace, — I never turn to him, and never will. I not only need no schools, but regard them even as harmful, as I have told you. For me the establishments of the County Council are merely the obligation to pay eighteen kopeks for each desyatína, to journey to town, to sleep with bed-bugs, and to listen to all kind of nonsense and trash, — but my personal interest does not incite me."

"Excuse me," Sergyéy Ivánovich interrupted him, with a smile, "it was not personal interest that incited us to work for the emancipation of the peasants, and yet we worked."

"No," Konstantín interrupted him, getting more and more excited. "The emancipation of the peasants was a different matter. There was a personal interest connected with it. We wanted to throw off the yoke which was crushing us, all good people. But to be a member of the Council, to discuss how many privy cleaners are needed, and how the pipes are to be laid in town, where I do not live, and to be a juryman and sit in judgment over a peasant who has stolen a ham, and for six hours listen to every kind of nonsense rattled off by the defence and by the prosecuting attorneys, and to the presiding judge asking my old peasant Aléshka, the fool, 'Defendant, do you confess to the fact of the appropriation of the ham?' — 'Eh?'"

Konstantín Levín was carried away and began to repre-

sent the presiding judge and Aléshka the fool; it seemed to him that that was part of his argument.

But Sergyéy Ivánovich shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, what do you wish to say?"

"All I want to say is that all the rights which touch me — my interests — I shall always defend with all my power; that, when the gendarmes used to make a domiciliary search at the houses of us students, reading our letters, I was ready with all my power to defend my rights of education and of freedom. I understand military service, which touches the fate of my children, my brothers, and myself, and I am ready to discuss that which touches me; but to discuss how to distribute forty thousand of the county's money, or to sit in judgment over Aléshka the fool, I do not understand, and never shall understand."

Konstantín Levín talked as though the dam of his words had broken. Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled.

"To-morrow you may be under trial: well, would you prefer to be tried in the old criminal court?"

"I shall not be under trial. I shall not cut anybody's throat, and I do not need it. Come now!" he continued, jumping over to something quite irrelevant, "our county institutions and all that are like the little birches which we stuck up, as on Whitsunday, that they might look like a forest that has grown up in Europe, and I am not able with my heart to water them and to believe in these birches."

Sergyéy Ivánovich only shrugged his shoulders, to express with this gesture surprise at the birches which had suddenly made their appearance in their discussion, though he saw at once what his brother meant to say by them.

"Excuse me, but that is not the way to discuss," he remarked. But Konstantín Levín wanted to justify his defect, — his indifference to the common good, of which he was conscious, and so he continued:

"I think," said he, "that no activity can be durable if it has not personal interest for its basis. This is a general, a philosophical truth," he said, with determination repeating the word "philosophical," as though wishing to show that he, too, had a right, like anybody else, to talk of philosophy.

Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled once more. "He, too, has a philosophy of his own in the service of his inclinations," he thought.

"You had better leave philosophy alone!" he said. "The chief problem of the philosophy of all the ages has consisted in finding that very connection which exists between personal interests and the common good. But that has nothing to do with the question; but what is to the point is that I must correct your comparison. The birches are not stuck up, but some of them are set out, and some are planted, and they have to be taken care of. Only those nations have a future, only those nations may be called historical, which have feeling for what is important and significant in their institutions, and which esteem them."

And Sergyéy Ivánovich transferred the question into the philosophico-historical sphere, which was inaccessible to Levín, and showed him the whole injustice of his view.

"As to your not liking it, you will pardon me for saying so,—that is our Russian indolence and seigneurial bearing, and I am convinced that in you it is a temporary aberration which will pass."

Konstantín was silent. He felt that he was completely beaten; at the same time he felt that what he had intended to say had not been understood by his brother. What he did not know was why it had not been understood, whether because he had been unable to express clearly what he meant to convey, or because his brother did not want to, or could not, understand him.

But he did not dwell on these thoughts, and, without retorting to his brother, began to think of an entirely different, personal matter.

Sergyéy Ivánovich wound up his last fishing-line and untied the horse, and they drove home.

IV.

THE personal matter, which had interested Levín during his chat with his brother, was the following: the year before he had one day come out to the mowing and, getting angry at the clerk, had employed his means for calming himself down,—he had taken a scythe from a peasant and had started mowing himself.

He took such a liking to this work that he went out to mow several times; he mowed the whole meadow in front of his house, and during the spring of this last year had formed the plan of going out to mow for days at a time by the side of the peasants. Since the arrival of his brother he had been in doubt whether he had better go out to mow, or not. He felt it improper to leave his brother for days at a time, and he was afraid that his brother would make fun of him for it. But, as he had walked over the meadow, he had recalled the impressions received from the mowing, and he had almost decided that he would mow. After the irritating conversation with his brother, he again recalled his intention.

“I need physical motion, or else my character will positively deteriorate,” he thought, and so he decided that he would mow, no matter how awkward he should feel before his brother and before the peasants.

In the evening Konstantín Levín went to the office, made his arrangements about the work, and sent word to the villages to call out the mowers for the following day, as the Viburnum Meadow, the largest and the most beautiful, was to be mowed.

"Be sure and send my scythe to Tit, to get it in shape, and have it brought out to-morrow, if you please; I shall probably be mowing myself," he said, trying not to become confused.

The clerk smiled and said :

"Yes, sir."

In the evening, at tea, he told his brother about it.

"It looks as though the weather is settled," he said.

"To-morrow I begin mowing."

"I am very fond of this work," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"I am passionately fond of it. I have mowed with the peasants, and to-morrow I intend mowing the whole day."

Sergyéy Ivánovich raised his head and looked with curiosity at his brother.

"How is that? With the peasants, the whole day?"

"Yes. It is very pleasant work," said Levín.

"It is nice as physical exercise, but you will hardly be able to stand it," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, without the least sign of sarcasm.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard, but later you get accustomed to it. I think I shall not fall behind."

"Indeed! Tell me, how do the peasants look upon it? No doubt they make fun of their master's oddity."

"No, I think not; but it is such merry and, at the same time, such difficult work that there is no time left for thinking."

"How are you going to dine with them? Of course, it would be awkward to send you Lafitte and roast turkey there."

"Not at all; when they rest, I shall drive home."

On the next morning Konstantín Levín got up earlier than usual, but farm matters retained him, and when he arrived at the mowing, the mowers were already taking the second swath.

Even while he was on the hill, he saw at its foot the shady, mowed part of the meadow, with the gray rows

and the black heaps of caftans, which the mowers had doffed where they had started on the first swath.

In proportion as he approached, he saw more distinctly the outstretched line of peasants, walking behind one another and variously swinging their scythes, some of them wearing their caftans, and others in nothing but their shirts. He counted forty-two men.

They moved slowly over the uneven swale, where there used to be a dam. A few of his own men Levín recognized. Here was old man Ermíl, in a very long white shirt, bending over and swaying his scythe; here was the young lad Váska, Levín's former coachman, who came swooping down with his scythe. Here was also Tit, Levín's mowing tutor, a small, lean peasant. He advanced with his face forward, without bending, cutting down his broad swath, as though playing with his scythe.

Levín dismounted and, having tied his horse near the road, walked down to Tit, who from behind a bush fetched out a second scythe, which he handed to him.

"She is all right, sir: she shaves and mows herself," said Tit, taking off his cap with a smile, and giving him the scythe.

Levín took the scythe and began to aim with it. The perspiring, merry mowers, having ended their rows, came, one after another, out on the road and, laughing, greeted the master. They were all looking at him, but not one of them said anything until a tall old man, with a wrinkled and beardless face, wearing a sheepskin blouse, coming out into the road, addressed him:

"Look out, sir, you have taken hold of the rope, so stick to it!" he said, and Levín heard a suppressed laugh among the mowers.

"I will try not to fall behind," he said, taking up his position behind Tit, and waiting for the time to begin.

"Look out," repeated the old man.

Tit made a place for him, and he followed him. The

grass was low, being by the road, and Levín, who had not mowed for a long time, and was embarrassed by the glances which were directed at him, at first mowed badly, though he swung the scythe with all his might. Behind him were heard the voices :

“ It is not well fitted ; the snath is too high ; see how it makes him bend ! ” said one.

“ Press down with the snath end, ” said another.

“ It’s all right ; it’s going nicely, ” continued the old man. “ See him go — you are taking too broad a swath, — you will wear yourself out — The master is trying hard for himself ! Just look at the grass ridge ! How we used to get it over our backs for such things ! ”

The grass grew softer, and Levín listened, without answering, and walked behind Tit, trying to mow as well as he could. They walked about a hundred paces. Tit walked on without stopping, and showing no fatigue whatever ; but Levín began to feel terribly at the thought that he should not hold out, so tired was he.

He felt that he was swinging the scythe with his last strength, and decided to ask Tit to stop. But just then Tit stopped of his own accord : he bent down, picked up some grass, wiped off his scythe-blade, and began to whet it. Levín pulled himself together and, drawing a deep breath, looked around. Behind him a peasant was walking ; he, too, was evidently tired, because, just before reaching Levín, he stopped and began to whet. Tit whetted his blade and that of Levín, and they went on.

The same happened with the second attempt. Tit walked swing after swing, without stopping and without getting tired. Levín followed him, trying not to fall behind, and it was getting harder and harder for him : a moment arrived when he felt that he had no strength left, but just then Tit stopped to whet.

Thus they went through the first row. This long row seemed particularly hard to Levín ; but when it was

ended, and Tit, shouldering his scythe, began with slow steps to walk over the tracks left by his heels in his swath, and Levín walked in the same manner over his swath, he was happy, although the perspiration came down his face in streams and dropped off his nose, and his whole back was as wet as though it had been drenched in water. What made him especially happy was that he knew for certain now that he should hold out.

His pleasure was spoiled only by the fact that his row was not good. "I will swing less with my arm, and more with my body," he thought, as he compared Tit's straight-lined swath with his scattered and uneven row.

Levín noticed that Tit had walked the first row very fast, no doubt wishing to test the master, and the row happened to be a long one. The following rows were easier, but Levín was none the less compelled to strain all his strength in order not to fall behind the peasants.

He was thinking of nothing, wishing for nothing, except that he might not fall behind the peasants and that he might do his work well. He heard only the clang of the blades, and saw before him Tit's advancing straight figure, the semicircle of the swath, the slowly bending, wavy grass, and the tops of the flowers near the scythe-blade, and in front of him the end of the row, where the rest would come.

Without becoming conscious what it was or whence it came, he in the middle of his work suddenly experienced a pleasant sensation of coolness over his warm, perspiring shoulders. He looked at the sky during the whetting of his scythe. A low, heavy cloud overcast the sky, and it was raining in large drops. Some of the peasants went for their caftans, which they put on; others, like Levín, only joyfully shrugged their shoulders under the pleasant and refreshing rain.

They passed another row, and still another. There came long and short rows, with good and with bad grass.



The harvester's breakfast.

Levín lost all consciousness of time and positively did not know whether it was early or late. In his work now took place a change which afforded him great pleasure. In the middle of his work he was assailed by moments during which he forgot what he was doing and he felt well, and then his row was almost as even and as good as Tit's. But the moment he recalled what he was doing and tried to do better, he experienced the whole weight of his labour, and the row turned out bad.

Having made one more row he wanted to start in again, but Tit stopped and went up to an old man, to whom he said something in a soft voice. They both looked at the sun. "What are they talking about, and why do they not start in a new row?" thought Levín. It did not occur to him that the peasants had been mowing not less than four hours in succession, and that it was time for them to eat their breakfast.

"Breakfast, master," said the old man.

"Is it already time for it? Very well, let it be breakfast."

Levín gave his scythe to Tit and, with the peasants who went to their caftans for bread, went to his horse over the rain-besprinkled rows of the long, mowed expanse. It was only then that it occurred to him that he had not guessed the weather right, and that the rain had drenched his hay.

"It will spoil the hay," he said.

"Never mind, sir! Mow in rain, rake up in good weather!" said the old man.

Levín untied his horse and rode home to drink coffee.

Sergyéy Ivánovich had just gotten up. Having drunk his coffee, Levín rode back to the meadow, before Sergyéy Ivánovich had time to dress himself and come out to the dining-room.

V.

AFTER breakfast, Levín's row was no longer in the former place, but between a jesting old man, who invited him to be his neighbour, and a young peasant, who had been married the autumn before, and with whom this was the first summer of his mowing.

The old man held himself erect, walking ahead, evenly and broadly placing his out-toeing feet, and with a precise and even motion, which evidently cost him no more labour than the swinging of his arms in walking, as though playing, laid low the straight, tall rows. It was as though he had nothing to do with it, but as though the sharp scythe all by itself swished over the lush grass.

Behind Levín walked young Míshka. His sweet, youthful face, with its hair tied into a knot by a rope of fresh grass, was labouring under painful effort; but the moment any one looked at him, he smiled. He evidently was prepared to die sooner than to acknowledge that it was hard for him.

Levín walked between them. In the greatest heat the mowing did not seem so hard to him. The perspiration which drenched him cooled him off, and the sun, which burned his back, his head, and his arm, on which the sleeve was rolled up as far as the elbow, gave him strength and persistency in his work; and oftener and oftener came those moments of his unconscious state when it was possible not to think of what he was doing. The scythe mowed of its own accord. Those were blissful moments. Still more enjoyable were those minutes when, upon

reaching the river, against which the rows abutted, the old man wiped his scythe with the wet, thick grass, washed the blade in the fresh water of the river, filled his dipper, and treated Levín to a drink.

"Have some of my kvas! Eh, good?" he said, with a wink.

And indeed, Levín had never drunk such a beverage, as this warm water with the swimming ooze and the rusty taste from the tin dipper. And immediately after came the blissful, slow walk, with the scythe in his hand, during which he could wipe off the perspiration which came down in streams, breathe with full lungs, and survey the extended line of the mowers, and what was going on all about him, in the forest and in the field.

The longer Levín kept mowing, the more frequently did he feel those moments of oblivion, when not the hands waved the scythe, but the scythe itself moved along the whole self-conscious body which was full of life, and, as though by magic, without giving it a thought, the regular and distinct work proceeded of its own accord. Those were the most blissful moments.

It grew hard only when it was necessary to put a stop to this motion which had become unconscious, and to think; when it was necessary to mow around a tuft or an unweeded sorrel bed. The old man did this with ease. When a tuft came, he changed the motion, and now with the blade-point, and now with the snath-end, mowed around the tuft in short jerks. And doing this, he observed and examined everything which was before him: now he plucked a gladiolus, which he ate himself or gave to Levín; now he threw a branch away with the blade-point; now he examined a quail's nest, out of which the mother bird flew out underneath the very scythe; now he caught a snake in his swath and, raising it with his scythe as with a fork, he showed it to Levín and threw it away again.

To Levín and to the young fellow behind him these

changes of motion were hard. Both of them, having once fallen into intensified motion, were in full blast of work and unable to change this motion and at the same time to observe what was before them.

Levín did not notice how the time passed. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have said that it was half an hour, though it was nearing mid-day. Walking back to a new row, the old man directed Levín's attention to boys and girls, who, barely visible, were coming toward the mowers through the high grass and along the road, carrying bundles with bread and rag-stoppered kvas pitchers, which weighed their tiny hands down.

"I declare, the ladybugs are crawling up!" he said, pointing to them, and, shielding his eyes, he looked at the sun.

They passed two more rows, and then they stopped.

"Well, sir, now it is time to eat dinner!" he said, in a determined voice. And, upon reaching the river, the mowers crossed the rows toward their 'caftans, where, waiting for them, sat the children who had brought their dinner. The peasants assembled, — the more distant ones under the carts, the nearer ones under a willow bush, over which they threw some grass.

Levín sat down with them; he did not feel like riding away.

Every embarrassment in the presence of the master had disappeared long ago. The peasants were getting ready to dine. Some were washing themselves; the young children swam in the river; others prepared a place for rest, untied their bread wallets, and took the stoppers out of their kvas pitchers. The old man crumbed his bread into a bowl, crushed it with his spoon handle, poured into it water from his dipper, cut up some more bread, and, pouring some salt into it, began to pray to the east.

"Well, sir, have some of my pap," he said, kneeling down before his bowl.

The pap was so savoury that Levín would not go home to dinner. He dined with the old man and started to talk with him about his domestic affairs, in which he took a very lively interest, and communicated to him all his affairs and circumstances which could interest the old man. He felt himself nearer to him than to his brother, and involuntarily smiled at the tenderness which he experienced for this man. When the old man again got up, prayed, and lay down under the bush, putting some grass under his head, Levín did likewise, and, in spite of the pestering flies and bugs which whirled about in the sun and tickled his perspiring face, he immediately fell asleep and awoke only when the sun had gone over on the other side of the bush and was beginning to get at him. The old man had been awake for quite awhile and was sitting up and getting into shape the scythes of the young lads.

Levín looked around him and did not recognize the place: everything had changed so. An enormous extent of the meadow was mown down and was shining with a special, new splendour, with its already fragrant rows, in the slanting rays of the evening sun. And the cleared bushes at the river, and the river itself, invisible before, and now sparkling with its steel at the bends, and the moving and rising people, and the straight grass wall of the unmown part of the meadow, and the hawks circling over the bared meadow, — all that was absolutely new. Shaking off his sleep, Levín began to consider how much had been mowed already, and how much more could be mowed on that day.

An unusually large amount of space had been covered by the forty-two men.

The whole large meadow, which under manorial labour was mowed by thirty scythes in two days, was already mowed now. What was left to do was only the corners

with short rows. But Levín wanted to mow as much as possible on that day, and he was vexed at the sun's setting so soon. He felt no fatigue; he only wanted to work faster and faster and as much as possible.

"Well, do you think we shall have time to mow Lady's-mantle Knoll?" he asked the old man.

"As God may wish. The sun is not high. Perhaps, if you promised a little vódka to the boys."

During the afternoon rest, when all sat down and those who smoked lighted their pipes, the old man announced to the lads, "Mow Lady's-mantle Knoll and there will be some vódka."

"Why not? Get up, Tit! We will go at it in lively fashion! You will have time to eat in the evening. Start now!" voices were heard, and, finishing their pieces of bread, the mowers started on new rows.

"Well, boys, look out!" said Tit, starting almost at a gallop in front of all.

"Go on, go on!" said the old man, hurrying after him and easily catching up with him. "Look out, I'll cut you down!"

And the young and old men seemed to have a mowing contest. But, no matter how much they hurried, they did not ruin the grass, and the rows went down as neatly and as sharply as before. The corner lot was mowed down in five minutes. The last mowers were still finishing up their rows, when the front mowers had already their caftans over their shoulders and had crossed the road toward Lady's-mantle Knoll.

The sun was already descending toward the trees, when they, tinkling with their dippers, entered the wooded ravine of Lady's-mantle Knoll. The grass was waist-high in the middle of the ravine, soft and tender and fluffy, and here and there, along the forest, bright with violets.

After a short consultation, whether they had better go

lengthwise or across, Prokhór Ermílin, also a famous mower, a huge, tawny peasant, started out. He took a row in advance, turned back, and began to work, — and all aligned themselves after him, going down-hill along the ravine, and up-hill near the very edge of the forest. The sun had sunk behind the wood. The dew was already falling. The mowers were in the sun only when they reached the summit of the mound, but below, where the mist was rising, and on the other side, they walked in the fresh, dewy shade. The work was in full blast.

The grass, which was cut down with a juicy sound, and which emitted a spicy fragrance, lay down in tall rows. The mowers, who on all sides crowded along the short rows, tinkling with their dippers and clanging with their scythes as they met, and swishing the whetstone along the blades, urged each other on with merry shouts.

Levín was still walking between the young lad and the old man. The old man, who had put on his sheepskin blouse, was just as merry, jocular, and free in his motions. In the forest they constantly came across *boleti scabri*, which were of large size in the lush grass, and these they cut down with their scythes. But the old man, upon seeing a *boletus*, each time bent down, picked it up, and put it into his bosom. "Another present for the old woman," he said each time.

However easy it was to cut the soft, weak grass, it was hard to descend and mount the steep slopes of the ravine. But this did not incommode the old man. Swaying his scythe as before, he, with the short, firm steps of his feet, which were clad in huge bast shoes, slowly climbed the steep hill and, though his whole body shook, and the bagging drawers below his shirt shook, too, he did not miss a single blade of grass, nor a single mushroom, and continued to jest with the peasants and with Levín. Levín followed after him and often thought that he should certainly fall

as he climbed such steep hills with his scythe, where it was hard to ascend even without one; but he climbed them and did his work. He felt as though an external force were pushing him on.

VI.

LADY'S-MANTLE KNOLL was mowed down; the last rows were finished; the caftans were put on, and all went merrily home. Levín mounted his horse and, regretfully bidding the peasants good-bye, rode toward the house. When he reached the summit of the hill he looked around: the peasants could not be seen in the mist which rose in the valley; he could only hear their merry, coarse voices and laughter, and the sound of the scythes striking against each other.

Sergyéy Ivánovich had had his dinner and was drinking iced lemonade in his room, looking through the newspapers and periodicals which had just been received by mail, when Levín, with his hair matted on his brow from perspiration, and with blackened, wet back and chest, broke into his room with a joyful chatter.

"We have mowed down the whole meadow! Oh, how nice! Wonderfully so! What have you been doing?" said Levín, having entirely forgotten their unpleasant conversation of the previous day.

"O Lord, how you look!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, for a moment surveying his brother with dissatisfaction. "The door, shut the door!" he exclaimed. "I am sure you have let a dozen in."

Sergyéy Ivánovich could not bear the flies, and in his room opened the windows only at night, and carefully shut the doors.

"Upon my word, not one. And if I have let them in,

I will catch them. You would not believe me what a pleasure it is! How did you pass the day?"

"I passed it nicely. You do not mean to say you have been mowing all day? You must be as hungry as a wolf. Kuzmá has prepared everything for you."

"No, I do not feel like eating. I ate there. But I want to go to wash myself."

"Well, go, go, and I will come to see you directly," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head and looking at his brother. "Go now, go at once," he added, smiling, and, collecting his books, he got ready to go. He himself began to feel merry and did not wish to part from his brother. "Well, and where were you during the rain?"

"It was not much of a rain, — just a sprinkle. And so I will be back in a minute. So you have passed a pleasant day? That's nice." And Levín went away to dress himself.

Five minutes later the brothers met in the dining-room. Though Levín thought that he was not hungry and seated himself at the table merely not to offend Kuzmá, the dinner seemed unusually savoury to him when he began to eat. Sergyéy Ivánovich looked at him smiling.

"Oh, yes, there is a letter for you," he said. "Kuzmá, please, bring it up. And be sure that you have shut the door."

The letter was from Oblónski. Levín read it aloud. Oblónski wrote from St. Petersburg:

"I have had a letter from Dolly, — she is in Ergushóvo, and everything is going wrong there. Just drive down to Ergushóvo and give her the benefit of your advice, — you know everything. She will be so glad to see you. She is all alone, poor woman. My mother-in-law is still abroad with all of them."

"That's very nice! I will drive down by all means," said Levín. "Say, let us both go! She is such a fine woman, — don't you think so?"

"And are they far from here?"

"Some thirty versts, or maybe forty; but the road is excellent. We shall have a fine ride."

"It will give me pleasure," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, still smiling.

The sight of his younger brother directly disposed him toward merriment.

"I must say you have an appetite!" he said, looking at his dark red, sunburnt face and neck, which were bent over the plate.

"Excellent! You don't know what a useful regimen it is against all nonsense. I want to enrich medical science by a new term, and that is *Arbeitskur*."

"Well, I do not think you need it."

"No; but it is good for all kinds of nervous patients."

"Yes, we must make a test of it. I wanted to go out to the mowing to take a look at you, but the heat was so unbearable that I did not get farther than the forest. I remained there awhile and then went through the woods to the village; I met your nurse and I sounded her in respect to the opinion which the peasants hold of you. As I understand it, they do not approve of it. She said that it was not a gentleman's business. In general, I think that in the popular conception there are certain well-defined demands made on what they term a 'gentleman's' activity. They do not permit gentlemen to emerge from the frame as it has become defined in their conception."

"Perhaps; but it is a pleasure, such as I have never experienced in all my life. And there is nothing bad about it. Don't you think so?" replied Levín. "What can I do if they do not like it? However, I think it is all right. Eh?"

"As I see," continued Sergyéy Ivánovich, "you are satisfied with your day."

"Very much so. We have mowed down the whole

meadow. And I have there made the acquaintance of such a fine old man! You can't imagine how nice he is!"

"So you are satisfied with your day. I am, too. In the first place, I have solved two chess problems, one of which is just superb,—it opens with a pawn. I will show it to you. And then, I have been thinking of yesterday's conversation."

"What? Of yesterday's conversation?" said Levín, blinking blissfully, and blowing after his dinner, and failing positively to recall what that yesterday's conversation had been about.

"I find that you are partly right. Our difference consists in your making personal interest a prime mover while I assume that the interest for the common good must be shown by every man who stands on a certain level of culture. Maybe you are right in supposing that a materially interested activity would be more desirable. You are altogether too *primesautière* a nature, as the French say; you want an impassioned, energetic activity, or nothing at all."

Levín listened to his brother, and positively did not understand and did not want to understand a thing. He was only afraid lest his brother should ask him a question which would disclose the fact that he had not heard anything.

"That's it, my dear," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, touching his shoulder.

"Yes, of course. What of it? I do not insist," replied Levín, with a childish, guilty smile. "What was it we had been discussing?" he thought. "Of course, I am right, and he is right, and everything is well. But I must go to the office to leave orders." And he got up, stretching himself, and smiling.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, too, smiled.

"If you want to take a walk, let us go together," he said, loath to leave his brother, who breathed freshness

and alacrity. "Come, let us go to the office, if you have any business there."

"O Lord!" Levín exclaimed so loudly that Sergyéy Ivánovich was frightened.

"What is the matter? What?"

"How is Agáfya Mikháylovna's wrist?" asked Levín, striking his head. "I had entirely forgotten about her."

"Much better."

"But I had better run down to see her. I will be back before you have time to put on your hat."

And the heels of his boots made a noise like a rattle, as he ran down-stairs.

VII.

WHILE Stepán Arkádevich had gone to St. Petersburg to perform a most natural and necessary duty of reminding the ministry of his existence, — a duty which is so familiar to office-holders, though incomprehensible to laymen, and without which there is no possibility of serving, — and while he pleasantly and merrily passed his time at the races and in the summer resorts, having taken with him nearly all the money in the house, for the purpose of performing his duty, — Dolly went to stay with the children in the country, in order to diminish the expenses as much as possible. She went to Ergushóvo, the village of her dower, the one of which the timber had been sold in the spring, and which was about fifty versts from Levín's Pokróvskoe.

In Ergushóvo the large old mansion had long been a ruin, and the wing had been fixed up and enlarged by the prince. Some twenty years before, when Dolly was a child, the wing had been habitable and comfortable, though, like all wings, it stood sidewise toward the driveway and the south. Now this wing was old and decaying. In the spring, when Stepán Arkádevich went there to sell the timber, Dolly had asked him to examine the house and have all the necessary repairs made. Stepán Arkádevich, who, like all guilty men, was very much concerned about his wife's comforts, had himself examined the house and given the orders for what he considered to be the necessary repairs. To his thinking, it was necessary to have all the furniture covered with new cretonne,

to have the curtains hung, the garden cleaned, a bridge built near the pond, and flowers planted ; but he forgot a number of necessary things, the lack of which later wore out Dárya Aleksándrovna.

No matter how much Stepán Arkádevich tried to be a considerate father and husband, he could not bring himself to remember that he had a wife and children. He had bachelor tastes, and he arranged his life only in reference to them. Upon his return to Moscow, he proudly informed his wife that everything was ready, that the house would be a veritable toy, and that he advised her very much to go there. To Stepán Arkádevich his wife's departure for the country was in every way acceptable : it was good for the children's health, and the expenses would be cut down, and he would be freer. On the other hand, Dárya Aleksándrovna considered her stay in the country during the summer a necessity on account of the children, especially for the sake of her little girl, who could not recuperate from the scarlet fever, and also that she might escape petty humiliations and petty debts,—to the wood dealer, the fishmonger, the shoemaker,—which had been wearing her out. Besides, her departure gave her also pleasure because she hoped to induce her sister Kitty, who was to return from the watering-place in the middle of summer, and who had been ordered to take baths, to stay with her in the country. Kitty had written to her from the springs that nothing was so enticing to her as that she would pass a summer with Dolly at Ergushóvo, which was full of reminiscences of childhood for both of them.

The first part of her country life was full of tribulation for her. She had lived there in her childhood, and she had an impression that the country was a refuge from all city annoyances, and that life, though not attractive (with that Dolly would easily put up), was inexpensive and comfortable there : everything was there ; everything was

cheap; everything could be got, and the children would be happy. But now that she came into the country as a housekeeper, she saw that it was not at all as she had expected it.

On the day following their arrival there came a down-pour, and in the night the rain leaked through in the corridor and in the nursery so that the cribs had to be transferred to the drawing-room. There was no cook for the manor. Of the nine cows it turned out, according to the statement of the cow tender, that some had not yet come in, others were with their first calf, or old, or hard milkers: there was no butter and no milk even for the children. Eggs there were none. Chickens could not be procured, and they had to boil and roast old, livid-coloured, tough roosters. It was not possible to get women to wash the floors, — they were all working in the potato-fields. They could not go out driving, because one horse was restive and tugged at the shaft. There was no spot in which to bathe, because the whole river bank was tramped over by the cattle and open from the road; there was even no place for walks, because the cattle got into the garden through a broken fence, and there was one terrible bull that bellowed and, therefore, no doubt would butt. There were no closets for the clothes; such as there were could not be shut, or opened of their own accord every time somebody passed by them. They had no pots; nor was there a kettle for the laundry or an ironing-board for the maids' room.

When, instead of rest and calm, Dárya Aleksándrovna came upon what from her standpoint were terrible calamities, she at first was in despair: she was worrying all the time, felt the hopelessness of her situation, and all the time held back the tears that came to her eyes. The superintendent, an ex-sergeant-major, to whom Stepán Arkádevich had taken a liking and whom he had promoted to this dignity from the post of a porter for his handsome

and respectful looks, took no interest in Dárya Aleksándrovna's calamities, and only said, "Impossible, — they are all such a miserable lot," and gave her no assistance.

The situation seemed to be hopeless. But in the house of the Oblónskis, as in all families, there was one unnoticed but very important and useful person, namely, Márya Filimónovna. She quieted the lady, assured her that everything was *coming on* (that was her byword, and Matvyéy had taken it up from her), and herself acted without haste or agitation.

She immediately struck up an acquaintance with the clerk's wife, and on the very first day drank tea with her and her husband under the acacias, where they discussed all matters. Soon Márya Filimónovna's club was established under these trees, and here, through this club, which consisted of the clerk's wife, the village elder, and the clerk, the hardships of life were slowly removed, and in a week things actually began to *come on*. The roof was mended; a cook was procured, — she was a friend of the elder's; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden was fenced in with poles; the carpenter made a mangle; hooks were put into the closets so that they no longer opened of their own accord; and an ironing-board, wrapped in soldier cloth, was laid from the arm of a chair to a chest of drawers, and the odour of hot irons proceeded from the maids' room.

"And you have been despairing all the time," said Márya Filimónovna, pointing to the board.

They even built a bathhouse out of straw shields. Lily began to bathe, and at least part of Dárya Aleksándrovna's expectations of a comfortable, if not a calm, country existence was realized. Calm she could not be with her six children. One child grew ill; another might become ill; a third was lacking this or that; a fourth showed symptoms of a bad character, and so forth, and so forth. Short calm periods were very, very rare. But these cares

and disturbances were for her the only possible happiness. If these had not been, she would have been left alone with her thoughts of her husband who did not love her. Besides, no matter how hard the fear of impending diseases, the diseases themselves, and the sorrow at the discovery of symptoms of bad inclinations in her children were for the mother, the children themselves even now paid her with small joys for her sorrows. These joys were so trifling as to be unnoticeable, like gold in the sand, and in evil moments she saw only her grief, only the sand; but there were also good moments, when she saw nothing but joys, nothing but the gold.

Now, in the solitude of the country, she began oftener and oftener to be conscious of these joys. Frequently, as she looked at them, she made every effort to convince herself that she was under a delusion, that she was, like a mother, biassed in their favour. Still, she could not help saying to herself that she had excellent children, all six of them, each, in his or her way, such as could not easily be found, — and she was happy with them, and was proud of them.

VIII.

TOWARD the end of May, when everything was more or less in running order, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about the disorder in the country. In this letter he begged her forgiveness for not having considered everything, and promised to come at the first opportunity. This opportunity did not present itself, and up to the beginning of June Dárya Aleksándrovna lived all alone in the country.

During St. Peter's Fast, on a Sunday, Dárya Aleksándrovna took all her children to mass to receive the communion. In her intimate, philosophic chats with her sister, mother, and friends, she frequently surprised them by her free thought in matters of religion. She had her own strange religion of metempsychosis, in which she believed firmly, troubling herself little about the dogmas of the Church. But in her family she strictly carried out all the injunctions of the Church,—not merely to give an example, but with her whole soul,—and that the children had not been to communion for nearly a year troubled her very much, and so, with Márya Filimónovna's full consent and sympathy, she decided to perform this rite now, in the summer.

Dárya Aleksándrovna several days before began to think of how to dress the children. The dresses were made, altered, and washed, the tucks and hems let out, the buttons sewed on, and the ribbons all fixed. One dress, for Tánya, which the English governess undertook to make, put Dárya Aleksándrovna out of countenance.

The governess, in altering it, had made the seams in the wrong place, cut out the armholes too much, and almost ruined the dress. It pulled up at the shoulders so dreadfully that it was painful to see Tányá in it. But Márya Filimónovna suggested that it be pieced and that a pelerine be added. Matters were mended, but it almost came to a quarrel between Dárya Aleksándrovna and the governess. On the following morning, however, things were in good shape, and toward nine o'clock, — until which time the priest had been asked to wait with the mass, the dressed-up children, beaming with joy, stood at the porch, before the carriage, waiting for their mother.

By Márya Filimónovna's intervention, the clerk's Brownie was hitched to this carriage, in the place of restive Raven, and Dárya Aleksándrovna, who had been detained by the cares of her toilet, came out dressed in a white muslin robe, ready to take her seat.

Dárya Aleksándrovna had attended to her coiffure and toilet with anxiety and agitation. Formerly she used to dress herself for her own sake, in order to be pretty and please; then, the older she had grown, the more disagreeable it had become for her to dress up: she saw that she had lost her good looks; but now she again dressed with pleasure and agitation. Now she dressed herself not for her own sake, for the sake of her beauty, but in order that she, the mother of these darlings, might not spoil the general impression. And, looking for the last time into the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was pretty, not as pretty as she had been, as she had wished to be at a ball, but sufficiently pretty for the purpose which she now had in view.

In the church was nobody but the peasants, the inn-keepers and their wives. But Dárya Aleksándrovna saw, or thought she saw, the delight evoked by her children and by herself. The children were not only beautiful in their gala attire, but also in the manner in which they

bore themselves. It is true, Alésa did not stand exactly right: he kept turning around, wishing to see his blouse from behind; still, he was uncommonly sweet. Tánia stood like a grown person and watched the little folk. But the youngest, Lily, was charming with her naïve admiration of everything in front of her, and it was hard to repress a smile when, after communion, she said in English, "Please, some more!"

On their way home, the children felt that something solemn had happened and were very good.

At home, too, everything went well; but at breakfast Grísha began to whistle and, what was worse still, disobeyed the governess, — and so he was to go without cake. Dárya Aleksándrovna would not have allowed such a punishment on that day if she had been present; but it was necessary to sustain the decision of the governess, and so she confirmed her decree that Grísha would get no cake. This spoiled the general joy a little.

Grísha cried, saying that Nikólenka whistled and was not punished, and that he was not crying on account of the cake, — that was all the same to him, — but because they were unfair with him. That was too sad, and Dárya Aleksándrovna decided to have a talk with the governess in order to get Grísha pardoned, and so went to see her. But, upon passing through the parlour, she saw a scene which filled her heart with such joy that tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The punished boy was sitting in the parlour on the corner window; Tánia was standing near him with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting a dinner for her dolls, she had asked the governess's permission to take a piece of cake to the nursery, and instead had taken it to her brother. He kept eating the cake which was brought to him, complaining all the time of the unfairness of the punishment meted out to him, and said through sobs, "Eat yourself, — we will eat together — together."

Tánya had been affected at first by pity for Grísha, then by the consciousness of her virtuous deed, and in her eyes, too, stood tears; but she did not decline the cake, and ate her part of it.

When they espied their mother, they were frightened, but, as they looked at her face, they knew that they were doing right, and so they laughed and, with their mouths full of cake, began to wipe their smiling lips with their hands, smearing their beaming faces all over with their tears and with the jam.

"O Lord! The new white dress! Tánya! Grísha!" said the mother, trying to save the dress, but smiling, with tears in her eyes, a blissful, ecstatic smile.

The new dresses were taken off; blouses were put on the girls, and old jackets on the boys; the line carriage was ordered to be hitched up, again with Brownny at the shaft, to the annoyance of the clerk, in order to go out mushroom hunting and bathing. A din of ecstatic screeching arose in the nursery and did not die down to the very moment of their departure for the bath-house.

They picked a whole basket full of mushrooms; Lily even found a boletus scaber. Formerly Miss Hull used to find them and show them to her; but now she herself found a large boletus, and in a transport of joy they all called out, "Lily has found a boletus!"

Then they drove up to the river, put the horses under the birches, and went to the bath-house. Coachman Terénti, having tied to a tree the horses, who were switching off the gnats, lay down in the shade of a birch, trampling down the grass, and smoked his pipe, while the incessant merry shrieking of the children was borne to him from the bath-house.

Though it was troublesome to look after all the children and stop their friskiness, and though it was hard to remember and not get mixed up all those little stockings, pantalettes, and shoes from all the feet, and to untie and

tie up all the laces and unbutton and button all the shoes, Dárya Aleksándrovna, who herself was very fond of bathing, and who considered it useful for the children, enjoyed nothing so much as bathing with all the children. To handle all those chubby little legs, pulling on the stockings; to take the little bare bodies into her arms and throw something around them, and to hear their now joyous, now frightened shrieks; to see those breathless faces, with their open, frightened and merry eyes, those sousing little cherubim of hers, was to her a great pleasure.

When half the children had their clothes on, a number of dressed-up peasant women, who had been out picking goutwort and goat's-beard, came up to the bath-house and timidly stopped there. Márya Filimónovna called one of them up to give her a sheet and a shirt, which had fallen into the water, to hang out to dry, and Dárya Aleksándrovna began to talk with the women. At first they laughed into their hands, as they did not understand the questions, but soon they became more courageous and more voluble, and they at once bribed Dárya Aleksándrovna with the sincere admiration of the children which they expressed.

"I declare, she is a beauty, — as white as sugar," one of them said, admiring Tánya, and shaking her head. "But she is so thin —"

"Yes, she has been ill."

"I say, this one, too, has had a bath," said another, in reference to the suckling babe.

"No, this babe is only three months old," Dárya Aleksándrovna proudly replied.

"I say!"

"Have you any children?"

"I had four; there are two of them left: a boy and a girl. I weaned her last meat-eating time."

"How old is she?"

"Going on the second year."

“ Why did you nurse her so long ? ”

“ It is our custom to nurse three fasts — ”

And the conversation became most interesting for Dárya Aleksándrovna : What kind of childbirth she had ? What diseases he had had ? Where her husband was ? Whether he frequently came home ?

Dárya Aleksándrovna did not feel like going away from the women, the conversation was so interesting to her, and their interests were so entirely identical. What pleased Dárya Aleksándrovna most was that she saw that all these women more than anything else admired her for having so many children, and such nice ones. The women also amused Dárya Aleksándrovna and offended the governess because she was the cause of the laughter, which was incomprehensible to her. One of the younger women kept watching the governess, who dressed herself after the rest, and when she put on the third skirt, the woman could not keep from remarking, “ I say, she has been twisting and twisting, and can't twist it on ! ” and all burst out a-laughing.



SURROUNDED by all the bathed children with their wet heads, Dárya Aleksándrovna, with a kerchief over her hair, was approaching the house when the coachman said: "A gentleman is coming there, — I think it is the master of Pokróvskoe."

Dárya Aleksándrovna looked out of the carriage and rejoiced when she saw Levín's familiar figure, in gray hat and gray ulster, walking up toward them. She was always glad to see him, but now she was especially glad because he saw her in all her glory. No one could understand her greatness better than Levín.

As he saw her, he found himself face to face with one of the pictures of his future domestic life, as it presented itself to him.

"You are like a sitting hen, Dárya Aleksándrovna."

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said, extending her hand.

"You are glad, but did not let me know that you were here. My brother is staying with me. I had a note from Stíva that you were in the country."

"From Stíva?" Dárya Aleksándrovna asked, in surprise.

"Yes. He writes that you have come down here, and he thinks you will allow me to help you in anything you may need," said Levín. Saying this, he suddenly became embarrassed and, interrupting his speech, he continued to walk in silence beside the carriage, plucking linden shoots and biting at them. He was embarrassed at the supposition that Dárya Aleksándrovna might be annoyed to receive the aid of a stranger in matters which pertained

to her husband. Indeed, Dárya Aleksándrovna did not at all like this manner of Stepán Arkádevich of burdening strangers with his family affairs. And she saw at once that Levín understood it. It was precisely for this refinement of understanding, for this delicacy, that Dárya Aleksándrovna liked Levín.

"Of course, I understood," said Levín, "that this means only that you wanted to see me, and I am very glad of it. Of course, I imagine that you, as a city housekeeper, find things wild here, and if you need anything, I am entirely at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was inconvenient, but now everything is running all right. Thanks to my old nurse," she said, pointing to Márya Filimónovna, who understood that they were talking about her, and who was smiling a gay and friendly smile at Levín. She knew him, and knew also that he would be a good husband for the young lady, and was anxious for her to marry him.

"Take a seat here, — we will squeeze up a little," she said to him.

"No, I will walk. Children, who will run a race with me against the horses?"

The children knew Levín but little and did not remember him when they saw him, but they did not show toward him that strange feeling of bashfulness and disgust which children frequently experience before grown people who feign, and for which they frequently suffer so painfully. Feigning may deceive the cleverest and most penetrating mind; but the dullest child will discover it and turn away from it in disgust, no matter how artfully it is concealed. Whatever Levín's faults might have been, there was not a sign of hypocrisy in him, and so the children showed him the same friendliness which they discovered in their mother's face. In response to his invitation, the two elder children immediately leaped down to him and ran with him as simply as they would

have run with their nurse, with Miss Hull, or with their mother. Lily, too, begged to be let down to him, and her mother gave her in his charge. He placed her on his shoulder and ran along with her.

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, Dárya Aleksándrovna!" he said, merrily smiling at the mother, "I won't hurt or drop her."

And, looking at his agile, strong, cautious, and overstrained motions, the mother quieted down and smiled at him gaily and approvingly.

Here, in the country, with the children and sympathetic Dárya Aleksándrovna, Levín fell into that childishly merry mood which frequently came over him, and which Dárya Aleksándrovna liked so much in him. As he ran with the children, he taught them gymnastics, amused Miss Hull with his miserable English, and told Dárya Aleksándrovna about his occupations in the country.

After dinner, Dárya Aleksándrovna, sitting alone with him on the veranda, began to talk to him about Kitty.

"Do you know, Kitty will be here to pass the summer with me."

"Indeed?" he said, blushing. To change the subject, he immediately said: "So I shall send you two cows, if you wish. If you want to keep accounts, pay me five roubles a month for each cow, though you ought to be ashamed to mention it."

"No, thank you. Things are running well now."

"Well, then I will take a look at your cows, and if you permit me, I shall tell people how to feed them. The whole secret is in the feeding."

And merely in order to change the subject, Levín began to expound to Dárya Aleksándrovna the theory of the dairy business, which was that a cow was only a machine for the transformation of feed into milk, and so forth.

Though he was talking about this, he was dying to hear the details about Kitty, and at the same time was afraid

of hearing them. He felt terribly at the thought that his rest, which had been acquired by so much labour, would now be destroyed.

“Yes, but somebody has to watch it all, and who will?” Dárya Aleksándrovna replied, reluctantly.

She had now entrusted the farm to Márya Filimónovna’s care, and did not wish to disturb anything in this arrangement; besides, she had no faith in Levín’s knowledge of farming. His disquisition about a cow being only a machine for the production of milk was suspicious to her. It seemed to her that reflections of this kind could only be in the way of farming. She thought that it was all much simpler, — that it was only necessary, as Márya Filimónovna had explained to her, to give Piebald and White-Flank more feed and water, and for the cook not to carry the swill to the laundress’s cow. That was clear. But the discussion about grain and grass feeding was doubtful and indistinct. And, above all, she wanted to talk about Kitty.

X.

"KITTY writes to me that there is nothing she wishes so much as solitude and calm," said Dolly, after a silence which had ensued.

"How is her health, better?" Levín asked, in agitation.

"Thank God, she has entirely recovered. I had never any faith in her having any lung trouble."

"Oh, I am very glad!" said Levín, and something touching and helpless, Dolly thought, appeared in his face while he said this and later silently looked at her.

"Listen, Konstantín Dmítriévich," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, smiling her kindly and somewhat sarcastic smile, "why are you angry at Kitty?"

"I? I am not," said Levín.

"Yes, you are. Why did you not call on us or on them when you were in Moscow?"

"Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I am actually surprised that you with your goodness do not feel it. How can you fail to pity me since you know —"

"What do I know?"

"You know that I proposed and that I was refused," muttered Levín, and all the tenderness which a moment ago he had felt for Kitty was changed in his soul for a feeling of malice on account of the insult.

"What makes you think that I knew it?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"Now this time you are mistaken; I did not know it, though I surmised it."

"Ah! Then you know now."

"All I knew was that there was something which tormented her dreadfully, and that she asked me never to speak of it. And if she has not told me, she has not told anybody. Tell me, what was there between you?"

"I have told you what there was."

"When?"

"When I called on you the last time."

"Do you know what I will tell you," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, "I am dreadfully, dreadfully sorry for her. You are suffering only from injured pride —"

"Perhaps," said Levín, "but —"

She interrupted him.

"But I am dreadfully sorry for her, poor girl. Now I understand everything."

"Dárya Aleksándrovna, you must excuse me," he said, getting up. "Good-bye, Dárya Aleksándrovna, good-bye!"

"No, wait!" she said, seizing his sleeve. "Wait, sit down!"

"Please, please, let us not talk of this!" he said, sitting down, and feeling at the same time that the hope which he had thought buried rose and stirred in his heart.

"If I did not like you," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, with the tears appearing in her eyes, "if I did not know you as I do —"

The feeling which Levín had thought dead came more and more to life, rose up, and took possession of his heart.

"Yes, I now understand everything," continued Dárya Aleksándrovna. "You cannot understand it; to you men, who are free and who make the choice, it is always clear whom you love. But a girl in the attitude of expectancy, with her feminine, maidenly bashfulness, a girl who sees you men at a distance and believes everything which is said to her, may be in such a predicament that she does not know what to say."

"Yes, if the heart does not tell —"

"The heart does tell, but just think: you men have intentions on a girl; you call on her, become acquainted, watch, wait your chance, find out whether she is what you love in her, and when you are convinced that you love, you propose —"

"Well, that is not quite right."

"It makes no difference, — you propose when your love has matured, or when the scale has tipped with one of two choices. But a girl is not asked. You want her to choose herself, but she cannot choose, and only answers 'Yes,' or 'No.'"

"Yes, the choice between me and Vrónski," thought Levín, and the reviving corpse died again and painfully weighed on his heart.

"Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said, "thus a dress or a purchase is chosen, but not love. The choice is made, — so much the better — There can be no repetition."

"Oh, pride, and nothing but pride!" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, as though despising him for the baseness of that sentiment in comparison with that other sentiment which only women know. "Just at the time that you were proposing to Kitty, she was in a condition when she could not answer. She was wavering between you and Vrónski. She saw him every day, while she had not seen you for a long time. Now, if she had been older, — for me, for example, there could have been no wavering. I always hated him, and so it ended."

Levín recalled Kitty's reply. She had said "No, it cannot be!"

"Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said dryly, "I esteem the confidence you place in me; I think you are mistaken. Whether right or wrong, this pride, which you despise so much, makes for me every thought of Katerína Aleksándrovna impossible, — you understand, quite impossible."

"I will say only this much: you understand that I am

speaking of my sister whom I love as I do my own children. I do not say that she loves you; I only wanted to say that her refusal at that moment does not prove anything."

"I do not know!" said Levín, leaping up. "If you knew how you pain me! It is as though a child of yours had died, and people should say to you, 'He might have been such and such, and could have lived, and you might have had your joy with him.' But he is dead, dead, dead —"

"How funny you are," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, looking with a sad smile at Levín's agitation. "Yes, now I understand more and more," she continued, pensively. "So you will not come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid her, but, wherever possible, I will try to save her the unpleasantness of my presence."

"You are very, very funny," repeated Dárya Aleksándrovna, looking tenderly into his face. "All right, let it be as though we had not talked of it. What did you come for, Tánya?" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, in French, to her daughter who had just entered.

"Where is my spade, mamma?"

"I am talking to you in French, and you must answer me in French."

The girl wanted to do so, but could not think of the French for "spade;" her mother helped her out, and then told her in the same language where to find it. And this seemed disagreeable to Levín.

Everything in Dárya Aleksándrovna's house and in her children now appeared to him less nice than before.

"Why does she talk in French to her children?" he thought. "How unnatural and false it all is! And the children feel it. They are taught French and insincerity," he thought, not knowing that Dárya Aleksándrovna had thought so herself more than twenty times, and yet, at the

risk of insincerity, had found it necessary to instruct the children in that manner.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Sit awhile!"

Levín remained until tea, but his mirth was all gone, and he felt ill at ease.

After tea he went to the antechamber to order up his horses, and when he returned, he found Dárya Aleksándrovna excited, with a disturbed countenance and with tears in her eyes. While Levín was out, there took place an event which suddenly destroyed all of Dárya Aleksándrovna's happiness and pride in her children. Grísha and Tányá had a fight on account of a ball. Hearing cries in the nursery, Dárya Aleksándrovna ran out and found them in a terrible plight. Tányá was holding Grísha's hair, and he, with a face disfigured with rage, struck her with his fist wherever he could. Her heart sank when she saw this, as though darkness had veiled her life: she understood that those children of hers, of whom she had been so proud, were not only most ordinary, but even naughty, badly brought up, bad children, with coarse, animal instincts.

She could not speak or think of anything else, and could not help telling Levín her misfortune.

Levín saw that she was unhappy, and tried to console her, saying that it proved nothing bad, and that all children were in the habit of fighting; but saying this, he thought in his heart: "No, I will not act the clown and talk French with my children; and I shall not have such children; children must not be spoiled and maimed, and they will be fine. Yes, I shall have different children."

He said good-bye and went away, and she did not try to keep him.

XI.

IN the middle of July the elder of the village belonging to Levín's sister, about twenty versts from Pokróvskoe, came to see Levín with a report about the state of affairs and the mowing. The chief income from his sister's estate was derived from the intervalles. In former years the peasants used to buy the standing hay at twenty roubles the desyatína. When Levín took the estate into his hands, he examined the mowings and found that they were worth more, and so he set the price at twenty-five roubles the desyatína. The peasants would not give him this price and, as Levín suspected, kept off other purchasers. Then Levín went there himself and made arrangements about mowing the fields partly by hired labour and partly on shares. The peasants opposed this innovation all they could, but matters went well, and during the very first year almost double the sum was realized. On the third and past year the peasants had kept up their opposition, but the harvest went on in the same order. During the present year the peasants had taken all the mowings at one-third shares, and the elder came to inform him that the grass had all been mown, and that he, fearing rain, had invited the clerk to be present at the division of eleven of the manor's ricks. From the indefinite answers to his question how much hay there was in the main meadow, from the whole tone of the peasant, Levín understood that there was something wrong in this division of the hay; and he decided to drive down in order to investigate matters on the spot.

He arrived in the village at dinner-time. Leaving the horse with an old peasant, a friend of his and the husband of his brother's nurse, Levín went to see him in his apiary, as he wanted to find out from him the details of the hay harvest. The garrulous, respectable old man, Parménych by name, was glad to see Levín; he showed him his farm and told him all the details about his bees and about the swarming of the present year, but he replied indefinitely and reluctantly to Levín's questions about the haying. This still more confirmed Levín in his suspicions. He went to the meadows to examine the ricks. There could not possibly be fifty wagon-loads in each rick, and, in order to catch the peasants, Levín sent for the wagons that had been hauling the hay and ordered them to take a whole rick to the barn. There were only thirty-two wagons in that lot. In spite of the elder's assurances about the lightness of the hay and its having settled in the ricks, and in spite of his oath that everything had been done in an honest way, Levín insisted that the hay had been divided up without his order, and that he, therefore, did not accept this hay as being fifty wagon-loads to each rick. After long disputes the matter was adjusted in such a way that the peasants took the eleven ricks for themselves, counting them at fifty loads, and the manorial share was made out anew. These parleys and the division of the stacks lasted until supper. When the last of the hay was divided up, Levín entrusted the supervision of the rest to the clerk and sat down on a stack which was marked with a willow stick, to look at the meadow, which was astir with people.

Before him, in the bend of the river, beyond a little bog, moved a variegated line of peasant women, merrily chattering with their sonorous voices, and from the tedded hay rapidly rose gray, winding rows on the bright green aftermath. The women were followed by peasants with pitchforks, and the rows were changed to broad, tall,

puffed-up stacks. On the left, over the cleared field, rumbled the carts, and one after another, pitched off in huge bunches, disappeared the stacks, and in their places rose heavy wagon-loads of fragrant hay, pressing against the backs of the horses.

"Haul it off in good weather! It will make fine hay!" said the old man, sitting down near Levín. "It is tea, and not hay! They are picking it up, as though you threw kernels out for the ducks!" he added, pointing to the growing loads. "They have hauled off a good half since dinner."

"Is it the last?" he shouted to a young lad who, standing on the front of the cart box, was waving the ends of his hempen lines as he drove past.

"The last, sir!" cried the lad. He held back his horse, smilingly looked back at the gay, also smiling, ruddy woman who was sitting in the cart box, and drove on.

"Who is this? Your son?" asked Levín.

"My youngest!" the old man said, with a kindly smile.

"What a fine fellow!"

"Yes, a nice lad."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, he married a Filíppovki woman three years ago."

"Well, any children?"

"Indeed not! For a whole year he did not know a thing, and he is so bashful," replied the old man. "What hay! Real tea!" he repeated, wishing to change the subject.

Levín looked fixedly at Vánka Parménov and his wife. They were pitching a stack not far from him. Vánka Parménov was standing in the wagon, receiving, spreading, and tramping down huge masses of hay, which his pretty wife handed to him, at first in armfuls and then on the pitchfork. The young woman worked lightly, merrily, and nimbly. The heavy, settled hay did not at

once go on the fork. At first she loosened it, then she stuck in the fork and with a flexible and rapid motion leaned against it with all the weight of her body, and, bending her back, which was girded with a red belt, straightened herself up and, displaying her full breast under her white chest-kerchief, with an agile movement caught the fork and threw the hay high up on the wagon. Vánka rapidly caught the bundle with his open arms, evidently wishing to save her every unnecessary minute of work, and spread the hay over the wagon. After having pitched the last hay with the rake, the woman shook off the chaff which had fallen behind her neck and, adjusting the red kerchief over her white, bleached forehead, she crawled under the cart to tie it up. Vánka taught her how to catch on the reach, and burst out a-laughing at something she said. In the expressions of their faces could be seen vigorous, youthful, lately awakened love.

XII.

THE wagon was secured with ropes. Vánka jumped down and led the good, well-fed horse by the bridle. The woman threw the rake on the wagon, and at a brisk gait, waving her arms, went to the women who were assembled for the common song. Vánka reached the road, where he joined a long procession of carts. The women, with rakes over their shoulders, gleaming with their bright colours and chattering with their merry, melodious voices, were walking back of the wagons. A coarse, wild woman's voice started a song and sang it down to the refrain, when some fifty deep and soft, healthy voices unanimously repeated the song from the beginning.

The women, singing, came near to Levín, and he felt as though a thunder-cloud of mirth were moving up to him. The cloud came near and took him in, and the stack on which he was lying, and the other stacks and the wagons, and the whole meadow with the distant field, — everything quaked and fell in with the measure of this wild, hilarious song, with its shouting and whistling and clapping. Levín became envious of this lusty mirth and felt like taking part in the expression of this joy of life. But he could do nothing and had to lie, and look, and listen. When the people with their song disappeared from view and were out of hearing, an oppressive feeling of pining on account of his loneliness, his bodily indolence, and his hostility to this world took possession of him.

A few of those same peasants, who more than the rest had been quarrelling with him on account of the hay, those whom he had offended, or those who had intended to offend him, — these same peasants merrily bowed to him, and evidently had no resentment, and could have none, toward him, and no regret, or even recollection, of having intended to cheat him. All this was drowned in the sea of the merry mass work. God had given the day, and God had given the strength. And the day and the strength were devoted to the work, and in it was its own reward. And for whom was the work? What would be the fruits of the work? Those were secondary and unimportant considerations.

Levín had frequently admired this life and had frequently envied these people who lived this life, but on that day, especially under the influence of what he had seen in Vánka Parménov's relations with his young wife, the thought struck him clearly for the first time that it depended on him to change that oppressive, indolent, artificial, personal life, which he had been living, for this pure, common, charming life of work.

The old man who had been sitting with him had long ago gone home; the peasants had all scattered. Those who were from near-by villages had gone home, and those who were from a distance had assembled in the meadow for supper and for the night. Unnoticed by the people, Levín remained lying on the stack, and looking, listening, and thinking. The people who stayed in the meadow for the night hardly slept any during the whole short summer night. At first he heard a general merry conversation and laughter at their supper, and later again songs and laughter.

The whole long work-day had left no other trace in them than mirth. Before daybreak all grew quiet. One could hear only the nocturnal sounds of the unsilenced frogs in the swamp and of the horses snorting in the

meadow in the mist which rose before morning. Coming to, Levín rose and looked at the stars, and he saw that the night had passed.

"Well, what, then, shall I do? How shall I do it?" he said to himself, trying to give expression to what he had thought and felt through that short night. Everything he had thought and felt could be divided into three separate mental processes. One was the renunciation of his old life, of his absolutely useless education. This renunciation afforded him pleasure and was easy and simple for him. Other thoughts and representations had reference to the life which he wished to live now. He clearly felt the simplicity, purity, and legality of this life, and was convinced that he would find in it that satisfaction, peace, and dignity, the lack of which he felt so painfully. But a third series of thoughts gyrated about the question of how to make this change from the old to the new life. And here nothing presented itself to him clearly. "To have a wife. To have work and the necessity of work. To leave Pokróvskoe? Buy land? Join the Commune? Marry a peasant woman? How can I do it?" he again asked himself, and found no answer. "Well, I have not slept the whole night, and so cannot give myself any clear answer," he said to himself. "I will settle that later. One thing is certain: this night has decided my fate. All my former dreams of a domestic life are nonsense, not the thing," he said to himself. "All this is much simpler and better —"

"How beautiful!" he thought, looking at what resembled a mother-of-pearl shell of white fleecy clouds, which had stopped overhead in the middle of the sky. "How charming everything is in this charming night! And when was this shell formed? It is only a moment ago that I looked at the sky, and there was nothing on it, — only two white stripes. Yes, even thus my views of life have imperceptibly changed."

He left the meadow and walked on the highway toward the village. A breeze rose, and it grew gray and gloomy. It was that murky moment which generally precedes the daybreak, — the complete victory of light over darkness.

Shrinking from the cold, Levín walked rapidly, gazing at the ground. "What is this? Some one is driving," he thought, raising his head, as he heard the tinkling of little bells. About forty paces from him a carriage with its luggage, drawn by four horses, was driving toward him, along the grassy highway on which he was walking. The shaft horses pressed against the shaft to avoid the ruts, but the agile coachman, who was sitting sideways on his box, kept the shaft along the rut, so that the wheels ran on the smooth road.

This was all Levín noticed. Without thinking who it might be, he absently glanced at the carriage.

An old woman was sleeping in the corner of the vehicle, while at the window, apparently just awakened, sat a young girl, holding with both her hands the ribbons of her white cap. Bright and pensive, all filled with a refined, complicated internal life, which was foreign to Levín, she looked past him at the morning glow in the east.

Just at that moment, as the vision was disappearing, her truthful eyes looked at him. She recognized him, and surprised joy brightened up her face.

He could not have made a mistake. There were no other eyes like those in the world. There was only one being in the world who was capable of focusing for him the whole light and significance of life. It was she. It was Kitty. He understood that she was travelling from the railroad station to Ergushóvo. And everything which had been agitating Levín in that sleepless night, all the resolves which had been made by him, — everything vanished at once. He thought in disgust of his intention of marrying a peasant woman. Only there, in that rapidly receding carriage, which had gone over on the other side of

the road, only there was there a possible solution of the riddle of his life, which of late had weighed so painfully on him.

She did not look out again. The sound of the springs was no longer heard, and the bells were barely audible. The barking of the dogs proved that the carriage had passed the village, — and around him were left the empty fields, the village in front, and he himself, lonely and a stranger to everything, walking alone on the neglected highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping there to find the shell, which he had admired, and which personified to him the march of his thoughts and feelings during the past night. Nothing resembling the shell was now to be seen in the sky. There, in the unattainable height, a mysterious change had already taken place. There was not even a trace of the shell; there was only an even carpet of fleecy clouds growing smaller and smaller, and covering the whole half of the heavens. The sky looked blue and bright, and it replied to his entreating look with the same tenderness, but also with the same inaccessibility.

“No,” he said to himself, “however good this simple life of work may be, I cannot return to it. I love *her*.”

XIII.

NOBODY but those who were nearest to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich knew that this seemingly cold and calculating man had one weakness which ran counter to the general composition of his character. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich could not with indifference hear or see the tears of a child or woman.

The sight of tears undid him, and he at once lost the ability to reflect. The manager of his office and his secretary knew this, and they took care to inform the lady petitioners not to weep, if they did not wish to spoil their cases. "He will get angry, and will not listen to you," they said. And indeed, in such cases the spiritual confusion produced in Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich by tears found its expression in hasty anger. "I cannot do anything for you. Please go away!" he generally cried under such circumstances.

When, returning from the races, Anna had informed him of her relations with Vrónski and soon after had covered her face with her hands and burst out weeping, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, in spite of the resentment which that had evoked in him, at the same time felt the access of that spiritual confusion which tears always produced in him. Knowing this and also that the expression of its feelings at that moment would be incompatible with his situation, he tried to repress in himself every manifestation of life, and so did not stir or look at her. It was this that had caused that strange expression of deadness, which so startled Anna.

When they reached the house, he saw her out of the carriage and, making an effort over himself, bade her good-bye with customary politeness and pronounced those words which did not bind him to anything: he said that he would inform her of his decision on the morrow.

His wife's words, which confirmed his worst suspicions, produced a cruel pain in his heart. This pain was still more increased by that strange sensation of physical compassion for her, which her tears produced in him. But, when he was left all alone in his carriage, he to his surprise and joy experienced a complete liberation from this compassion and from the doubts and pangs of jealousy, which had been tormenting him of late.

He experienced the sensation of a man who has a tooth pulled that has been aching for a long time. After a terrible pain and a sensation of something enormous, something larger than the head itself being pulled out of his jaw, the patient, still incredulous of his happiness, feels that that which so long has poisoned his life and has riveted his whole attention no longer exists, and that he can again live, think, and interest himself in something besides his tooth. It was such a feeling that Alek-syéy Aleksándrovich experienced. The pain had been a strange and terrible one, but now it was past; he felt that he could again live, and think of something other than his wife.

"Without honour, without heart, without religion, a corrupt woman! I have known it and have seen it all the time, though I have tried, pitying her, to deceive myself," he said to himself. And, indeed, it seemed to him that he had seen it all the time; he recalled the details of his past life, which before that had not appeared bad to him, — but now these details showed clearly that she had always been corrupt. "I made a mistake in uniting my life with hers; but in my mistake there is nothing bad, and so I cannot be unhappy. It is not I who am

guilty," he said to himself, "but she. But that is not any concern of mine. She does not exist for me —"

Everything which would befall her or her son, toward whom his feelings had changed as much as toward her, no longer interested him. What did interest him was the question of how in the best, most decent, and convenient, hence most just, way to shake off that mud, with which she had bedraggled him in her fall, and to continue marching on his path of an active, honest, and useful life.

"I cannot be unhappy because a contemptible woman has committed a crime; I must merely find the best issue out of this grave situation, in which she has placed me. And I will find it," he said to himself, frowning more and more. "I am not the first, and not the last." And, leaving aside historical examples, beginning with Menelaus, — his memory had just been refreshed by "Fair Helen," — a whole series of contemporary cases of women's infidelities to their husbands in high life arose in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's imagination. "Daryálov, Poltávski, Prince Karibánov, Count Paskúdin, Dram — Yes, and Dram, too — such an honest, fine man — Seménov, Chágin, Sigónin," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich kept recalling. "It is true, a certain senseless ridicule is attached to these men, but I have never seen anything but misfortune in this, and I have always sympathized with them," he said to himself, though it was not true, as he had never sympathized with misfortunes of this kind, but had always valued himself more highly, the more frequent were the cases of women deceiving their husbands. "It is a misfortune that may befall anybody. And this misfortune has befallen me. The only question is how best to endure this situation." And he began to consider the details of the actions of the men who had been in the same situation with him.

"Daryálov fought a duel —"

Duelling had had a particular attraction for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in his youth, for the very reason that he was a physically weak man, and he knew it. He could not think without terror of a pistol directed at him, and had never in all his life handled a weapon. This terror had in his youth made him frequently think of duels, and imagine himself in situations in which he would have to subject his life to dangers. When he gained success and a firm position in life, he entirely forgot that feeling; but the habit of the sentiment prevailed, and the terror before his timidity even now proved so strong that he for a long time and from all sides considered and mentally fondled the question of the duel, although he knew in advance that he would never fight.

"Our society is unquestionably still so savage (not at all as in England) that many," and among these many were all those whose opinion he esteemed, "will look at a duel from its good side; but what result will be attained? Let us say, I will challenge him," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich continued speaking to himself, and, vividly representing to himself the night which he should pass after the challenge, and the pistol directed upon him, he shuddered, and he knew that he should never do it, "let us say, I will challenge him. Suppose I am taught how," he continued to think. "I shall be placed in position, I will press the trigger," he said to himself, closing his eyes, "and it will turn out that I have killed him," he said to himself, shaking his head, in order to dispel these foolish thoughts. "What sense is there in the murder of a man in order to define one's relation to a criminal wife and to a son? I shall still have to decide what is to be done with her. But, what is more probable still, and what will happen without fail,—I shall be killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim,—am dead or wounded. More senseless still. More than that: a challenge on my part will be a dishonest act. Do I not

know in advance that my friends will never permit me to fight a duel, — that they will not allow the life of a statesman, whom Russia needs, to be subjected to danger? What, then, will happen? It will be this: I, knowing in advance that it will never come to the point of danger, have intended only to gain a certain false splendour by such a challenge. That is dishonest and false and a deception of myself and of others. A duel is unthinkable, and nobody expects it of me. My aim consists in securing my reputation, which I need for an unimpeded continuation of my activity." His official activity, which even before had had a great significance in his eyes, now appeared even more significant to him.

Having discussed and considered the duel, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich turned to divorce, — another issue, chosen by some of the men whom he could think of. Passing in review all the known cases of divorce (there were very many in the highest circles with which he was well acquainted), he did not find one in which the aim of the divorce was what he had in view. In all these cases the husband relinquished or sold his unfaithful wife, and the very party that on account of her guilt had no right to enter into wedlock assumed fictitious, seemingly legalized relations to her putative husband. But Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw that in his case the attainment of a legal divorce, that is, of such, in which only the guilty wife should be set aside, was an impossibility. He saw that the complex conditions of life, in which he was, did not admit the possibility of those coarse proofs which the law demanded in order to convict a woman of criminal conduct; he saw that a certain refinement of his life did not even admit the application of these proofs, if they existed, and that the application of these proofs would lower him more than her in public opinion.

An attempt at securing a divorce could only lead to a scandalous lawsuit, which would be a veritable find for

his enemies, for gossip, and for detracting from his high position in the world. But the main object, the definition of his status with the least disturbance, was not attained by means of a divorce. Besides, a divorce, even an attempt at obtaining it, manifestly disrupted his wife's relations with her husband and united her with her lover. But in Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's soul, in spite of his now complete, as he thought, contemptuous indifference toward his wife, there was one feeling left in respect to her, — a disinclination to allow her unimpeded union with Vrónski, and her profiting from her crime. This one thought so irritated Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich that at the mere suggestion of it he grunted from internal pain, raised himself, and changed his position in the carriage, and for a long time afterward, frowning, wrapped his chilly, bony legs in a fluffy plaid.

Outside of a formal divorce, he might act as Karibánov, Paskúdin, and that good Dram had done, that is, separate from his wife, he continued to think, after quieting down ; but this measure, too, presented the same inconveniences of disgrace as the divorce, and, above all, like the formal divorce, it threw her into Vrónski's arms. "No, that is impossible, impossible!" he said, loudly, again turning over his plaid. "I cannot be unhappy, but it is necessary that she and he should not be happy."

The feeling of jealousy which had tormented him during the period of uncertainty had disappeared the moment when, by his wife's words, his tooth with the pain was extracted. But this feeling gave way to another, — a desire that she should not triumph and should even get retribution for her crime. He did not acknowledge this feeling, but in the depth of his heart he wanted her to suffer for violating his calm and honour. And again passing in review the conditions of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, and again rejecting them, he convinced himself that there was but one issue, — to keep her, conceal-

ing what had happened from the world, and employing all proper measures in order to put a stop to the liaison, and, above all, — a thing which he did not acknowledge to himself, — in order to punish her.

“I must announce my decision to her, which is that, after considering the grave situation in which she has placed her family, all other issues would be worse for both parties than a nominal *in statu quo*, and that I am prepared to observe it, but with the stern proviso that she, on her part, will do my will, that is, will put a stop to her relations with her lover.”

In confirmation of this decision, when finally accepted, an important reflection occurred to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. “Only with such a solution do I act in conformity with religion,” he said to himself. “Only with such a solution do I not turn away my wicked wife, but give her a chance to mend, and even — however hard that will be for me — devote part of my powers to mending and saving her.”

Although Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that he could have no moral influence on his wife, and that nothing would come from this attempt at correction, but lies; although, while passing through those oppressive moments, he had not once thought of seeking a guide in religion, — now that his solution coincided with what he thought to be the demands of religion, this religious sanction of his decision afforded him full satisfaction and partial peace. It gave him pleasure to think that even in such an important affair of life no one would be able to say that he did not act in conformity with the tenets of that religion, the banner of which he had always carried high amidst the general chillness and apathy. In considering the further details, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich could not see why his relations with his wife could not remain almost the same as ever. Of course, he would never be able to return to her his former respect; but

there was no reason, and there could be none, why he should disturb his life and suffer in consequence of her being a bad and unfaithful wife.

“Yes, time, all-mending time, will pass, and our relations will be the same as of old,” he said to himself, “that is, they will be rehabilitated to such an extent that I will not feel the disturbance in the course of my life. She must be unhappy, but I am not guilty, and so cannot be unhappy.”

XIV.

ON nearing St. Petersburg, Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich not only had fully decided on this solution, but had even mentally composed the letter which he would write to his wife. As he entered the porter's lodge, he glanced at the letters and documents which had been brought from the ministry, and ordered them to be taken to his cabinet.

"Put them off, and receive nobody," he said in response to the porter's question, with some degree of pleasure, which served as a symptom of his happy frame of mind, and with an emphasis on the word "nobody."

In the cabinet, he walked twice up and down, and then stopped in front of a large writing-table, on which the valet, who had entered before him, had lighted six candles. He cracked his fingers and sat down, fingering the writing apparatus. Placing his elbows on the table, he inclined his head toward one side, mused for awhile, and began to write, without stopping even for a second. He wrote without addressing her, in French, using the pronoun "you," which does not have that character of chilliness that it has in Russian.

"At our last conversation, I expressed my intention of announcing to you my decision respecting the subject of our conversation. Having carefully considered everything, I write to you for the purpose of carrying out my promise. My decision is as follows: Whatever your acts may be, I do not consider myself empowered to break those

ties by which we are united from above. The family cannot be disrupted by the caprice, the arbitrary will, or even the crime of one of the married pair, and our life must continue as before. That is necessary for my sake, for yours, and for the sake of our son. I am fully convinced that you have repented and regret the act which is the cause of the present letter, and that you will coöperate with me in the attempt to eradicate the cause of our discord, and to forget the past. Contrariwise you can yourself imagine what awaits you and your son. I hope to discuss this matter more fully at a personal meeting. As the summer season is coming to an end, I would ask you to move to St. Petersburg as soon as possible, not later than Tuesday. All necessary arrangements for your journey will be made. I beg you to observe that I ascribe a special significance to the execution of my request.

“ A. KARÉNIN.

“ P.S. Enclosed you will find some money, which you may need for your expenses.”

He read the letter and was satisfied with it, especially because he had thought of the money enclosure; there was not a cruel word, no rebuke, but also no condescension. The main thing was the golden bridge for her return. Having folded the letter and smoothed it with a large massive ivory knife and placed it with the money in an envelope, he rang the bell with an expression of pleasure, which was always evoked in him when handling his convenient writing apparatus.

“ Give it to the courier to take to-morrow to Anna Arkádevna at the summer residence,” he said, rising.

“ Yes, your Excellency! Do you wish the tea brought to your cabinet?”

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich ordered the tea in the cabinet and, playing with the massive knife, went to the arm-

chair, near which stood prepared a lamp and lay a half-read book on the Eugubian inscriptions. Above the chair hung an oval portrait of Anna, in a gilt frame, beautifully painted by a famous artist. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich glanced at it. Her impenetrable eyes looked sarcastically and boldly at him, as on that last night of their explanation. Unbearably bold and provoking appeared to him the sight of the exquisitely painted black lace on her head, of the black hair, and the beautiful white hand with ring-bedecked ring-finger. Looking for about a minute at the portrait, he shuddered so that his lips trembled and produced the sound "brr," and he turned his face away.

He hastily sat down in the chair and opened the book. He tried to read, but was quite unable to revive his former lively interest in the Eugubian inscriptions. He was looking into the book, but thinking of something else. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had of late arisen in his administrative activity, and which at that time formed the chief interest of his official life. He felt that he now entered more deeply than ever into that complication, and that his head had given birth, — he could say so without self-flattery, — to a capital idea which would disentangle the whole case, raise him in his official career, defeat his enemies, and, therefore, be of the greatest use to his country.

The moment the servant had put down the tea and left the room, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich got up and went to the writing-table. He moved the portfolio with the current affairs to the middle of the table, with a faint smile of self-satisfaction took a pencil out of the stand, and buried himself in the reading of the tangled case which had reference to the present complication, and for which he had called.

The complication was as follows: The peculiarity of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich as a statesman, that characteristic feature, peculiarly his own, which every promising

official has, and which, with his stubborn reserve, honesty, and self-confidence, had made his career, consisted in contempt for red tape, in the abbreviation of correspondences, in the directest possible relation to the live question, and in economy.

It then happened that in the famous commission of the 2d of June was brought up the case of the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk, which was under the jurisdiction of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's ministry, and which presented a glaring example of unprofitable expenditures and of red tape. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that it was true. The case of the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk had been begun by the predecessor of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's predecessor. Indeed, a great deal of money had been spent on this business, in a most unproductive manner, and nothing could manifestly come of it. When Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took his office, he saw that at once and wanted to lay his hands on this case; but at first, while he did not feel himself yet secure, he knew that it involved too many interests and was unwise; later, when he busied himself with other matters, he entirely forgot this case. Like all other cases, it went on by itself, by the power of inertia. (Many people derived a living from this case, especially a very moral and musical family: all the daughters played on some instruments. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew that family, and had given one of the elder daughters away.)

The raising of this case by a hostile ministry was, in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's opinion, a piece of dishonesty, because in every ministry there were much worse cases, which no one thought of raising, from a certain sense of official decency. But now that they had cast that gauntlet to him, he boldly took it up, and demanded the appointment of a special commission for the study and verification of the labours of the commission which dealt

with the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráysk; and now he showed no mercy to those gentlemen. He demanded also the appointment of a special commission to investigate the condition of the aliens. The case of the condition of the aliens had incidentally been raised in the committee of the 2d of June, and had energetically been defended by Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, as brooking no delay, on account of the pitiful state of the aliens. In the committee this case had called forth rebuttals from several ministries. The ministry which was hostile to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich proved that the aliens were in a flourishing condition, and if anything was wrong, it was due to the failure of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's ministry to carry out the measures which were prescribed by law.

Now Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich intended to demand: first, that a new commission be chosen for the purpose of investigating on the spot the condition of the aliens; secondly, that, if it be found that the condition of the aliens was actually such as appeared from the official data in the hands of the committee, another new, learned commission be appointed to investigate the causes of this hopeless condition of the aliens from the following stand-points, (*a*) the political, (*b*) the administrative, (*c*) the economical, (*d*) the ethnographic, (*e*) the material, and (*f*) the religious; thirdly, that the hostile ministry be requested to furnish information in regard to the measures which in the last decennium had been taken by that ministry in order to ward off those disadvantageous conditions under which the aliens now lived; and fourthly, that the ministry be requested to furnish information why, as was evident from the data in the committee's possession, under numbers 17,015 and 18,308, dated respectively December 5, 1863, and June 7, 1864, it had acted in direct opposition to the fundamental and organic law of Vol. —, Art. 18, and note to Art. 36.

A flush of animation covered Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's face as he rapidly sketched down a conspectus of these thoughts. After filling a whole sheet of paper, he got up, rang the bell, and sent a note to the manager of the office, asking him to furnish him certain information. He walked up and down the room and, again glancing at the portrait, frowned and smiled contemptuously. Having read for a while the book on the Eugubian inscriptions and renewed the interest in them, he retired at eleven o'clock, and when, lying in his bed, he recalled the affair with his wife, it no longer appeared to him in such a gloomy aspect.

XV.

THOUGH Anna had stubbornly and with resentment contradicted Vrónski, when he had told her that her position was impossible, she in the depth of her soul regarded her position as false and dishonest, and with all her heart wished to change it. On returning with her husband from the races, she in a moment of agitation told him everything, and, in spite of the pain which she experienced in doing so, she was glad of it. When her husband had left her, she said to herself that she was glad that now everything would be clearly defined, and that, at least, there would be no lie and no deception. The pain which she had caused herself and her husband, in saying those words, would now be rewarded, she thought, since everything would be clearly defined. That evening she saw Vrónski, but did not tell him what had taken place between her and her husband, though, to define her position, she ought to have told him.

When she awoke the next morning, the first thing that occurred to her were the words which she had spoken to her husband, and they seemed so terrible to her that she was now unable to comprehend how she could have had the courage to utter those strange, coarse words, and was unable to see what would be the end of it. But the words had been said, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had left without saying anything.

"I saw Vrónski, and did not tell him. The very moment he turned to leave, I wanted to keep him back and tell

him, but changed my mind, because it was so strange I had not told him at first. Why did I not tell him, since I wanted to do so?"

And in reply to this question, a hot blush of shame spread over her face. She knew what it was that had kept her from it; she knew that she was ashamed. Her position, which had seemed to her cleared up on the previous evening, now suddenly not only seemed not cleared up, but actually hopeless. She felt terribly at the thought of the disgrace, of which she had not thought before. The most terrible thoughts came to her as she reflected on what her husband might do. It occurred to her that the manager would come at once to drive her out of the house, and that her disgrace would be proclaimed to the whole world. She asked herself whither she would go if she were driven out of the house, and could find no answer.

When she thought of Vrónski, it seemed to her that he did not love her, that he was getting tired of her, and that she could not offer herself to him, and for this she felt a hostility toward him. It seemed to her that the words which she had said to her husband, and which she kept repeating in her imagination, had been uttered by her in the hearing of all. She did not have the courage to look into the eyes of those with whom she was living. She could not make up her mind to send for her maid, and, still less, to go down-stairs and meet her son and the governess.

The maid, who had for a long time been listening at the door, herself entered the room. Anna looked questioningly into her eyes, and blushed in fright. The maid excused herself for having entered, saying that she thought she had heard the bell. She brought the garments and a note. The note was from Betsy. Betsy reminded her that on that morning Líza Merkálov and Baroness Stolz, with their admirers, Kalúzhski and old man Strémov, would be at her house for a game of croquet. "Come, at

least to make a study of manners. I am waiting for you," she concluded.

Anna read the note and drew a deep sigh.

"I need nothing, nothing," she said to Ánnushka, who was arranging the bottles and brushes on the toilet-table. "Go, I will be dressed in a minute, and will come out. I need nothing, nothing."

Ánnushka went out, but Anna did not dress herself. She remained sitting in the same posture, leaning her head on her arms, and occasionally shuddered with her whole body, as though wishing to make some gesture or say something, and again grew quiet. She kept repeating, "My God! My God!" but neither "my" nor "God" had any meaning for her. Though she never doubted the faith in which she had been brought up, the idea of seeking aid from religion in her position was as foreign to her as invoking Alekseyé Aleksándrovich's aid. She knew in advance that aid from religion was possible only on condition of renouncing everything which formed the whole meaning of life to her. She not only felt oppressed, but also began to experience terror before her new mental state, which she had never known before. She felt that everything was beginning to appear double in her heart, just as objects sometimes seem double to weary eyes. At times she did not know what she was afraid of, or what she wished, whether it was that which was, or that which would be.

"Oh, what am I doing?" she said to herself, suddenly feeling a pain on both sides of her head. When she regained her consciousness, she saw that she was holding her hair at the temples with both her hands and pressing it down. She sprang up and began to walk.

"Coffee is ready, and the mamzelle is waiting with Serézha," said Ánnushka, who had returned and found her in the same attitude.

"Serézha? What about Serézha?" Anna suddenly

asked, with animation, for the first time during the morning recalling the existence of her son.

"He has been naughty, I think," Ánnushka replied, smiling.

"How so?"

"You had some peaches in the corner room; I think he secretly ate one of them."

The reminder about her son brought Anna out of that hopeless position, in which she had been. She recalled that partly sincere, though much exaggerated, rôle of a mother living for her son, which she had assumed in late years, and felt joyfully that in the condition in which she was she had a hold, which was independent of the attitude which she would take toward her husband and toward Vrónski. That hold was her son. In whatever situation she might be, she could never abandon her son. Let her husband disgrace her and drive her away, let Vrónski cool off toward her and continue to lead his independent life (she again thought of him with malice and reproach), she could not abandon her son. She had an aim in life. And she had to act, to act, in order to secure such a position in reference to her son that they could not take him away from her. Indeed, she had to act at once, as soon as possible, so long as they had not yet taken him away from her. She had to take her son and go away with him. That was the one thing she now had to do. She must calm herself and emerge from her painful situation. The thought of the direct work which was connected with her son, and of leaving with him for some unknown place, gave her that calm.

She dressed herself rapidly, went down-stairs, and with determined steps entered the drawing-room where, as usual, the coffee and Serézha with his governess were waiting for her. Serézha, all in white, was standing at the table, beneath a mirror, and, bending his head and back, with an expression of intense preoccupation, which

was familiar to her, and by which he resembled his father, was doing something with the flowers which he had brought.

The governess looked unusually stern. Serézha called out in a piercing voice, such as he frequently had, "Ah, mamma!" and stopped in indecision whether he should throw away the flowers and run to his mother to greet her, or whether he had better first finish his wreath and then go with the flowers to her.

The governess greeted her, and proceeded, in a long and circumstantial manner, to tell of the transgression of which Serézha was guilty, but Anna was not listening to her; she was thinking whether she would take her along. "No, I won't," she decided. "I will go away with only my son."

"Yes, that is very bad," said Anna. She took her son by the shoulder, not with a stern, but with a timid glance, which confused and delighted the boy, looked at him, and kissed him. "Leave him with me," she said to the surprised governess, and, without letting her son's hand out of hers, she seated herself at the table, on which stood her coffee.

"Mamma! I — I — did not —" he said, trying to make out from the expression of her face what was in store for him on account of the peach.

"Serézha," she said, the moment the governess had left the room, "that was bad, but you will not do it again, will you? Do you love me?"

She felt that tears were standing in her eyes. "How can I help loving him?" she said to herself, gazing at his frightened and at the same time delighted face. "Could he stand by his father in condemning me? Will he not pity me?" The tears were already coursing down her cheeks, and, in order to conceal them, she rose with a start and almost ran out on the terrace.

After the storm of the last few days, the weather had

become cold and clear. Even with the bright sun beating through the rain-washed leaves, the air was cold.

She shuddered from the cold and from the internal terror, which took possession of her with new strength in the pure air.

"Go, go to Mariette," she said to Serézha, who had followed her out. She began to walk over the straw carpet of the terrace. "Is it possible they will not forgive me? Will they not understand that it could not have been otherwise?" she said to herself.

As she stopped to look at the tops of the aspens shaking in the wind, with their rain-washed leaves that gleamed brightly in the cold sun, she understood that they would not forgive, and that everything and everybody would be pitiless to her, like that sky, like that verdure. And again she felt that things were becoming double in her heart. "I must not, I must not think," she said to herself. "I must get ready. Whither? When? Whom shall I take with me? Yes, to Moscow, by the evening train. Ánnushka and Serézha, and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to both." She went hurriedly into the house and to her cabinet, seated herself at the table, and wrote to her husband:

"After what has happened, I can no longer remain in your house. I am going away, and taking my son with me. I do not know the law, and so do not know with what parent the child must stay; but I take him with me because I cannot live without him. Be magnanimous and leave him with me!"

Up to that point she wrote rapidly and naturally, but her appeal to his magnanimity, which she did not acknowledge in him, and the necessity for concluding the letter in a touching manner arrested her.

"I cannot speak of my guilt and repentance, because —"

Again she stopped, finding no connection in her

thoughts. "No," she said to herself, "it is not necessary," and, tearing the letter, she rewrote it, leaving out the reference to his magnanimity.

Another letter had to be written to Vrónski. "I have informed my husband," she wrote, and remained sitting for a long time, unable to proceed. That was so coarse, so little feminine. "What can I write him after that?" she asked herself. Again a blush of shame covered her face; she recalled his calm, and a feeling of annoyance made her tear into shreds the sheet of paper with the sentence written upon it. "It is not at all necessary," she said to herself, and, putting away the blotting-case, she went up-stairs, told the governess and the servants that she was going to Moscow that evening, and immediately proceeded to pack her things.

XVI.

JANITORS, gardeners, and lackeys were walking through all the rooms of the summer-house, carrying things out. The safes and chests of drawers were open ; twice they went to the shop to buy twine ; on the floor newspapers were scattered. Two trunks, bags, and a bundle of plaids were taken down to the antechamber. Anna, who during the work of packing had forgotten her inner trouble, was packing her travelling-bag, standing at the table in her cabinet, when Ánnushka directed her attention to the rumble of an approaching carriage. Anna looked through the window and saw at the porch Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's courier, who was ringing the front door-bell.

"Go and find out what he wants," she said, sitting down on a chair with calm readiness for everything, and folding her hands on her knees.

A lackey brought a fat package addressed in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's own hand.

"The courier has been ordered to bring back an answer," he said.

"All right," she said. The moment he went out, she with trembling fingers tore the letter open. A roll of smooth, uncrumpled bank-bills, with a band around them, fell out of it. She drew out the letter and began to read it from the end. "I have made arrangements for your journey, I ascribe a significance to the execution of my request," she read. She ran it over and back again, read it all, and once more read the letter from the beginning. When she was through, she felt cold, and knew that

a terrible misfortune, such as she had not expected, had come down upon her head.

In the morning she had regretted what she had said to her husband, and had wished for nothing more than that the words might have been unuttered. Now this letter recognized these words as unsaid, and gave her what she had wanted. But now the letter appeared more terrible to her than anything she could imagine.

"He is right, he is right!" she said. "Of course, he is always right, — he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Yes, a low, base man! And no one but me understands this, or will ever understand; and I cannot explain it to anybody. They say that he is a religious, moral, honest, clever man; but they do not see what I have seen. They do not know that for eight years he has choked the life out of me, has choked everything living in me, — that he has not once thought of the fact that I am a living woman who needs love. They do not know how he has offended me at every step, and remained satisfied with himself. Have I not tried, tried with all my strength, to find a justification for my life? Have I not tried to love him, to love my son, when it was no longer possible to love my husband? But the time came, and I understood that I could no longer deceive myself, that I am alive, that I am not guilty, that God has made me such that I must love and live. And what now? If he killed me, if he killed him, — I should have endured it all, should have forgiven it, but no, he —

"Why did I not foresee what he would do? He will do what is in conformity with his base character. He will remain in the right, and me, the ruined woman, he will ruin more and more —" "You may imagine yourself what awaits you and your son," she recalled the words of the letter. "That is a threat that he will take my son away, and, no doubt, their stupid laws allow that. Do I not know what he says this for? He does not be-

lieve in my love for my son, or despises (has he not always made fun of it?) — despises this feeling of mine; but he knows that I will not abandon my boy, that I cannot give him up, that without him there can be no life for me even with the man whom I love, and that, in abandoning my son and running away from him, I will act as the lowest, most debased woman, — he knows it, and he knows that I shall not have the strength to do so."

"Our life must proceed as before," she recalled another sentence of the letter. "That life has been painful before, and it was terrible of late. What will it be now? And he knows all this, he knows that I cannot regret breathing and loving; he knows that outside of lying and deception nothing will come of it; but he must continue tormenting me. I know him; I know that, like a fish in the water, he swims in lies and enjoys them. But no, I will not afford him that pleasure, — I will tear to pieces that cobweb of lies in which he wants to ensnare me. Come what may! Anything is better than lying and deception!"

"But how? My God! Has woman ever been so unhappy as I am?"

"No, I will tear it, I will tear it!" she exclaimed, leaping up, and holding back her tears. And she went up to the writing-desk, in order to write him another letter. But in the depth of her soul she already felt that she would not be able to tear anything, that she would not have the strength to emerge from that situation, no matter how false and dishonest it was.

She sat down at the writing-desk, but, instead of writing, she placed her arms on the table, put her head upon them, and burst out a-weeping, sobbing, and shaking with her whole bosom, as only children weep. She wept because her dream of clearing up and defining her situation was for ever destroyed. She knew in advance that everything would remain as of old, and even worse than

of old. She felt that that position in the world which she had enjoyed, and which in the morning had seemed so insignificant to her, was after all dear to her; that she would not have the strength to exchange it for the disgraceful position of a woman who had abandoned her husband and her son, in order to join her lover; that, no matter how much she might try, she would not be stronger than she was. She would never experience the freedom of love, but would for ever remain a transgressing woman, in danger of conviction at any moment, and deceiving her husband for the sake of a disgraceful union with an independent stranger, with whom she could not live one life. She knew that it would be so, and, at the same time, this was so terrible that she could not even imagine how it would all end. And so she wept, without restraining herself, as weep children who have been punished.

The footsteps of the lackey, who was approaching, made her regain her consciousness. Hiding her face from him, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier is asking for an answer," the lackey reported.

"An answer? Yes," said Anna, "let him wait! I will ring the bell."

"What can I write?" she thought. "What can I decide by myself? What do I know? What do I want? What do I love?" She began to feel once more that her heart was doubling. She was again frightened at this feeling and grasped the first excuse for an activity which could take her away from her thoughts of herself. "I must see Alekseyéy" (thus she mentally called Vrónski); "he alone can tell me what I should do. I will go to Betsy's,—maybe I shall find him there," she said, forgetting entirely that the evening before, when she had told him that she should not be at the house of Princess Tverskóy, he had told her that he would not go there for that reason. She went up to the table, and wrote to her husband, "I

have received your letter. A.," and, ringing the bell, gave the note to the lackey.

"We shall not leave," she said to Ánnushka, who had entered.

"Not at all?"

"No. Don't put away things until to-morrow, and leave the carriage! I will go to the princess."

"Which dress shall I get ready?"

.

XVII.

THE croquet party, to which Princess Tverskóy invited Anna, was to consist of two ladies with their admirers. These two ladies were the chief representatives of a select St. Petersburg circle which was called, in imitation of the imitation of something, "*Les sept merveilles du monde*." These ladies, it is true, belonged to the highest circle, but one which was entirely hostile to the circle which Anna frequented. Besides, old Strémov, one of the influential men of St. Petersburg, Liza Merkálov's admirer, was officially Alekseyé Aleksándrovich's enemy. Considering that, Anna did not wish to go to Betsy's, and the hints in the note of Princess Tverskóy had reference to this refusal to attend. But now Anna intended to go there, in the hope of seeing Vrónski.

Anna arrived at Betsy's house before the other guests.

Just as she entered, Vrónski's lackey, with well-groomed side-whiskers, resembling a page of the chamber, was entering, too. He stopped at the door and, taking off his cap, let her pass first. Anna recognized him, and then only remembered that Vrónski had told her the night before that he would not come. No doubt he was sending a note to that effect.

As she took off her wraps in the antechamber, she heard the lackey, who pronounced his *r*'s like a page of the chamber, saying, "From the count to the princess," as he handed the note.

She wanted to ask where his master was. She wanted to go back and send him a letter asking him to come to

her house, or herself to go to see him. But it was impossible to do any of these things; the bells had been rung to announce her arrival, and the lackey of Princess Tverskóy had already wheeled half-way around at the open door, waiting for her to pass into the inner apartments.

"The princess is in the garden, — you will be announced at once. Would you not like to go to the garden?" another lackey reported in another room.

The situation of indecision and indefiniteness was the same it had been at home; it was even worse, for it was impossible to undertake anything; she could not see Vrónski, and yet had to stay there, in strange company, which was so contrary to her present mood, but she wore a robe which she knew was becoming to her; she was not alone, around her was that habitual circumstance of idleness, and she felt more at ease than at home; she did not have to think what to do. Everything took place mechanically. Upon meeting Betsy in a white robe, which startled Anna by its elegance, Anna smiled at her, as she always did. The princess was walking with Tushkévich and with a young lady relative of hers, who, to the delight of her provincial parents, was passing the summer with the famous princess.

Evidently there was something peculiar about Anna, for Betsy noticed it at once.

"I had a bad night," replied Anna, gazing at the lackey who was coming toward them, and who, according to her calculations, was bringing a note from Vrónski.

"How glad I am that you have come," said Betsy. "I am tired, and just wanted to drink a cup of tea, before they arrive. But you had better go," she turned to Tushkévich, "with Másha and try the croquet-ground, where the grass has been clipped. And we will have a cosy chat at the tea, won't we?" she turned to Anna, with a smile, pressing her hand, in which she was holding her parasol.

"The more so since I cannot stay long with you, — I

must by all means hurry on to old Madame Vrède's. It is more than a hundred years ago that I promised her to call," said Anna, for whom lies, so foreign to her nature, had become not only simple and natural in society, but even pleasant to her. She was quite unable to understand why she said this, of which she had not thought a second before. The only consideration which led her to say it was that, since Vrónski would not be there, she had to secure her freedom and try in one way or another to see him. But why she had mentioned the old maid of honour, Madame Vrède, with whom she had no more business than with anybody else, was more than she could tell, and yet, as it proved later, she could not have used a more sagacious means for meeting Vrónski.

"No, I will not let you go for anything in the world," replied Betsy, looking fixedly at Anna. "Really, I should be insulted, if I did not love you so much. You act as though you were afraid lest my company should compromise you. Please, bring us the tea to the small drawing-room," she said, half-closing her eyes as she always did when she spoke to a lackey.

She took the note from him and read it.

"Aleksyéy has given us the slip," she said, in French. "He writes that he cannot be here," she added, in such a simple, natural tone, as though it could never have occurred to her that Vrónski could have any other meaning for Anna than merely that of a partner in the game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew everything, but whenever she heard her talk of Vrónski in her presence, she for a moment made herself believe that she did not know anything.

"Ah!" Anna said, indifferently, as though taking little interest in the matter. She continued, smiling: "How can your company compromise anybody?"

This play with words, this concealment of the secret, had a great charm for Anna, as for all women. It was not

the necessity of concealing, nor the end for which anything was concealed, but the process of concealing itself which attracted her.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," Anna continued. "Strémov and Liza Merkálov are the cream of the cream of society. Then, they are everywhere received, and I," she emphasized the word *I*, "have never been severe and intolerant. I have simply no time for it."

"Well, you probably do not wish to meet Strémov. Let him break lances with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in the committee,—that does not concern us. But in society he is the most charming man that I know of, and he is an impassioned croquet player. You will see for yourself. In spite of his ridiculous situation as Liza's old lover, you ought to see how he works himself out of that ridiculous situation! He is very sweet. Don't you know Sapho Stolz? She is a new, an entirely new style."

Betsy was saying all that, but Anna in the meantime felt, from her merry, intelligent glance, that she partly divined her situation and was concocting something. They were in a small cabinet.

"Still, I must write to Aleksyéy," and Betsy seated herself at the table, wrote a few lines, and put the note into an envelope.

"I tell him to come to dinner. One of my ladies will be left at dinner without a gentleman. See whether it is convincing. Excuse me, but I will leave you for a minute. Please seal it and send it off," she said at the door. "I have to attend to something."

Without thinking for a moment, Anna sat down at the table with Betsy's letter, and, without reading it, added at the bottom: "I must see you. Come to Vréde's garden. I will be there at six." She sealed the note, and Betsy, upon returning, sent the letter away in her presence.

Indeed, at the tea, which was brought to them on a

small tray table into a small, cool drawing-room, the two women entered into a cosy chat, such as Princess Tverskóy had promised her before the arrival of the guests. They gossiped about all whom they expected, and the conversation stopped on Líza Merkálov.

"She is very sweet, and has always been sympathetic to me," said Anna.

"You must love her. She raves about you. Yesterday she came up to me after the races and was in despair because she did not find you. She says that you are a real heroine of a novel, and that if she were a man she would do foolish, rash acts on your account. Strémov says that she does them anyway."

"But tell me, I have never been able to understand," said Anna, after some silence and in a tone which showed conclusively that she was not putting an idle question, but that what she was asking was of greater importance to her than it ought to have been, "tell me, what are her relations' with Prince Kalúzhski, who is called Míshka. I have not met them much. What are they?"

Betsy smiled with her eyes and looked fixedly at Anna.

"A new fashion," she said. "They have all chosen this new fashion. They have thrown their caps beyond the mills. But there are fashions and fashions in throwing them away."

"Yes, but what are her relations with Kalúzhski?"

Betsy suddenly laughed a merry, unrestrained laugh, which did not happen with her often.

"You are reaching over into the sphere of Princess Myágki. That is the question for a terrible child," and Betsy evidently wanted to restrain herself, but could not, and burst out into that contagious laughter which is characteristic of people who laugh rarely. "We must ask them," she said, through tears of laughter.

"No, you are laughing," said Anna, herself involuntarily becoming infected by the laughter, "but I have never been

able to understand. I do not understand the rôle of the husband in that case."

"The husband? Líza Merkálov's husband carries her plaids after her, and is always ready to serve her. But what else there is about it, nobody cares to know. You know, in good society people do not speak or even think of certain details of the toilet. So it is with this."

"Will you be at Rolandaki's fête?" asked Anna, to change the subject.

"I think not," replied Betsy. Without looking at her friend, she began cautiously to fill the small translucent cups with fragrant tea. She pushed a cup over to Anna, took a pachitos and, sticking it into a silver cigarette pipe, lighted it.

"You see, I am in a happy situation," she began, now without laughing, taking her cup into her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Líza. Líza is one of those naïve natures who, like children, do not understand what is good and what bad. At least she did not understand when she was very young. And now she knows that this lack of understanding is becoming to her. Now she probably does not understand on purpose," Betsy said, with a refined smile. "Still, it is becoming to her. You see, the same thing may be looked upon from its tragic side, and be made a torture, or you may look at it simply and even gaily. It may be that you are inclined to look too tragically at things."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself," Anna said, seriously and pensively. "Am I worse than others, or better? I think, worse."

"A terrible child! A terrible child!" repeated Betsy. "But here they are."

XVIII.

STEPS were heard and a male voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and thereupon the guests entered, Sapho Stolz and a young man beaming with the superabundance of health, nicknamed Váška. It was evident that his body had profited from his diet of rare beef, truffles, and Burgundy. Váška bowed to the ladies and looked at them, but only for a second. He entered the drawing-room after Sapho, and followed her even in the room, as though he were tied to her, and did not take his sparkling eyes off her, as though he wanted to devour her. Sapho Stolz was a blonde with black eyes. She entered with small brisk steps on the high heels of her half-shoes, and in a firm and manly fashion pressed the hands of the ladies.

Anna had not yet met this new celebrity, and was startled by her beauty, by the extreme to which her toilet was carried, and by the boldness of her manners. On her head there was such a scaffolding of a coiffure, produced by her own hair and by false locks of a delicately golden hue, that the head was equal in size to her superbly arched bust, which was very bare in front. The impetuosity of her motion was such that with every turn the forms of her knees and of the upper parts of her legs were defined beneath her garment, and involuntarily the question presented itself of where, behind, in that bolstered, wavy mountain, her real, small, and stately body, so bared above and so concealed behind and below, actually ended.

Betsy hastened to make her acquainted with Anna.

"Just think of it, — we came very near crushing two soldiers," she began to tell, blinking, smiling, and jerking back her train, which she had thrown too much on one side. "I was driving with Váška — oh, yes, you are not acquainted." And she, calling the young man by his family name, introduced him and, blushing, sonorously laughed at her blunder in calling him Váška to a stranger. Váška once more bowed to Anna, but did not say anything to her. He turned to Sapho: "The bet is lost; we arrived the first. You must pay it," he said, smiling.

Sapho smiled more gaily still.

"Not now," she said.

"It makes no difference, — I will get it later."

"All right, all right! Oh, yes!" she suddenly turned to the hostess. "I am a nice one — I forgot — I have brought you a guest. Here he is."

The unexpected young guest, whom Sapho had brought with her and whom she had forgotten, was such an important guest that, in spite of his youth, both ladies rose to receive him.

This was Sapho's new admirer. He now followed at her heels, like Váška.

Soon after came Prince Kalúzhski and Líza Merkálov with Strémov. Líza Merkálov was a slender brunette with an indolent Eastern type of face and charming, unfathomable eyes, as everybody said. The character of her dark toilet (Anna noticed it and appreciated it at once) was in complete harmony with her beauty. Líza was as soft and loose as Sapho was firm and snug.

But to Anna's taste Líza was much more attractive. Betsy had said of her before Anna that she had taken upon herself the rôle of an unknowing child, but when Anna saw her, she felt that it was not true. She was indeed an unknowing and spoilt, but sweet and irresponsible woman. It is true her tone was the same as Sapho's; like Sapho, she was followed, as though they were sewed

to her, by two admirers, a young and an old man, who devoured her with their eyes ; but there was something in her which was higher than what surrounded her, — there was in her the sparkle of the pure water of a diamond among glass. This sparkle gleamed in her superb, indeed unfathomable eyes. The weary and, at the same time, passionate glance of these eyes, which were surrounded by a dark ring, startled one by their absolute sincerity. As a person looked into these eyes, he thought that he knew all of her, and, knowing her, he could not help loving her. At the sight of Anna, all her face was suddenly lighted up by a joyous smile.

“ Oh, how glad I am to see you ! ” she said, walking over to her. “ I wanted to go up to you yesterday at the races, but you were gone. I wanted so much to see you yesterday. Don’t you think it was terrible ? ” she said, looking at Anna with her glance which seemed to reveal her whole soul.

“ Yes, I had not expected to become so agitated,” Anna said, blushing.

The company just then rose to go into the garden.

“ I will not go,” said Líza, smiling, and seating herself close to Anna. “ You won’t go there either, will you ? What pleasure is there in playing croquet ? ”

“ Oh, I like it,” said Anna.

“ Now, how do you manage to keep from feeling dull ? It makes one gay to look at you. You are living, but I feel dull.”

“ How so ? But you are the gayest company in St. Petersburg,” said Anna.

“ It may be that those who are not of our company feel duller still ; but we, I certainly, do not at all feel happy, but terribly, terribly dull.”

Sapho lighted a cigarette and went into the garden with the two young men. Betsy and Strémov remained sitting at their tea.

"How could it be dull?" said Betsy. "Sapho says that they had a fine time last night at your house."

"Oh, how tiresome it was!" said Líza Merkálov. "We all went to my house after the races. Eternally the same and the same people! And eternally the same thing! They pressed down the sofas all the evening. Where is there the merriment? No, how do you manage to keep dulness away?" she again turned to Anna. "It is enough to look at you to see that here is a woman who may be happy or unhappy, but who feels no ennui. Teach me how you do it."

"I do not do it at all," replied Anna, blushing from these inquisitive questions.

"Now this is the best manner," Strémov interposed. Strémov was about fifty years of age, half-gray, still fresh, very homely, but with an impressive and clever face. Líza Merkálov was his wife's niece, and he passed all his free hours with her. On meeting Anna Karénin, he, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's official enemy, as a worldly and clever man, tried to be particularly attentive to her, the wife of his enemy.

"Not at all," he interposed, with a thin smile, "is the best means. I have been telling you all the time," he turned to Líza Merkálov, "that, in order not to feel ennui, you must not think that it is going to be dull. It is just the same as that you must not be afraid that you will not fall asleep, if you are afraid of sleeplessness. Anna Arkádevna has told you precisely the same."

"I should be very happy to have said so, because it is not only clever, but the truth," Anna said, smiling.

"No, tell me why we cannot fall asleep and why we cannot help feeling ennui."

"In order to fall asleep, we must work a little, and in order to make merry, we must work, too."

"Why should I work, since my work is of no use to any one? But I cannot and will not feign."

"You are incorrigible," said Strémov, without looking at her. He again addressed Anna.

As he met Anna but rarely, he could say nothing but trite things to her, but he told her those trite phrases about her moving to St. Petersburg and about how Lídiya Ivánovna loved her with an expression which showed that he wanted with his whole soul to be agreeable to her and to express his respect for her and even more.

Tushkévich entered, and announced that the company was waiting for the croquet players.

"No, don't go away, if you please," Líza Merkálov begged her, when she heard that Anna was going to leave. Strémov joined her.

"The contrast is too great," he said, "to leave this company and go to old Madame Vréde. Besides, for her you will only be an opportunity for malicious remarks, while here you evoke only the very best of feelings, such as are the very opposite to calumny," he said to her.

Anna for a moment wavered in indecision. The flattery of that clever man, the naïve, childish sympathy which Líza Merkálov showed her, and all these habitual, worldly surroundings, — all that was so light, and something so very heavy was in store for her, that for a moment she was undecided whether she had better not stay and put off the oppressive minute of the explanation. But, on reflecting what awaited her at home if she did not make some resolve, and recalling that gesture when she grasped her hair with both her hands, which was terrible to her even in imagination, she said good-bye and departed.

XIX.

VRÓNSKI, in spite of his seemingly frivolous society life, was a man who despised disorder. When he was young, attending the military school, he had experienced the humiliation of a refusal when, becoming financially embarrassed, he had asked for a loan, and since then he had not once allowed himself to be placed in such a situation.

In order always to have his affairs in shape, he, according to circumstances, more or less frequently, about five times a year, retired and cleared up his affairs. This he called squaring up, or *faire la lessive*.

On awakening late the next morning after the races, Wróński, without shaving himself or bathing, put on his bedgown and, placing his money, bills, and letters on the table, went to work. Petrítski knew that in such circumstances he generally was angry, so, upon waking and discovering his comrade at the writing-desk, he quietly dressed himself and went out, without disturbing him.

Every man who knows down to the minutest details the whole complexity of the conditions surrounding him involuntarily supposes that the complexity of these conditions and the difficulty of clearing them up is only his personal, accidental peculiarity, and does by no means assume that others are surrounded by just such a complexity of their own personal conditions as he himself. Even thus it appeared to Wróński. And he thought, not without internal pride and without any foundation, that any other man would have become entangled long ago

and would have been compelled to act badly, if he had been in a similar, difficult situation. But Vrónski felt that now was the time for him to cast his accounts and clear up his state of affairs, in order not to become entangled.

The first thing Vrónski took up, as being the easiest, was his monetary affairs. On a sheet of letter-paper he wrote down in his fine hand everything he owed, added up the sum, and found that he owed seventeen thousand and some hundreds, which he rejected for clearness' sake. He counted up his money and what was in his bank-book, and found that he had eighteen hundred roubles left, and there was no prospect of getting any more money before New Year. Vrónski read over the list of his debts and copied it, dividing it into three categories. In the first he wrote down all the debts which had to be paid immediately, or, in any case, for which he had to have money on hand, so that when it was demanded there would not be a moment of delay. Such debts amounted to about four thousand roubles: fifteen hundred roubles for a horse, and twenty-five hundred roubles as security for his young comrade Venévski, who had lost that sum to a cheat, in Vrónski's presence. Vrónski had offered that sum at the time (he had it with him), but Venévski and Yáshvin insisted that they would pay and not Vrónski, who had not been playing at all. All that was very nice, but Vrónski knew that in that nasty affair, in which he had taken part only to the extent of verbally going security for Venévski, he needed the twenty-five hundred roubles, in order to throw them at the cheat, and have nothing more to do with him. Thus, in this important category, he needed four thousand roubles.

The eight thousand roubles of the second division were less important debts. These had been contracted mainly in connection with the racing stable, and were owing to the oats and hay dealer, the Englishman, the harness-

maker and so forth. Of these debts he had to pay about two thousand roubles, to be entirely at his ease.

The last division of the debts, — to shops, hotels, and the tailor, — were such as gave him no concern. Thus he needed at the least six thousand roubles for current expenses, whereas he had only eighteen hundred roubles on hand.

For a man with an annual income of one hundred thousand roubles, at which Vrónski's fortune was estimated by everybody, it would seem that such debts could not be embarrassing; but the trouble was that he was far from having that income. His enormous paternal estate, which in itself brought in as much as two hundred thousand roubles a year, was undivided between the brothers. When his elder brother, who had an immense pile of debts, married Princess Vára Chirkov, the daughter of a Decembrist without any fortune, Aleksyéy transferred to him the whole income from his father's estate, securing for himself only twenty-five thousand roubles a year. Aleksyéy then told his brother that that amount would do him so long as he was not married, and that, no doubt, he should never marry. His brother, who was in command of one of the most expensive regiments, and who had just married, could not refuse that gift.

His mother, who had her separate fortune, gave Aleksyéy an additional twenty thousand roubles a year, and he spent it all. Of late, his mother, provoked at his liaison and his departure from Moscow, had quit sending him the money. In consequence of this, Vrónski, who had arranged his life on a scale of forty-five thousand roubles a year, and who now received only twenty-five thousand, was in an embarrassing situation. To emerge from it, he could not ask his mother for any money. Her last letter, received by him the day before, irritated him more especially on account of the hints which it contained that she was prepared to help him succeed in the

world and in service, but not in a life which scandalized all good society. His mother's attempt at bribing him offended him to the depth of his soul, and still more cooled him off toward her.

But he could not retract the magnanimous promise, though he felt now, dimly foreshadowing certain events in his relation with Anna, that his magnanimous promise had been made too frivolously, and that he, a bachelor, might be in need of the whole one hundred thousand roubles of his income. But it was impossible to retract. He had only to think of his brother's wife, to recall how sweet, dear Vára took every opportunity to tell him that she was mindful of his magnanimity, and that she appreciated it, in order to understand the impossibility of taking the gift back. It was as impossible as striking a woman, stealing, or lying.

There was one thing possible and peremptory, and Vrónski made that decision without a moment's hesitation: to borrow money of a usurer, say ten thousand roubles, about which there could be no difficulty, in general to cut down his expenses, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided upon that, he immediately wrote a note to Rolandaki, who had more than once offered to buy his horses of him. Then he sent for the Englishman and for the money-lender, and apportioned the money which he had according to his list. This done, he wrote a sharp, cold answer to his mother. Then he took three of Anna's notes out of his pocketbook, read them, and burned them; recalling the conversation he had had with her on the previous day, he fell to musing.

.

XX.

VRÓNSKI'S life was particularly felicitous in that he had a code of rules which definitely determined what he had to do, and what not. The code of these rules embraced a very small circle of conditions, but then, these rules were indubitable, and Vrónski, who never left that circle, never wavered in the execution of what had to be done. These rules settled it beyond any doubt that a cheat must be paid and a tailor need not be; that it was not right to lie to men, but to a woman it was allowable; that one must not deceive any one but a husband; that insults must not be forgiven, but that one might insult others, and so forth. All these rules might be senseless and bad, but they were indubitable, and, carrying them out, Vrónski felt that he was calm and could hold his head high. Only during the very last time, in respect to his relations with Anna, he began to feel that the code of his rules did not entirely determine all the conditions, and in the future there presented themselves difficulties and doubts, in which Vrónski no longer found a guiding thread.

His present relations to Anna and her husband were to him simple and clear. They were clearly and precisely determined in his code of rules by which he was guided.

She was a decent woman, who had given him her love, and he loved her, and so she was for him a woman who was worthy of the same respect or even of a greater respect than a legal wife. He would sooner have allowed an arm of his to be chopped off than to offend her by a

word or a hint, or by not showing her the highest degree of respect on which a woman might count.

His relations to society were also clear. All might know and suspect it, but no one could dare to speak of it. But if they did, he was prepared to silence the talkers and make them respect the non-existing honour of the woman whom he loved.

His relations to her husband were clearest of all. From the moment that Anna loved Vrónski, he considered his own right inalienable. Her husband was only a superfluous, interfering person. To be sure, he was in a pitiable plight, but what was to be done? There was but one thing her husband had a right to, and that was to demand satisfaction with a weapon in his hands, and this Vrónski had been prepared to give from the first moment.

But of late new, internal relations between him and her had appeared, and these frightened him by their indefiniteness. It was only the day before that she had informed him of her pregnancy. And he felt that this news and what she expected of him demanded something which was not fully defined in the code of those rules by which he was guided in life. Indeed, he was taken at unawares and in the first moment, when she told him of her condition, his heart prompted him to ask her to leave her husband. He had told her so, but now, after reflection, he saw clearly that it would be better to do without that; at the same time, saying this to himself, he was afraid that that might be bad.

"If I told her to leave her husband, it means that she is to join me: am I ready for it? How shall I take her away when I have no money? Of course, I might arrange matters — But how shall I take her away while I am connected with the army? If I said it, I must be prepared for it, that is, I must have money, and resign my commission."

He fell to musing. The question whether to ask for his

dismissal or not led him to another, secret interest of his whole life, known to him alone and his chief concern, even though it was concealed.

Ambition had been the old dream of his childhood and youth, — a dream which he did not acknowledge to himself, but which was nevertheless so strong that even now that passion struggled with his love. His first steps in the world and in the army had been successful, but two years before he had made a bad blunder. Wishing to show his independence and to be promoted, he had declined a position offered to him, in the hope that the refusal would increase his worth; but it turned out that he had been too bold, and he was left alone; and, having unwittingly gained the reputation of an independent man, he bore it, carrying himself very shrewdly, as though he had no grudge against any one, did not consider himself offended, and wished only to be left alone because he was so happy.

In reality he had ceased being happy ever since last year when he had gone to Moscow. He felt that that independent position of a man who could do everything but did not want to was beginning to wear off, and that many were beginning to think that he could not do anything but be a good, honest fellow. His liaison with Anna, which produced such a stir and directed the universal attention to him, gave him a new splendour and for awhile pacified the gnawing worm of ambition within him, but the week before that worm had awakened with renewed vigour. The friend of his childhood, belonging to the same circle and the same society with him, and his schoolmate at the military academy, Serpukhovskóy, who had graduated the same year with him, and who had been his rival in his studies, and at gymnastics, and in pranks, and in dreams of ambition, had returned from Central Asia, having there received two ranks and a distinction which was rarely accorded to such young generals.

The moment he arrived in St. Petersburg, people began to talk of him as of a rising star of the first magnitude. He, Vrónski's chum and messmate, was a general, expecting an appointment which might have an influence on the course of state affairs, while Vrónski, though an independent, brilliant man who was loved by a charming woman, was only a captain, who was permitted to be as independent as he pleased. "Of course, I do not envy and cannot envy Serpukhovskóy; but his advancement shows me that a man has to bide his time, and that the career of a man like me may be made in a short time. Three years ago he was in the same position in which I am now. If I resign my commission, I shall burn my ships. Remaining in the army, I lose nothing. She said herself that she did not wish to change her position. And I with her love cannot envy Serpukhovskóy." And, twisting his moustache with a slow motion, he rose from the table and walked up and down in the room. His eyes were sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and he was conscious of that firm, calm, joyful mood which always came over him after clearing up his situation. Everything was clean and clear, as after previous accounts. He shaved and dressed himself, took a cold bath, and went out.

XXI.

"I AM after you. Your wash is lasting long this morning," said Petrítski. "Well, are you done?"

"I am," replied Vrónski, smiling with his eyes only and cautiously twisting the ends of his moustache, as though after the order brought into his affairs every overbold and rapid motion might work his destruction.

"After this performance you are always as though you came out of a bath," said Petrítski. "I have come from Grítska" (thus they called the commander of their regiment), — "they are waiting for you."

Vrónski looked at his comrade, without making any reply, as he was thinking of something else.

"Why, I hear music there," he said, listening to the familiar sounds of polkas and waltzes played by bass horns. "What holiday is this?"

"Serpukhovskóy has arrived."

"Ah!" said Vrónski. "I did not know."

The smile of his eyes sparkled brighter than before.

Having once for all decided that he was happy in his love, and had sacrificed his ambition for her in taking that rôle upon himself, Vrónski could no longer feel any envy toward Serpukhovskóy, nor any annoyance because, having arrived in the regiment, he had not called on him first. Serpukhovskóy was a good friend, and he was glad he was there.

"Oh, I am very glad."

The commander of the regiment, Démin, occupied a large manor. All the company was in the spacious lower

veranda. The first thing that Vrónski noticed in the yard were the singers in blouses, standing near a vódka keg, and the healthy, merry figure of the commander surrounded by officers: he had walked out to the first step of the veranda, and, shouting louder than the music, which was playing a quadrille by Offenbach, he gave orders and waved his hands to some soldiers who were standing at one side. A group of soldiers, a sergeant-major and a few under-officers, walked over to the veranda at the same time with Vrónski. The commander returned to the table, again walked out on the veranda with his glass in his hand, and drank a toast: "To the health of our former comrade and brave general, Prince Serpukhovskóy. Hurrah!"

Serpukhovskóy, smiling, and holding a glass in his hand, came out after the commander.

"You are getting younger all the time," he turned directly to the dashing, red-cheeked sergeant-major who, serving his second term, was standing in front of him.

Vrónski had not seen Serpukhovskóy for three years. He had grown more manly, having raised side-whiskers, but he was still as slender as ever, striking not so much for his handsome looks as for the tenderness and nobility of his face and whole figure. There was one change which Vrónski observed in him, and that was a calm, steady gleam, which comes on the faces of successful men, who are sure of having their success acknowledged by everybody. Vrónski knew what this gleam was, and immediately noticed it on Serpukhovskóy's countenance.

As he descended the stairs, Serpukhovskóy saw Vrónski. A smile of joy lighted up Serpukhovskóy's face. He nodded upward with his head, raised his glass to greet Vrónski and to indicate with that gesture that he had first to walk over to the sergeant-major, who, straightening himself up, had already put his lips together for a kiss.

"There he is!" exclaimed the commander of the regi-

ment. "And Yáshvin told me that you were in your dumps."

Serpukhovskóy kissed the dashing sergeant-major on his moist, fresh lips and, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, went up to Vrónski.

"How glad I am!" he said, pressing his hand, and leading him aside.

"Look after him!" the commander called out to Yáshvin, pointing to Vrónski, on his way down to the soldiers.

"Why did you not go to the races yesterday? I had hoped I should see you there," said Vrónski, inspecting Serpukhovskóy.

"I did go there, but it was late. Excuse me," he added, turning to an adjutant: "Please distribute it in my name, as much as will come to each man."

And he hurriedly took three one hundred rouble bills out of his pocketbook, and his face was flushed.

"Vrónski! Will you have a bite of something, or a drink?" asked Yáshvin. "Oh, there, give the count something to eat! And here, take this and drink!"

The carousal at the house of the commander of the regiment lasted for a long time.

They drank a great deal. Serpukhovskóy was swung and thrown up on a blanket. Then they swung the commander of the regiment. Then the commander himself danced with Petrítski in front of the singers. Then the commander, a little weakened, sat down in the yard on a bench and began to prove to Yáshvin the superiority of Russia over Prussia, especially in cavalry charges, and the carousal for a moment died down. Serpukhovskóy went into the house, to the dressing-room, to wash his hands, and there found Vrónski; Vrónski was pouring water over his face. He had taken off his blouse and, placing his hirsute red neck under the stream from the wash-basin, he rubbed the water over his neck and head with his hands. Having finished his ablution, Vrónski

sat down beside Serpukhovskóy. Seated on the sofa, they began a conversation which was very interesting to both of them.

"I heard about you from my wife," said Serpukhovskóy. "I am glad that you have seen her often."

"She is friendly with Vára, and they are the only St. Petersburg women whom it gives me pleasure to see," Vrónski replied, with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw the theme on which their conversation would turn, and that pleased him.

"The only ones?" Serpukhovskóy asked him, smiling.

"I have heard about you, and not only through your wife," said Vrónski, warding off the hint with a stern expression of his face. "I was very glad to hear of your success, but was not in the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskóy smiled. He was apparently pleased to hear this opinion about himself, and he did not consider it necessary to conceal his pleasure.

"I, on the contrary, I must tell you frankly, have expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious, that is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Maybe you would not confess if you were not successful," said Vrónski.

"I think not," said Serpukhovskóy, again with a smile. "I won't say that it would not be worth while living without it, but it would be dull. Of course, I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that I have some ability in the sphere of action which I have chosen, and that in my hands the power, whatever it may be, if I have it at all, will be safer than in the hands of many I know," Serpukhovskóy said, with a beaming consciousness of success. "And so, the nearer I am to it, the more I am contented."

"That may be so for you, but not for everybody. I thought so myself, and yet I live and I find that it is not worth while to live only for it," said Vrónski.

"Indeed! Indeed!" Serpukhovskóy said, smiling. "I have already heard about you, about your refusal — Of course, I approved of you. But there is a way in everything. I think myself that the act itself was good, but you did not do it right."

"What is done, is done, and you know that I never go back on what I do. Besides, I am all right."

"All right for a time. You will not be satisfied, — I am not speaking to your brother. He is a dear child, just like our host. There he is!" he added, listening to the shout of "Hurrah!" — "He is having a jolly time; but that does not satisfy you."

"I do not say that it does."

"Yes, not this alone. Men of your type are needed."

"By whom?"

"By whom? By society, by Russia. Russia needs men, needs a party, else everything is going and will go to the dogs."

"How is that? Berténev's party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpukhovskóy, frowning in annoyance at being suspected of such stupidity. "*Tout ça est une blague*. That has always been and always will be. There are no communists. But intriguing people must always invent a dangerous, harmful party. That is an old trick. No, what is wanted is a party of power consisting of independent men, such as you and I."

"Why?" Vrónski named several men in power. "Why are they not independent people?"

"Because they have not, or have not had since their birth, an independent fortune, nor a name, — there has not been that nearness to the sun, in which we were born. They can be bought with money or favours. And to be able to hold themselves, they have to invent a tendency. And they carry out some idea, some tendency in which they themselves have no faith, and which creates wrong;

and all this tendency is only a means for getting a house from the government and so much salary. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça*, when you look into their cards. It may be that I am worse and more stupid than they, though I do not see why I should be. But you and I have unquestionably an important advantage,—it is harder to buy us. And such men are wanted now more urgently than ever.”

Vrónski listened attentively, but it was not so much the contents of his words that interested him as the fact that Serpukhovskóy was already intending to battle with the power, and in this world had already his sympathies and antipathies, while for him there existed only the interests of his squadron. Vrónski understood also how powerful Serpukhovskóy might be with his unquestionable ability to deliberate and to comprehend things, with his mind and his gift of oratory, which were so rare in the sphere in which he was living. And, however much ashamed he was of it, he envied him.

“Still, I lack one important thing for it,” he replied, “I lack the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone.”

“Excuse me, that is not true,” Serpukhovskóy said, smiling.

“Yes, it is true, it is! It is now, to be frank with you,” Vrónski added.

“Yes, it is true, *now*, that is another matter; but this *now* will not be for ever.”

“Perhaps,” replied Vrónski.

“You say *perhaps*,” continued Serpukhovskóy, as though divining his thoughts, “and I tell you *certainly*. And it was for this reason that I wanted to see you. You have acted as was proper. I understand it, but you must not persevere. I only ask for a *carte blanche* from you. I am not patronizing you — And again, why should I not patronize you? How often have you patronized me! I hope

that our friendship is above it. Give me a *carte blanche*, leave the army, and I will imperceptibly draw you in."

"But you must understand that I do not need anything," said Vrónski, "except that everything should remain as it has been."

Serpukhovskóy got up and stood in front of him.

"You say that everything should remain as it has been. I understand what that means. But listen! We are of the same age, — maybe you have known a larger number of women than I have." Serpukhovskóy's smile and gestures said that Vrónski need not fear that he would gently and carefully touch a sensitive spot. "But I am married, and believe me that, knowing your one wife (as some one has written), whom you love, you will know all women better than if you knew a thousand of them."

"We will be there directly!" Vrónski exclaimed to an officer who looked into the room and called them to the commander.

Vrónski now wanted to hear and find out what Serpukhovskóy intended to tell him.

"And here is my opinion. Woman is the main stumbling-block in a man's activity. It is hard to love a woman and be doing something. For this there is only one means, which is both convenient and does not interfere with love, and that is marriage. How, how can I best explain it to you?" said Serpukhovskóy, who was fond of comparisons. "Wait, wait! Yes, it is possible to carry a *fardeau* and do something with your hands, only when the *fardeau* is tied on to the back, — just so is marriage. This I discovered when I married. My hands suddenly became free. But to drag this *fardeau* along without marriage, — your hands will be so full that it will not be possible to do anything. Look at Mezankóv, at Krúpov. They have ruined their careers on account of women."

"What women!" said Vrónski, recalling a French-

woman and an actress, with whom the two persons mentioned had had liaisons.

"So much the worse. The firmer a woman's position in society, the worse it is. That is the same, — what shall I say? — as — not as dragging the *fardeau* with your hands, but as pulling it away from another."

"You have never loved," Vrónski said, softly, looking in front of him, and thinking of Anna.

"Perhaps not. But remember what I have told you. Another thing: all women are more material than men. We make something huge out of love, but they are always *terre-à-terre*."

"Directly, directly!" he turned to the lackey who had entered. But the lackey did not come to call them out, as he thought. He brought a note for Vrónski.

"A man has brought this from Princess Tverskóy."

Vrónski opened the letter, and blushed.

"My head aches, — I will go home," he said to Serpukhovskóy.

"Good-bye, then. Do you give me *carte blanche*?"

"We shall speak of it later, — I will find you in St. Petersburg."

XXII.

It was already past five, and so, in order to get there in time and not to travel with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vrónski took Yáshvin's hired carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him as fast as possible. It was an old, spacious, double-seated carriage. He sat down in the corner, stretched out his legs on the front seat, and fell to musing.

The dim consciousness of that clearness which had been brought into his affairs, the dim recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhovskóy, who regarded him as an important man, and, above all, the coming rendezvous, — all that united into a common impression of a joyous feeling of life. This feeling was so strong that he involuntarily smiled. He put down his legs, crossed one knee over the other, and, taking it into his hand, touched the firm calf of his leg, which he had bruised the day before in his fall, and, leaning back, he several times inhaled the air with full lungs.

"Good, very good!" he said to himself. He had frequently before experienced the joyous consciousness of his body, but never before had he loved himself, his body, so much as now. It gave him pleasure to feel this light pain in his strong leg, and he enjoyed the muscular sensation of his breast's motion in breathing. That same clear, cold August day, which had acted so dispiritingly on Anna, seemed to him bracing, and refreshed his face and neck which were heated from the ablution. The odour of the brilliantine on his moustache was particularly pleasing

to him in the fresh air. Everything which he saw through the carriage window, everything, in this cold, pure air, in this pale glamour of the sunset, was as fresh, merry, and strong as he himself: the roofs of the houses, gleaming in the beams of the setting sun, and the sharp outlines of the fences and corners of buildings, and the figures of the occasional pedestrians and carriages, and the motionless verdure of the trees and grasses, and the fields with their regular potato furrows, and the slanting shadows which fell from the houses and trees and bushes, and even from the potato furrows. Everything was beautiful, like a fine landscape, just finished and varnished.

"Faster, faster!" he said to the coachman, putting his head out of the window and, taking out of his pocket a three-rouble bill, he handed it to the coachman, who had turned around. The driver's hand fumbled near the lamp, there was heard the swish of the whip, and the carriage flew rapidly over the level avenue.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this happiness," he thought, looking at the bone bell-handle in the space between the two windows, and imagining Anna as he had seen her the last time. "As time advances I love her more and more. Here is the garden of Vrède's government summer residence. Where is she? Where? How? Why did she appoint a rendezvous here, and why did she write in Betsy's letter?" was all he was thinking; but it was now too late to think. He stopped the coachman before reaching the avenue, and, opening the door, sprang out of the carriage while it was in motion, and went up the avenue which led to the house. Nobody was there; but, upon looking to the right, he saw her. Her face was covered with a veil, but he, with a joyous glance, took in the peculiar, characteristic movement of her gait, the slope of her shoulders, and the poise of her head, and immediately he felt as though an electric current were coursing through his body. He felt himself with renewed

strength, from the flexible motion of his legs to the motion of his lungs in breathing, and something tickled his lips.

As she met him, she gave him a firm pressure of her hand.

"Are you not angry with me for having called you out? I had to see you by all means," she said; and the stern and serious position of her lips, which he saw underneath her veil, at once changed his mood.

"I, angry! But how did you get here, and whither are you going?"

"Never mind," she said, putting her hand on his arm. "Come, we must have a talk."

He understood that something had happened, and that the meeting would not be a cheerful one. In her presence he did not have his will: without knowing the cause of her alarm, he felt that the same alarm was being communicated to him.

"What is it? What?" he asked, pressing her hand with his elbow, and trying to read her thoughts in her face.

She walked a few steps, collecting herself, and suddenly stopped.

"I did not tell you last night," she began, breathing rapidly and heavily, "that on my way home with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich I told him everything — I told him that I could not be his wife, that — I told him everything."

He listened to her, involuntarily bending his whole stature, as though wishing thus to lighten the burden of her situation. But the moment she had said all that, he suddenly straightened himself up, and his face assumed a proud and stern expression.

"Yes, yes, that is better, a thousand times better! I understand how hard it was," he said. But she was not listening to his words: she was reading his thoughts

in the expression of his face. She could not have known that this expression had reference to the first thought that occurred to him, — about the inevitableness of the duel. The idea of a duel had never been in her mind, and so she interpreted quite differently that fleeting expression of sternness.

When she received her husband's letter, she knew in the depth of her heart that everything would remain as of old, and that she would not have the strength to disregard her position, to abandon her son, and to unite with her lover. The morning passed with Princess Tverskóy only confirmed her in this. Still, the meeting was of great importance to her. She hoped that this meeting would change their position and would save her. If he, upon hearing this news, should say with determination and passion, without a moment's wavering, "Throw up everything and run with me!" she would abandon her son and would run with him. But the news had not produced the effect which she had expected: he only seemed to be offended at something.

"It was not in the least hard for me. It all came of its own accord," she said, in irritation, "and here —" she took her husband's letter out of her glove.

"I understand, I understand," he interrupted her, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to comfort her. "I had but one wish, one desire, — to break this situation, in order to devote my life to your happiness."

"Why do you tell me this?" she said. "Can I have any doubts about it? If I had —"

"Who is coming there?" Vrónski suddenly said, pointing to two ladies who were coming toward them. "They may know us!" and he hurriedly turned into a side path, drawing her along with him.

"Oh, it makes no difference to me!" she said. Her lips trembled, and it seemed to him that her eyes looked at

him behind the veil with strange resentment. "So I say that that is another matter, and that I cannot doubt it; but here is what he writes to me. Read it!" And again she stopped.

Again, as at the first moment, when he received the news of her rupture with her husband, he, reading the letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the natural impression evoked in him by his relation to the injured husband. Now, as he was holding the husband's letter in his hands, he instinctively thought of the challenge which he would find at his house to-day or to-morrow, and of the duel itself, during which he, with the same cold and haughty mien which even now was on his face, would shoot into the air and would submit himself to the shot of the injured husband. And just then the idea which Serpukhovskóy had told him but awhile ago, and which he himself had had in the morning, flashed through his mind, that it was best not to bind himself,—and he knew that he could not communicate that thought to her.

Having read the letter, he raised his eyes to her, and in his glance there was no firmness. She understood at once that he had been thinking of it before. She knew that, no matter what he might tell her, he would not tell her everything he thought. And she understood that her last hope was shattered. It was not what she had expected.

"You see what kind of a man he is," she said, in a trembling voice. "He —"

"Forgive me, but I am glad of it," Vrónski interrupted her. "For the Lord's sake, let me finish," he added, imploring her with his glance to give him time to explain his words. "I am glad because it cannot under any circumstances remain as he supposes."

"What cannot?" muttered Anna, repressing her tears, apparently no longer ascribing any meaning to what he was saying. She felt that her fate was decided.

Vrónski wanted to say that, after the inevitable duel,

as he thought, this could not last, but he said something different.

"It cannot last. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope," he became embarrassed and blushed, "that you will allow me to arrange and consider our lives. Tomorrow —" he began.

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son?" she exclaimed. "You see what he is writing! I must abandon him, and I cannot and will not do it."

"But, for God's sake, what is better? To leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"Humiliating for whom?"

"For everybody, and most of all for you."

"You say it is humiliating — don't say it! These words have no meaning for me," she said, in a trembling voice. She did not want him to tell an untruth now. All she had left was his love, and she wanted to love him. "You must understand that everything has changed with me since the day I first loved you. I have only one thing, and that is your love. So long as it is mine, I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humiliating for me. I am proud of my situation because — I am proud of — proud —" She did not finish saying what she was proud of. Tears of shame and of despair choked her voice. She stopped and burst out weeping.

He, too, felt a lump rising in his throat and something tickling his nose, — and for the first time in his life he felt like crying. He would have been unable to say what it was that touched him so; he was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not aid her, and at the same time knew that he was the cause of her misfortune and that he had done something bad.

"Is not a divorce possible?" he said, timidly. She shook her head, without replying.

"Can't you take the son and still leave him?"

“Yes; but that all depends on him. I must now go to see him,” she said, dryly. Her presentiment that everything would remain as of old had not deceived her.

“On Tuesday I shall be in St. Petersburg, and everything will be decided.”

“Yes,” she said. “But let us not talk of it again!”

Anna’s carriage, which she had sent off, and which she had ordered to call at the gate of Vréde’s garden, drove up now. Anna bade Wrónski good-bye and rode home.

XXIII.

ON Monday took place the usual meeting of the committee of the 2d of June. Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich entered the hall of the meeting, exchanged greetings with the members and with the chairman, as he was wont to do, and sat down in his seat, placing his hands on the documents which were put before him. Among these papers lay also the necessary references and the conspectus which he intended to introduce. He really did not need any references. He remembered everything and did not consider it necessary to repeat in his mind what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came and he should see before him the face of his adversary, vainly attempting to assume an indifferent expression, his speech would flow better of its own accord than he could prepare it now. He felt that the contents of his speech were so weighty that each word would have a significance. At the same time, while he was listening to the usual report, he had a most innocent, harmless look. No one looking at his white hands with the swollen veins, the long fingers of which were so gently fingering the two edges of the sheet of white paper in front of him, and at his head, which was inclined toward one side with an expression of fatigue, would have thought that in a few minutes his lips would pour forth a speech that would produce a terrible storm, and would cause the members to shout in their attempts to interrupt each other, and the chairman to ask them to preserve order.

When the report was read, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich announced in his soft, thin voice that he intended to communicate some of his reflections on the case dealing with the condition of the aliens. Attention was directed toward him. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich cleared his throat and, without looking at his adversary, but selecting, as he always did at the delivery of his speeches, the nearest person to him, a small, meek old man who never had any opinion in the commission, he began to expound his views. When the affair reached the fundamental and organic law, his adversary jumped up and began to retort. Strémov, too, who was a member of the commission, and was touched to the quick, began to justify himself, — and, in general, there ensued a stormy session; but Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich triumphed, and his project was accepted: three new commissions were appointed, and on the following day they talked of nothing in a certain St. Petersburg circle but of that session. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's success was even greater than he had expected.

On the following morning, a Tuesday, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, on awakening, thought with joy of his victory of the night before, and could not help smiling, although he tried to appear indifferent, when the manager of his office, trying to flatter him, informed him of the rumours which he had heard about the occurrence in the commission.

While busying himself with the manager of his office, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich completely forgot that this was Tuesday, the day appointed for the arrival of Anna Arkádevna, and so he was surprised and disagreeably affected when a servant came to report her arrival.

Anna had arrived early in the morning; a carriage had been sent out for her in response to her telegram, and so Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich might have known of her arrival. But when she came, he did not receive her. She was told that he had not yet come out and was busy with

the manager of his office. She sent word to her husband that she had arrived, and herself went to her cabinet and attended to the unpacking of her things, waiting for him to come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not come. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving orders, and purposely spoke in a loud voice, hoping that he would come out to her ; but he did not do so, although she heard him walk to the door of the cabinet, letting out his manager. She knew that he would as usual drive at once to his office, and she wanted to see him before, so that their relations might be defined.

She walked through the parlour and with determination directed her steps toward him. When she entered his cabinet, he was sitting at a small table, wearing his undress uniform, apparently ready to depart. He was leaning his arms upon the table and looking in front of him. She saw him before he saw her, and she saw that he was thinking of her.

Upon seeing her, he wanted to get up, but changed his mind ; then his face became all flushed, a thing which Anna had never before observed in him, and he rose with a start and walked up to her, looking not into her eyes, but above them, at her forehead and coiffure. He went up to her, took her hand, and asked her to be seated.

"I am very glad that you have come," he said, sitting down by her side. He evidently was on the point of saying something to her, but hesitated. He tried to say something several times, but always stopped. Although, in preparing herself for this meeting, she had taught herself to despise and accuse him, she did not know what to say to him, and she pitied him. Thus the silence lasted for quite awhile.

"Is Serézha well?" he asked and, without waiting for an answer, added: "I shall not dine at home to-day, and I must leave at once."

"I wanted to go to Moscow," she said.

"Yes, you have done very, very well to have come," he said. He again kept silence.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich," she said, looking at him and not lowering her eyes under his glance, which was directed at her coiffure, "I am a wicked woman, a bad woman, and I am the same that I told you then that I was, and I have come to inform you that I cannot change anything."

"I do not ask you about it," he said, suddenly looking her straight in the eye, with determination and hatred, "and that is what I supposed." Under the influence of his rage he apparently fully regained the control of his faculties. "But, as I then told you and as I wrote to you," he said, in a sharp, thin voice, "and as I now repeat, — I am not obliged to know it. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you to hurry to communicate such a *pleasant* bit of news to their husbands." He emphasized the word "*pleasant*." "I ignore it so long as the world does not know it, so long as my name has not been disgraced. And so I merely warn you that our relations must remain the same they have always been, and that only when you compromise yourself will I be obliged to take measures to protect my honour."

"But our relations cannot be what they have always been," Anna said, in a timid voice, looking at him in fright.

When she again saw his calm gestures and heard that piercing, childish, sarcastic tone of his voice, her loathing for him destroyed her former compassion for him, and she was only afraid; but she wanted at any cost to clear up her situation.

"I cannot be your wife; when I — " she began.

He laughed an evil, cold laugh.

"No doubt the manner of life which you have chosen is being reflected on your conceptions. I respect or despise both so much — I respect your past and despise

your present — that I was far from the interpretation which you have given to my words.”

Anna sighed and lowered her head.

“However, I do not understand how, having as much independence as you have,” he continued, growing excited, “frankly informing your husband of your infidelity, and finding nothing prejudicial in it, as it seems, you find the execution of your wifely duties prejudicial in respect to your husband.”

“Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, what do you want of me?”

“What I want is not to find this man here, and to have you comport yourself in such a way that neither the *world* nor the *servants* could accuse you — I want you not to see him. It seems little. For this you will enjoy the privileges of an honest wife, without performing her duties. This is all I have to tell you. Now I must leave. I shall not dine at home.” He rose and walked toward the door.

Anna rose too. He bowed in silence and let her pass out.

XXIV.

THE night passed by Levín on the stack did not go by unnoticed: he was tired of the farming, as he had been carrying it on, and lost every interest in it. In spite of the excellent harvest, he had never had, at least it seemed to him that he had never had, so many failures and so many hostile relations between him and the peasants, as during the present year, and the cause of the failures and of the hostility was now quite comprehensible to him. The charm which he had experienced in the work itself; the consequent friendship with the peasants; the envy which he experienced of them and of their lives; the desire to enter their life, which during that night had been with him not merely a dream, but an intention, the details of which he had been discussing with himself, — all that so changed his view on the management of the farm that he no longer could find in it the former interest, and could not help seeing that unpleasant relation of his to the farm-hands, which was the foundation of the whole matter.

The herds of improved cows, like Páva; the whole extent of the fertilized ground ploughed up by coulter ploughs; nine equal fields hedged with willows; nine desyatínas of deeply ploughed manure; planting-machines, and so forth, — all that was beautiful, if he did it all himself, or with the aid of companions who sympathized with him. But he now saw plainly (his work on the book about agronomy, the chief element of which was to be the farm-hand, had helped him a great deal in this), — he now saw clearly

that the farming which he was carrying on was only a cruel and stubborn fight between him and the peasants, in which on one side, on his side, there was a constant strained tendency to change everything into what seemed to be the best form, while on the other side was the natural order of things. And in this struggle he saw that, with the greatest expenditure of strength on his part, and without any effort or even intention on the other, all that was accomplished was that the farm was carried on to nobody's advantage, and the fine implements, the fine cattle, and the earth were wasted for nothing. But the main thing was that not only was the energy which was directed toward it wasted in vain, but he could also not help observing, now that the meaning of the farming was revealed to him, that the aim of his energy was most unworthy.

In reality, what did the struggle consist in? He was looking out for every penny (nor could he do otherwise, for he needed only to slacken his energy, and he would not have enough money to pay the farm-hands), while they were only after working quietly and agreeably, that is, as they were accustomed to work. It was to his interest that every labourer should work as much as possible, should keep his senses, should not uselessly break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, the threshers, and should keep in mind what he was doing; but the labourers wanted to work as comfortably as possible, with rests and, above all, carelessly and forgetfully, — without thinking.

This he had observed during the whole of the last summer. He had sent out men to mow the clover for hay, selecting the bad *desyatínas* that were overgrown with grass and wormwood, and that were not good for seed, — and they mowed down in succession the best seed *desyatínas*, excusing themselves by saying that the clerk had ordered them to do so, and that it would make ex-

cellent hay; but he knew that the cause of it was that those desyatínas were easiest to mow. He sent out a tedder to turn up the hay, — and they broke it in the first rows, because the peasant got tired sitting on the box beneath the flapping wings. All the answer he received was, "Don't worry, the women will ted it all right." The coulter ploughs turned out useless, because it did not occur to the ploughman to let down the coulter, and because, putting his whole weight on it, he wore out the horses and spoiled the ground; and still they asked Levín not to worry. The horses were let into the wheat, because no one farm-hand wanted to be a night watchman, but all took their turns, each night, in spite of the order to the contrary, and Vánka, who had worked all day, fell asleep, and then repented of his transgression by saying, "Do with me as you please!" Three of the best heifers were overfed because they were let out on the rowen without giving them any water, and they did not wish to believe that it was the clover that had swelled them so, but told him in consolation that a neighbour of his lost 112 head in three days.

All this was done not because anybody meant any harm to him or his farm, — on the contrary, he knew that he was loved and was regarded as a simple master (which is the highest praise they could bestow); but only because they wanted to work merrily and carelessly, and his interests were not only strange and incomprehensible to them, but fatally opposed to their own most just interests. Levín had for a long time been feeling dissatisfaction with his relation to the farm. He felt that his boat was leaky, but he did not find, and did not try to find the leak, perhaps deceiving himself on purpose (nothing would be left to him if he were disappointed). Now he no longer could deceive himself. The farm which he was carrying on not only did not interest him, but even disgusted him, and he could no longer attend to it.

To this was added the presence within thirty versts of Kitty Shcherbátski, whom he wanted to see, but could not. Dárya Aleksándrovna Oblónski had invited him to call again, for the purpose of renewing the proposal to her sister, who, she was sure, would accept him this time. Levín himself felt, when he saw Kitty, that he had not stopped loving her; but he could not call on the Oblónskis, knowing that Kitty was there. His having proposed to her and her having refused him placed an unsurmountable barrier between them. "I cannot ask her to be my wife simply because she cannot be the wife of him whom she wanted to marry," he said to himself. This thought made him cold and hostile toward her. "I shall not have the strength to talk to her without a feeling of reproach, and to look at her without malice, and she will hate me more than ever, as it should be. And, then, how can I go to see them now, after what Dárya Aleksándrovna has told me? Can I help showing that I know what she has told me? And I shall arrive magnanimously to forgive and pardon her! I before her in the rôle of one who forgives and honours her with my love! Why did Dárya Aleksándrovna tell me that? I might have seen her by accident, and then everything would have taken place naturally, but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Dárya Aleksándrovna sent him a note, asking him for a lady's saddle for Kitty. "I was told that you had a saddle," she wrote to him. "I hope you will bring it in person."

This was more than he could bear. How could a clever, refined woman so debase her sister! He wrote ten notes and tore them all up, and sent the saddle without any answer. He could not write that he would come, because that he could not do; and to write that he could not come because something kept him back, or because he had gone away, was worse still. He sent the saddle without an answer, and, with the consciousness that he had

done something shameful, he on the following day turned over the farm, of which he was tired, to his clerk, and went to a distant county to call on a friend of his, Sviyázhski, near whom there were superb snipe bogs, and who had lately written him asking him to make good his long-standing promise of coming to see him. The snipe bogs in Súrov County had long ago attracted Levín, but he kept putting off the visit on account of farm matters. Now he was glad to get away from the neighbourhood of the Shcherbátskis and, above all, from his own farm, in order to devote himself to hunting, which in all his sorrows served him as a consolation.

XXV.

THERE was no railway nor stage road into Súrov County, and Levín travelled in his own tarantás.

In the middle of his journey he stopped at the house of a rich peasant, to feed his horses. A bald-headed, fresh-looking old man, with a broad, red beard, which was gray near the cheeks, opened the gate and stood at the gate post, to let the tróyka in. The old man showed the coachman a place under the penthouse in the large, clean, neat yard with its clean ploughs, and asked Levín to go to the best room. A neatly dressed young woman, with galoshes on her bare feet, was bending down over the floor in the new vestibule, and washing it. She was frightened at the dog that came running in after Levín and cried out, but immediately laughed at her own fright when she found out that the dog would not harm her. She indicated the door of the best room to Levín with her bared arm, and, bending down, again hid her pretty face and continued to wash.

"Would you like a samovár?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please."

It was a large room, with a Dutch oven and a partition. Beneath the image stood a table with a design painted upon it, a bench, and two chairs. Near the entrance was a small cupboard with dishes. The shutters were closed, there were but few flies, and the room was so clean that Levín took care that Láska, who had been running on the road and had bathed in puddles, should not soil the floor, and pointed out to her a place in the corner, near the

door. Having inspected the room, Levín went out to the back yard. The good-looking woman in galoshes, swinging her empty buckets on a yoke, was running in front of him toward the well, to fetch water.

"Lively!" the old man merrily called out to her, and walked over to Levín. "Well, sir, are you on your way to Nikoláy Ivánovich Sviyázhski? He stops here, too," he began garrulously, leaning on the balustrade of the porch. In the middle of the old man's story about his acquaintance with Sviyázhski, the gate creaked again, and the farm-hands drove in from the field, with their ploughs and harrows. The horses which drew these were well fed and large. The men were apparently members of the family; two of them were young, in chintz shirts and leather caps; the other two, an old man and a young lad, wore hempen shirts.

The old man went away from the porch and began to unhitch the horses.

"What have they been ploughing?" asked Levín.

"They have ploughed through the potatoes. We have some land of our own. Fedót, don't let out the gelding, but put him to the trough,—we will hitch up another horse."

"Father, I have ordered the ploughshares to be taken away; did he bring them in?" asked a tall, sturdy fellow, apparently the old man's son.

"They are there, in the sleigh," replied the old man, winding up the lines which he had taken off, and throwing them on the floor. "Fix them on while they are eating their dinner."

The good-looking woman, with the buckets pulling her shoulders down, walked into the vestibule. Other women, some young, pretty, some middle-aged, and some old and homely, with children and without them, made their appearance.

The samovár began to boil under the chimney; the

farm-hands and the family, having attended to the horses, went to eat their dinner. Levín took his provisions out of his carriage, and invited the old man to drink tea with him.

"I have drunk tea already," said the old man, evidently delighted to accept the invitation, "but I will do so for company's sake."

At the tea Levín learned the whole history of the old man's life. The old man had rented 120 desyatínas of a proprietress ten years ago, and last year he had bought them, and now hired three hundred more of a neighbouring proprietor. A small part of the land, the worst, he let, and about forty desyatínas he ploughed himself with his family and two hired men. The old man complained about the farm; but Levín knew that he did so only from a sense of decency, and that his farm was in a flourishing condition. If it were not, he would not have bought the land at 105 roubles, nor married off three sons and a nephew, nor built new houses after two fires, each time a better one than before. In spite of the old man's complaints, it was evident that he was justly proud of his well-being, proud of his sons, nephew, daughters-in-law, horses, cows, and proud especially that his farm was in good condition. From his conversation with the old man Levín learned that he was not averse to innovations. He planted potatoes on a large scale, and the potatoes which Levín had seen in driving up had already flowered and were drying up, while Levín's potatoes were just beginning to flower. He ploughed the potatoes with an improved plough, which he borrowed from a proprietor. He sowed wheat. The small detail that, in weeding out the rye, the old man fed his horses on the weeded rye, particularly struck Levín. How often had Levín wanted to save this fine feed, seeing that it was wasted, and yet found it impossible to accomplish it! And here the peasant was doing it and could not say enough in favour of this feed.

"What else are the women to do? They take the heaps out on the road, and the carts pick them up."

"Now with us proprietors things go badly in regard to the farm help," said Levín, passing him a glass of tea.

"Thank you," said the old man, taking the tea, but declining the sugar and pointing to a nibbled lump which he had left. "It is a hard business with the farm help," he said. "They only cause your ruin. Take, for example, Sviyázhski. We know what soil he has, — it's the finest, and yet he cannot boast of good crops. All on account of carelessness!"

"But I see you have hired men."

"We are peasants. We can attend to everything ourselves. If they are no good, away they go, and we attend to it ourselves."

"Father, Finogén told me to get the tar," said the woman in the galoshes, who entered the room.

"Yes, sir!" said the old man, getting up. He crossed himself for a long time, thanked Levín, and left the room.

When Levín went to the "black" room to call out his coachman, he saw the whole family of men at the table. The women attended to them standing. The young sturdy son, with his mouth full of porridge, was telling something funny, and all roared, especially the young woman in the galoshes, who was pouring beet soup into a bowl.

Very likely the good-looking face of the woman in the galoshes had much to do with the impression of orderliness which this peasant house produced on Levín; in any case, this impression was so strong that Levín could never get rid of it. And the whole way from the old man to Sviyázhski's he kept thinking of that household as though something in that impression demanded his special attention.

XXVI.

SVIYÁZHSKI was the marshal of nobility in his county. He was five years older than Levín and had long been married. In his house lived his young sister-in-law, a girl who was very sympathetic to Levín. Levín knew that Sviyázhski and his wife were very anxious to have him marry this girl. He was absolutely sure of it, just as all young men, so-called prospective bridegrooms, know it, but he would not have dared to say so to anybody ; he knew also that, despite his desire to get married, and although from all the known data this extremely attractive girl would make an excellent wife, he could no more marry her, even if he were not in love with Kitty Shcherbátski, than fly to heaven. And this knowledge poisoned that pleasure which he expected to derive from his visit at Sviyázhski's.

When Levín received Sviyázhski's letter inviting him to the chase, he immediately thought of it, but he decided at once that such intentions of Sviyázhski's were only his own unfounded supposition, and that he would go to see him. Besides, in the depth of his heart he wanted to test himself, to measure himself with that girl. The domestic life of the Sviyázhskis was extremely attractive to him, and Sviyázhski himself, the very best type of a County Councillor known to Levín, was exceedingly interesting to him.

Sviyázhski was one of those men, so surprising to Levín, whose consistent, though never independent, reasoning goes on by itself, while their lives, extremely definite and firm

in their tendency, go on by themselves, quite independently and nearly always diametrically opposed to their reasoning. Sviyázhski was an extremely liberal man. He despised the nobility and regarded the majority of the gentry as secret adherents of serfdom, who did not express their views from timidity only. He considered Russia a ruined country, something like Turkey, and the Russian government so bad that he never permitted himself seriously to criticize her actions, — and yet he served and was a model marshal of the nobility, and when out travelling always put on a red-brimmed cap with a cockade. He assumed that human life was possible only abroad, where he went to live whenever an opportunity offered itself, and at the same time he managed in Russia a very complex and improved farm, and with extraordinary interest watched everything and knew everything which was going on in Russia. He regarded the Russian peasant as standing in his development on a transitional stage between a monkey and a man, and yet at the elections of the County Council took especial delight in pressing his hand and listening to his opinions. He did not believe in charms, or in death, but was very much concerned about the question of improving the condition of the clergy and the parcelling out of the parishes, and in particular used his influence to retain the church in his village.

In the woman question he was on the side of the extreme advocates of the fullest liberty for women, especially of their right to work ; but he lived with his wife in such a manner that all admired their friendly, childless domestic life, and he so arranged his wife's existence that she did nothing and could do nothing but share her husband's care of how to pass the time in the best and merriest way.

If Levín had not been in the habit of explaining men's characters from their best side, that of Sviyázhski would have offered him no difficulty ; he would have said to him-

self, "A fool or a scoundrel," and all would have been cleared. But he could not say "fool," because Sviyázhski was unquestionably not only a very clever, but even a very cultured man, who bore his culture with extreme simplicity. There was no subject which he did not know, but he displayed his knowledge only when he was compelled to do so. Still less could Levín say that he was a scoundrel, because he was unquestionably an honest, good, sensible man, who gaily, vivaciously, constantly did what was highly respected by those who surrounded him, and who certainly never did, and never could do, consciously any wrong.

Levín tried to understand him, but never did, and always looked at him and at his life as at a living riddle.

He and Levín were friends, and so Levín took the liberty of questioning Sviyázhski, of endeavouring to get at the basis of his views on life; but that was always in vain. Every time Levín tried to penetrate beyond the reception-rooms of Sviyázhski's mind, which were open to all, he noticed that Sviyázhski became slightly embarrassed; a barely perceptible fright was expressed in his glance, as though he were afraid that Levín would comprehend him, — and he resisted in a good-natured and merry way.

Now, after his disappointment in farming, it gave Levín especial pleasure to visit Sviyázhski. In the first place it simply gave him pleasure to see those happy doves, who were satisfied with themselves and with everybody else, and that orderly nest; then he wanted, now that he felt dissatisfied with his own life, to get at Sviyázhski's secret, which gave him such clearness, definiteness, and happiness in life. Besides, Levín knew that he would at their house see the proprietors of the neighbourhood, and he just now was particularly interested in hearing and talking about the crops, the hire of farm help, and so forth, subjects which, Levín knew, were considered as exceed-

ingly vulgar, but which to him now appeared very important. "It may be that it was not important during serfdom, and probably is not in England. In both cases the conditions are defined ; but with us, where everything has been turned upside down and is only assuming shape, the question how all this will come out, is the only important question for Russia," thought Levín.

The chase did not turn out so good as Levín had expected. The bog had dried up, and there were no snipes whatever. He walked a whole day, and brought only three birds with him, but, as always, after the chase, he brought with him an excellent appetite, an excellent mood, and that excited mental state which in him always accompanied any vehement physical motion. And at the chase, when, it seemed, he was not thinking of anything, the old peasant with his family again bobbed up in his imagination, and that impression seemed to demand not only his attention, but also the solution of something which seemed to be connected with it.

In the evening, at tea, in the presence of two landed proprietors who had come in the matter of some guardianship, that interesting conversation was started, which Levín had been waiting for.

Levín was sitting near the hostess at the tea-table, and was obliged to carry on a conversation with her and her sister, who was sitting opposite him. The hostess was a round-faced, blond, medium-sized woman, beaming with her dimples and smiles. Levín tried to get out of her the solution of that important riddle, which her husband presented to him ; but he did not have full liberty of thought, because he felt painfully ill at ease. What so embarrassed him was the fact that opposite him sat her sister in a special gown, which he thought she had purposely put on for his sake, with a peculiar trapezoid opening over her white breast ; this quadrangular opening, in spite of the fact that the breast was very white, or be-

cause of it, deprived Levín of his liberty of thought. He imagined, no doubt wrongly so, that this opening was made for his sake, and tried not to look at it; but he felt that he was to blame even because this opening had been made. It seemed to Levín that he was deceiving somebody, that he had to explain something, but that that explanation was impossible, and so he kept blushing, was restless, and felt ill at ease. The embarrassment was also communicated to the hostess's pretty sister. But the hostess herself did not seem to notice it, and purposely drew him into a conversation.

"You say," the hostess continued their conversation, "that my husband cannot be interested in everything Russian. On the contrary: though he is happy abroad, he is more so here. Here he feels himself in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he has the gift of interesting himself in everything. Oh, you have not been in our school, have you?"

"I saw it — It is that ivy-covered house, is it not?"

"Yes, that is Nástyá's work," she said, pointing to her sister.

"Do you teach there yourself?" asked Levín, trying to look past the opening, but feeling that no matter where he was looking in that direction he would see the opening.

"Yes, I have taught, and still teach, but we have an excellent teacher. We have also introduced gymnastics."

"No, thank you, I want no more tea," said Levín. He felt that he was doing something improper, but he was absolutely unable to keep up the conversation, and so got up, blushing. "I hear a very interesting conversation," he added, walking over to the other end of the table, where sat the host with the two proprietors. Sviyázhski was sitting sidewise at the table, turning the cup with the hand which was leaning on it, and taking into the other hand his beard and carrying it up to

his nose and letting it out again, as though smelling at it. With his sparkling black eyes he was looking straight at the excited proprietor with the gray moustache, and evidently derived amusement from his speeches. The proprietor was complaining about the peasants. It was evident to Levín that Sviyázhski knew an answer to the proprietor's complaint, which would at once annihilate the whole meaning of his speech, but that in his position he could not make that retort, and that he listened with delight to the proprietor's comical remarks.

The proprietor with the gray moustache was apparently a rabid defender of serfdom, an old-fashioned and impassioned landed proprietor. Levín saw signs of this in his old-fashioned shiny long coat, in which he apparently felt uncomfortable, in his intelligent, frowning look, in his popular Russian diction, in his commanding tone, evidently acquired through long practice, and in the decisive movements of his large, sunburnt hands with one old wedding-ring on his ring-finger.

XXVII.

"IF it were not a pity to throw up what has been started, — much labour has been put into it, — I should turn my back upon it, sell it all, and go, like Nikoláy Ivánovich, to hear 'Helen,'" said the proprietor, with a pleasant smile, which lighted up his intelligent old face.

"Still, you do not throw it up," said Nikoláy Ivánovich Sviyázhski, "consequently you must have some reason for it."

"The only reason is that I live at home, not in a bought or hired house. And I still hope that the people will come to their senses. Believe me, it is nothing but drunkenness and debauch! Everything has been divided up, and they have neither horse nor cow. They are starving, but try to hire them, — they will ruin everything you have, and then will take you before a justice of the peace."

"But then, you, too, may complain to the justice of the peace," said Sviyázhski.

"I complain? For nothing in the world! There will be such talk that I will be sick of the complaint! There, in the still, — they took an earnest, and went away. What did the justice of the peace do? He acquitted them. What holds us up is the township court and the elder. He wallops them as of old. Were it not for that, we should have to run, — to the end of the world!"

It was evident that the proprietor was teasing Sviyázhski, but Sviyázhski was not angry; on the contrary, he was amused by it.

"But we manage to run our farms without those measures," he said, smiling, "I, Levín, he." He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes, Mikhaíl Petróvich manages it, but ask him how? Is this rational farming?" said the proprietor, apparently making a display of the word "rational."

"My farming is quite simple," said Mikhaíl Petróvich. "I cannot complain. All my farming consists in having the money ready in the fall for the taxes. Peasants come to me, saying, 'Help us out, father!' Well, they are my neighbouring peasants, so I pity them. Well, I give them for the first third, and I say to them, 'Remember, boys, I have helped you out, and so you must help me when the time comes, whether it be the sowing of oats, or haying, or reaping,' — well, I come to an agreement with them as to how much from each hearth. There are, it is true, among them some who are unscrupulous."

Levín, who had long been acquainted with these patriarchal methods, exchanged glances with Sviyázhski and interrupted Mikhaíl Petróvich, again turning to the farmer with the gray moustache.

"So what is your wish?" he asked. "How do you expect to run a farm nowadays?"

"As Mikhaíl Petróvich runs it, — either to work it on halves, or to let it to the peasants; that is possible, only the country's wealth is destroyed in this manner. Where the land under serf labour and good farming produced ninefold, it will produce only threefold in letting it on halves. The emancipation has ruined Russia!"

Sviyázhski looked with smiling eyes at Levín and even made a faint sarcastic sign to him; but Levín did not find the proprietor's words funny, — he understood them better than he understood Sviyázhski. And much of what the proprietor proceeded to say, proving that Russia was ruined by the emancipation, seemed to him very correct, though new, and incontrovertible. The proprietor

was evidently expressing his own thought, — which is so rare, — a thought to which he had been led, not by the desire to occupy his idle mind, but which grew out from the conditions of his life, which he had hatched out in his village solitude and had considered from all its sides.

“The point is, you see, that every progress is achieved by power,” he said, apparently wishing to show that he was not averse to culture. “Take the reforms of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander. Take European history.. The more so the progress in agriculture. Take the potatoes, — even they were introduced in our country by force. Nor did we always have wooden ploughs. They were, no doubt, introduced during feudal times, and in any case by force. Now, in our day, we, the proprietors, under serfdom, have introduced several improvements on our farms: the kilns, and the winnowing-machines, and the hauling of manure, and all implements, — everything we introduced by force, and the peasants at first opposed us, and then imitated us. Now, with the destruction of serf right, the power has been taken from us, — and so our estates, which had been raised to a high level, must descend again to the wildest primeval state. That is the way I understand it.”

“But why? If it is rational, you can run it by hired labour,” said Sviyázhski.

“We lack the power. With whom am I to run it, permit me to ask you?”

“Here it is, — the working power, the chief element of agriculture,” thought Levín.

“With the farm-hands.”

“The farm-hands do not want to work well or to use good tools. Our farm-hand knows only one thing, and that is to get beastly drunk and to spoil everything you give him. He will founder the horses, tear the good harness, take off the tire wheel and spend it in drinks, let a

peg down in the threshing-machine, in order to break it. It makes him sick to see things that are not like his own. That is the reason why farming has gone down. The land is abandoned and overgrown with wormwood, or given away to the peasants, and where formerly a million chétverts were produced, they now grow only one hundred thousand; the common wealth has diminished. If the same had been done with reason — ”

And he proceeded to expound his plan of the emancipation, in which all these inconveniences would have been avoided.

Levín was not interested in this, but, when he was through, Levín returned to his first proposition and said, turning to Sviyázhski and trying to provoke him to express his serious opinion :

“ It is quite true that the level of farming has been lowered and that with our relations to the farm-hands it is impossible to carry on farming in a rational way,” he said.

“ I do not find it so,” Sviyázhski said, this time seriously. “ All I see is that we do not know how to run our farms and that, on the contrary, the estates, far from standing high under serf law, were at a very low level. We have no machinery, no good working-horses, no proper management, and no sense of keeping accounts. Ask a proprietor, and he will not be able to tell you what is profitable, and what not.”

“ Double bookkeeping,” the proprietor said, ironically. “ Carry it on in that way, and they will spoil things so badly that there will be no profit left.”

“ Why should they spoil things? They will break a nasty little threshing-machine, — one of your Russian pestles, but they will not break my steam threshing-machine. One of your Russ horses, — what do you call them? — of the Pull breed, that you have to pull by the tail, they will spoil; but provide yourselves with Percherons, or at least

with Russian draught-horses, and they will not spoil them. And so it is with everything. We must lift up the farming."

"Yes, if we had the means, Nikoláy Ivánovich! It is easy enough for you to do so, but I have to support a son in the university and educate the youngsters in a gymnasium,—so I cannot buy Percherons."

"There are banks for that."

"To have them sell the last you possess under the hammer? No, thank you!"

"I do not agree with you that it is necessary or possible to raise the level of farming," said Levín. "I busy myself with it, and I have the means, and still I have been unable to do anything. I do not know for whom the banks are useful. I, at least, have lost money, no matter on what I have spent it on the farm: the cattle are a loss, the machines are a loss."

"That is so," the proprietor with the gray moustache confirmed him, with a smile of satisfaction.

"And I am not alone in this," continued Levín. "I will refer you to all the proprietors who carry on rational farming: all, with rare exceptions, are running their farms at a loss. Well, will you tell me that your farming is profitable?" said Levín, and immediately he observed in Sviyázhski's glance that fleeting expression of fright, which he noticed every time when he wanted to penetrate beyond the reception-rooms of Sviyázhski's mind.

Besides, this question was not quite honest on Levín's part. The hostess had just told him at tea that they had sent to Moscow for a German expert bookkeeper, who for a fee of five hundred roubles examined the condition of the estate and had found that it footed up a loss of three thousand roubles or more. She did not remember exactly how much, but she thought the German had figured it out to one-fourth of a kopek.

The proprietor smiled at the mention of profit from

Sviyázhski's estate, evidently knowing what profit his neighbour and the marshal of nobility could have.

"Perhaps it is unprofitable," replied Sviyázhski. "That only proves that I am either a poor farmer, or that I am spending my capital in order to increase my income."

"Oh, income!" Levin exclaimed, in fright. "There may be an income in Europe, where the land has become better from the work which is put into it, but with us the land is getting worse the more labour is put into it, that is, from ploughing it up, — consequently there can be no income."

"How can there be no income? That is a law."

"Then we are outside the law: an income does not explain anything to us, but only tangles up matters. You will tell me that the doctrine of income —"

"Would you like to have some curds? Másha, send us up some curds, or raspberries," he turned to his wife. "This year the raspberries have been keeping remarkably late."

And Sviyázhski got up in the happiest of moods, apparently assuming that the conversation had come to an end at the very point where Levín thought that it was only beginning.

Having lost his interlocutor, Levín continued the conversation with the proprietor, to whom he tried to prove that the whole difficulty was due to the fact that we did not wish to know the qualities and habits of our working population; but the proprietor was, like all men who think independently and in their solitude, hard of comprehension in reference to other people's ideas, and especially biassed in favour of his own. He insisted that the Russian peasant was a swine and fond of swinishness, and, to lead him out of swinishness, power was needed, and this was gone; a stick was needed, but we had become liberal and had suddenly exchanged the millennial stick for some

lawyers and conclusions, which led us to feed the worthless, stinking peasants on good soup and counting out to them cubic feet of air.

"Why do you think," said Levín, trying to return to the question, "that it is impossible to find the proper relation to the working power, by which the labour would be productive?"

"That will never happen with the Russian nation! The power is lacking," replied the proprietor.

"New conditions may be discovered!" said Sviyázhski, who had eaten some curds, lighted a cigarette, and again approached the disputants. "All the possible relations to the working power have been determined and studied," he said. "The remainder of barbarism, the primitive Commune with mutual security falls to pieces by itself, the serf law is abolished, — there is left only free labour, and its forms are defined and ready, and all that is necessary is to take them. The farm-hand, the day labourer, the farmer, — you cannot come away from this."

"But Europe is dissatisfied with these forms."

"Dissatisfied and looking for new forms; and, no doubt, it will find them."

"That's what I say," replied Levín. "Why, then, are we not to look for it on our side?"

"Because that would be like inventing new ways for building railways. They are ready, all thought out."

"But if they do not fit us, if they are stupid?" asked Levín.

And again he noticed the expression of fright in Sviyázhski's eyes.

"Yes, we want to hurrah that we have found what Europe is looking for! I understand it all, excuse me, but do you know everything that Europe has done in respect to the labour question?"

"No, hardly."

"This question now occupies the best minds in Europe.

Schulze-Delitzsch's direction — Then all that immense literature of the labour question, of the most liberal Lasalle tendency — The Mühlhausen experiment is now a fact, you, no doubt, know."

"I have an idea, but a very dim one."

"No, you are only saying so; you certainly know all that as well as I do. Of course, I am not a professor of political economy, but that has interested me, and, indeed, if it interests you, you ought to look into it."

"What results did they arrive at?"

"Excuse me —"

The proprietors rose, and Sviyázbski, again baffling Levín in his disagreeable habit of looking back of the reception-rooms of his mind, went to see his guests off.

XXVIII.

LEVÍN felt unbearably dull with the ladies on that evening: he was agitated, as never before, by the thought that the discontentment with farming, which he was experiencing now, was not his exclusive state, but a general condition, in which all of Russia was, and that the discovery of some such relation of the working class, when they would work as with the peasant in the middle of the road, was not a dream, but a problem which had to be solved by all means. And it seemed to him that it could be solved and that people should try to do so.

After bidding the ladies good night, and promising them to stay another whole day with them, in order to go with them on horseback to inspect an interesting landslide in the Crown forest, Levín, before retiring, went to the host's cabinet to take from him the books on the labour question, which he had promised him. Sviyázhski's cabinet was a very large room, filled with book-safes, and with two tables, — one a massive writing-table, which stood in the middle of the room, and another, a round one, covered with the last numbers of newspapers and periodicals in various languages, radiating from the lamp. Near the writing-table was a stand with all kinds of drawers, with gilt labels, containing all kinds of matters.

Sviyázhski got down the books and sat down in a rocking-chair.

"What are you looking at?" he asked Levín, who had stopped at the round table and was turning over the leaves of the periodicals.

"Oh, there is a very interesting article in that," Sviyázhski said about the magazine which Levín had in his hand. "It turns out," he added, with gay animation, "that it was not Frederick who was the chief cause of the partition of Poland. It turns out —"

And, with a clearness which was characteristic of him, he told briefly this new, very important, and interesting discovery. Although Levín was now busy thinking of farm matters, he, listening to his host, asked himself: "What is there sitting in him? And why, why is he interested in the partition of Poland?" When Sviyázhski was through, Levín involuntarily asked himself, "Well, what of it?" But there was nothing: all that was interesting was that "it turns out." But Sviyázhski did not take the trouble to explain to him why that interested him.

"Yes, but I am very much interested in the cross old proprietor," Levín said, heaving a sigh. "He is an intelligent man, and there is much truth in what he says."

"Oh, go! He is an obdurate, secret advocate of serfdom, like the rest of them!" said Sviyázhski.

"Of whom you are the marshal —"

"Yes, only I lead them in another direction," Sviyázhski said, laughing.

"What interests me is this," said Levín. "He is right in saying that our business, that is, the rational farming, does not go, and that only that usurious farming, like that of the quiet proprietor, or the simplest kind goes — Who is to blame for it?"

"Of course, we ourselves. Besides, it is not true that it does not go. Vasilchikov's farming pays."

"His distillery —"

"But I do not understand what it is that surprises you. The masses stand on such a low level of both material and moral development that they naturally must resist everything which is foreign to them. In Europe rational

farming pays because the nation is educated: consequently our masses must be educated, — that is all."

"But how are the masses to be educated?"

"In order to educate the masses, three things are needed. schools, schools, and schools."

"But you yourself said that the masses are standing on a low level of material development; how will the schools help them?"

"Do you know, you remind me of the advice given to a patient, 'You had better try a laxative.' He took it, and grew worse. 'Try leeches.' He tried them, and grew worse. 'Well, then pray to God.' He prayed, and grew worse. Just so you are treating me. I say, 'Political economy,' and you say, 'Worse.' I say, 'Socialism,' and you say, 'Worse.' 'Education,' — 'Worse.'"

"But how will the school help here?"

"They will give them other needs."

"That is something I have never been able to understand," Levín retorted, with excitement. "How will the schools help the masses to improve their material existence? You say that the schools and education will give them new needs. So much the worse, for they will not be able to satisfy them. How the knowledge of addition and subtraction and of the catechism will ever help them to improve their material existence is something I have never been able to understand. Two days ago I met a woman with an infant, and I asked her where she was going. She said, 'I went to the midwife, — the whimpers have befallen the boy, and so I took him there to be cured.' I asked her, 'How does the midwife cure the whimpers?' 'She puts the baby on the chicken perch and says some charms.'"

"Exactly! In order that she should not carry the child to be cured from the whimpers by being put on a perch, it is necessary —" Sviyázhski said, with a merry smile.

"Oh, no!" Levín said, in annoyance. "This cure is to

me only an example of the cure proposed by means of schools. The masses are poor and uneducated, — that we see as distinctly as the woman sees the whimpers, because the child is crying. But why the schools are to be a cure of this misfortune of poverty and ignorance is as unintelligible to me as why the hens on the perch will cure the whimpers. Where they need aid is against their poverty."

"Well, in this you at least agree with Spencer, whom you dislike so much; he, too, says that education may be the result of great well-being and comfort of life, — of frequent ablutions, as he says, but not of the knowledge of reading and counting —"

"Well, I am glad, or, on the contrary, very unhappy, to agree with Spencer; but that I have known for a long time. The schools will not aid them, but they will be aided by an economic structure which will make the masses richer and will give them more leisure, — and then there will be schools."

"But the schools are now obligatory in the whole of Europe."

"But how is it you yourself agree in this with Spencer?" asked Levín.

But in Sviázhski's eyes flashed the expression of fright, and he said, smiling:

"Really, these whimpers are superb. Did you actually hear it yourself?"

Levín saw that he should not find the connection between that man's life and his thoughts. It was evident that it was a matter of absolute indifference to him what the reasoning would lead to; all he needed was the process of reasoning, and it annoyed him whenever the process of reasoning led him into a cul-de-sac. This was what he disliked and evaded, changing the subject to something pleasant and merry.

All the impressions of that day, beginning with the im-

pression of the peasant in the middle of his journey, which had served as it were as a basic principle of all his impressions and thoughts of that day, agitated Levín very much. This charming Sviyázhski, who harboured ideas only for social use, and who apparently had some other bases of life, which were concealed from Levín, and who with a crowd, the name of which is legion, was guiding public opinion by means of thoughts foreign to him; that angry proprietor, who was completely right in his reasoning extorted from him by life, and wrong in his resentment against a whole class, the best class in Russia; his own dissatisfaction with his activity, and a dim hope of finding a remedy for these things,—all this blended into a feeling of internal alarm and expectation of a near solution.

When he was left alone in the room set aside for him, and lay on the spring mattress which at every motion unexpectedly threw up his legs and arms, he could not fall asleep for a long time. Nothing of what he had talked about with Sviyázhski, though the latter had said many clever things, interested Levín; but the proprietor's proofs demanded reflection. Levín involuntarily thought of all his words, and in his imagination corrected his own answers to him.

“Yes, I ought to have told him, ‘You say that our farming does not go because the peasant despises all innovations, and that they must be introduced by force; if farming could not be carried on without these improvements, you would be right; but it does go where the farm-hand acts in conformity with his habits, as in the case of the old man in the middle of the road. Our common dissatisfaction with our farming proves that we are to blame, and not the peasants. We have been for a long time aping the European fashion, without inquiring about the properties of the working power. Let us try to assume the working power to be not an ideal working *power*, but the

Russian peasant, with his instincts, and let us build up the farming in conformity with this assumption. Imagine, I ought to have told him, 'that your farm is carried on as with that old man, and that you have found a method of interesting the farm-hands in the success of the labour, and that you have discovered that mean in the improvements which they acknowledge, and you will receive two and three times as much as before, without exhausting the soil. Divide into two parts; give one-half to the working power; the difference which will be left for you will be greater, and the working power, too, will receive more. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to lower the level of the farming and to interest the labourers in the success of the farming. How is this to be done? That is a question of details; but unquestionably it is possible.'"

This thought agitated Levín very much. He lay awake half the night, reflecting on the details needed to carry out this idea. He had not intended to leave on the following day, but now he decided that he would leave the next morning for home. Besides, that sister-in-law with the opening in her gown produced in him a feeling resembling shame and regret on account of a bad act which he might have committed. But the main reason was, he had to go home at once in order to get there in time to propose the new project to the peasants before the winter grain was to be sowed, so that the work might be done under the new conditions. He decided to undo all his former farming.

XXIX.

THE execution of Levín's plan presented many difficulties; but he struggled with all his might and attained, not what he wanted, but enough so that, without deceiving himself, he could believe that the work was worth the trouble. One of the chief difficulties was that the estate was in full operation, and that it was impossible to stop everything and begin everything anew, but the machine had to be altered while in motion.

When, on the evening of his arrival at home, he informed the clerk of his plans, the clerk with apparent pleasure agreed with him in that part of his remarks which proved that everything done by him heretofore had been nonsense and unprofitable. The clerk said that he had been saying so for a long time, but that no attention was paid to him. But when it came to the proposition made by Levín that he should take part with the farmhands, as a shareholder, in the whole farming business, the clerk expressed only great ennui and no definite opinion, and immediately started talking of the necessity of hauling off the remaining rye-stacks on the morrow and of sending out men to plough down the ground, so that Levín felt that now was not the time.

In talking about the same with the peasants and offering them the land on the new conditions, he again ran up against the chief difficulty, which was that they were so busy with the current work that they had no time to deliberate on the advantages and disadvantages of the undertaking.

One naïve peasant, Iván the cattle tender, seemed to

have fully grasped Levín's proposition, which was that he and his family were to take part in the profits of the cattle yard, and fully sympathized with it. But when Levín tried to impress upon him the future advantages, Iván's face expressed alarm and regrets at not being able to listen to him, and hastened to take up some work which brooked no delay: he either took the pitchfork to pitch hay from the stall, or filled the trough, or cleaned up the manure.

Another difficulty lay in the unsurmountable diffidence of the peasants, who could not imagine that the aim of the proprietor could be anything but a desire to fleece them as much as possible. They were fully convinced that his present aim (no matter what he might say about it) would always be what he would never tell them. And they themselves retorted many things, but never said what their real aim lay in. Besides (Levín felt that the bilious proprietor was right), the peasants made it the first, invariable condition of any agreement whatsoever that they should not be compelled to use any new methods of farming, or employ any new implements. They admitted that a coulter plough ploughed better and that a steel plough did better work, but they found a thousand reasons why none of these were to be used, and, although he was convinced that the level of farming had to be lowered, he hated to give up improvements, the advantage of which was so manifest. But, in spite of all these difficulties, he gained his point, and in the fall the thing worked, or at least he thought it did.

At first Levín had intended to turn over the farm as it was to the peasants, the farm-hands, and the clerk on new partnership conditions; but he convinced himself very soon that that was impossible, and decided to divide up the farm. The cattle yard, the orchard, the garden, the mowings, the fields, partitioned into several parts, were to form separate lots. Naïve Iván, the cattle tender,

who, Levín thought, had best grasped his idea, got together a company of his own, consisting mainly of members of his own family, and became a partner in the cattle yard. A distant field, which had been lying fallow for eight years, was taken up by six families of peasants, under the leadership of an intelligent carpenter, Fédor Ryezunóv, on the new communal conditions, and peasant Shuráev took all the gardens on the same conditions. The rest was left as of old, but these three lots were to be the beginning of the new order, and exceedingly interested Levín.

It is true in the cattle yard things did not run any better than before, and Iván was very much opposed to the warm housing of the cows and to the making of cream butter, insisting that a cow needed less feed in the cold, and that sour cream milk was better, and demanded his wages as before, without taking the least interest in the fact that the money which he received was not wages, but the advance payment of his profits.

It is true Fédor Ryezunóv's company did not plough over with coulter ploughs, as had been agreed upon, giving as their excuse that the time was too short. It is true the peasants of this company, though they had agreed to carry on the work on the new conditions, called this land not common land, but land on shares, and more than once the peasants of this company, including Ryezunóv, told Levín, "You had better receive money for the land, and then you would be better satisfied, and we should be freer." Besides, the peasants with all kinds of excuses kept delaying the building of the cattle yard and grain-kiln, which had been agreed upon, putting it off for the winter.

It is true Shuráev wanted to parcel out to the peasants the gardens which he had rented. It was evident that he understood quite perversely, and purposely so, the conditions on which the land was given to him.

It is true, speaking often with the peasants and explaining to them the advantages of the undertaking, Levín felt that the peasants were listening to the cadences of his voice, being all the time convinced that, no matter what he might say, they would not allow themselves to be cheated by him. This he felt most when he talked with the most intelligent of the peasants, Ryezunóv; he noticed that play in his eyes which clearly showed that he was laughing at Levín and that he was firmly convinced that, if anybody was to be cheated, it would certainly not be Ryezunóv.

But, in spite of it, Levín thought that things were running well and that, keeping a strict account and insisting that his plans be carried out, he would prove to them in the future the advantages of such an arrangement, and that then things would run easily.

These matters, with the remaining farm which was still on his hands, and with his cabinet work on his book, so occupied Levín's whole summer that he hardly went out hunting. He learned at the end of August, from the man who brought back the lady's saddle, that the Oblónskis had moved back to Moscow. He felt that, by not answering Dárya Aleksándrovna's letter, he, through his incivility, which he could not recall without a flush of shame, had burned his ships and should never again go to see them. The same thing he had done with the Sviyázhskis, whom he had left without bidding them good-bye. But he should never call on them, either. Now it was all the same to him. The affair of the new order on his farm interested him more than had anything else in his life. He read all the books which Sviyázhski had given him, and sent for such as he did not have and read all the political economies and socialistic works dealing with this subject, but, as he had expected, he found nothing in them which might refer to the matter in hand. In the works on political economy, in Mill, for example,

who was the first to be studied by him with great enthusiasm, in the hope of finding in his book at any moment some solution of the questions that interested him, he saw certain laws deduced from the condition of European agriculture; but he could not for the life of him see why these laws, which were inapplicable to Russia, should be general. The same he found in the socialistic books: either they were beautiful, but inapplicable fancies, with which he used to be infatuated when he was a student, or corrections and improvements of the state of affairs current in Europe, with which Russian agriculture had nothing in common. Political economy said that the laws by which the wealth of Europe has been developed were general, incontrovertible laws. The socialistic doctrine said that the development along the line of these laws was leading us to ruin. But neither the one nor the other gave him an answer, or even the slightest indication of what he, Levín, and all the Russian peasants and agriculturists were to do with their millions of hands and of desyatínas, to make them more productive for the common welfare.

Having once undertaken this thing, he conscientiously read everything referring to this subject, and intended in the fall to go abroad, in order to study the whole matter on the spot, so that he might not have the same fate in this question that he had had in a variety of other subjects. The moment he would begin to grasp the idea of his interlocutor and to expound his own views, some one would suddenly say to him: "And Kauffmann, and Johns, and Dubois, and Miceli? You have not read them? Read them: they have worked out the problem."

He now saw clearly that Kauffmann and Miceli had nothing to tell him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia had excellent land and excellent workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the peasant in the middle of the road, the farm-hands and the lands pro-

duced much, but in the majority of cases, when the capital is applied in European fashion, little is produced. And he saw that the farm-labourers want to work and do work well only in their own peculiar manner, and that this resistance was not accidental, but constant, having its basis in the spirit of the nation. He thought that the Russian masses, whose destiny it was to settle and cultivate enormous unoccupied extents of land, consciously stuck to the methods necessary for these purposes, so long as all the land was not yet occupied, and that these methods were not at all so bad, as was generally supposed. And it was this that he wished to prove theoretically in his book and practically on his farm.

XXX.

TOWARD the end of September, timber was hauled down for the building of the farmhouses on the land taken up in partnership, and the butter was sold, and the profits were divided. In practise the farm was running excellently, or at least seemed to Levín to run so. But, in order theoretically to elucidate the whole matter and to finish his work, which, according to his dreams, was not only to produce an upheaval in political economy, but even to abolish the whole science and lay the foundation for a new science, — about the relation of the masses to the land, — he had to go abroad and study on the spot what had been done there in this direction, and to find convincing proof of the fact that everything which was being done there was useless. Levín was waiting only for the sale of wheat, to receive the money for it and to go abroad. But the rains began, which made it impossible to harvest the grain and the potatoes, and stopped all the work, and even the hauling of the wheat. On the roads there was impassable mud; two mills were carried off by a flood, and the weather was getting worse and worse.

On the 30th of September the sun came out in the morning, and Levín, who expected good weather, began to get ready for the journey. He ordered the wheat to be hauled, sent his clerk to the merchant to receive money from him, and himself went over the farm to give his last orders before his departure.

Having attended to all his business, wet from the streams that ran down his leathern coat back of his neck

and into his boots, but still in the liveliest and most excited of moods, Levín returned home late in the evening. The weather had become worse than ever: the hail struck so painfully against the drenched horse, which was shaking its ears and head, that it walked sidewise; but Levín felt happy under his cape, and looked merrily about him, now at the turbid streams that ran down the ruts, now at the drops hanging down from all the bared branches, now at the white spot of the unmelted hail on the planks of the bridge, now at the lush, fleshy leaves of an elm that clung in a dense layer about the bared tree. Despite the sombreness of surrounding Nature, he felt himself pleasantly excited. His conversation with the peasants of a remote village showed him that they were getting used to his new relations. An old innkeeper, to whom he went to dry himself, evidently approved of Levín's plan, and himself proposed to enter into the partnership after the purchase of cattle.

"All that is necessary is persistently to march toward the aim, and I will reach it," thought Levín. "At least there is something to work and labour for. It is not my personal affair, but a question of the common good. The whole farming, the chief position of the whole nation, must change completely. Instead of poverty there is to be general wealth, abundance; instead of hostility, concord and a union of interests. In short, there is to be a bloodless revolution, the greatest of its kind, first in the small circle of our county, then in the Government, in Russia, in the whole world. A just idea cannot help being fruitful. Yes, it is an aim worth working for. And that it is I, Konstantín Levín, the same fellow that used to go to balls in a black necktie, and whom Kitty Shcherbátski has refused, and who is so miserable and insignificant, — all that does not prove anything. I am convinced that Franklin felt himself just as insignificant and had just as little faith in himself, when he thought of himself

as he was. It does not mean anything. He, too, must have had his Agáfya Mikháylovna, to whom he confided his secrets."

It was with such thoughts that Levín reached the house in the dark.

The clerk, who had driven to the merchant, was back with part of the money for the wheat. The agreement was made with the innkeeper, and on his way the clerk learned that the grain was still in the fields, so that Levín's 160 ricks were nothing in comparison with what the others had.

After his dinner, Levín, as he was wont, sat down in an armchair with a book in his hand and, while reading, continued to think of his expected journey in connection with the book. He now saw very clearly the whole significance of his work, and involuntarily there rose in his mind whole sentences, expressive of the essence of his thoughts. "I must write them down," he thought. "That must form a short introduction, which heretofore I considered unnecessary." He got up to walk over to the writing-table, and Láska, who was lying at his feet, stretched herself and got up, too, and looked at him, as though asking him where to go. But he had no time to make any notes, because the day bosses came, and Levín went out to see them in the antechamber.

Having given them the orders for the next day, and having received all the peasants who had any business with him, Levín went to his cabinet and began to work. Láska lay down under the table; Agáfya Mikháylovna sat down in her place with a stocking in her hand.

After writing for awhile, Levín suddenly with extraordinary vividness recalled Kitty, her refusal, and their last meeting. He got up and began to walk up and down in the room.

"There is no reason why you should feel lonely," said Agáfya Mikháylovna. "Why do you stay at home? You

had better go to the hot springs, since you have been getting ready for them."

"I intend to go there day after to-morrow, Agáfya Mikháylovna! I must finish my business."

"What business? You have rewarded the peasants enough as it is! They say that their master will be rewarded for it by the Tsar. I cannot understand why you trouble yourself so much about the peasants."

"I am not troubling myself about them, but am doing it for my own sake."

Agáfya Mikháylovna knew all the details of Levín's farm plans. Levín had frequently expounded to her his ideas with their minutest shades, and had often disputed with her, refusing to accept her explanations. But this time she understood quite differently what he had said to her.

"Of course, a man must think of his soul as much as possible," she said, with a sigh. "For example, there was Parfén Denísych, — though he was illiterate, may God grant others to die like him," she said of a manorial servant who had died lately. "He made his confession, and received the extreme unction."

"I am not speaking of that," he said. "I say that I am doing it for my advantage. It is more profitable for me to have the peasants work better."

"If a man is lazy, it will not make much difference, — he will continue to bungle things. If he has a conscience he will work; and if he has none, you can't do anything with him."

"But you say yourself that Iván is looking after the cattle better."

"All I have to say," replied Agáfya Mikháylovna, evidently not by accident, but with severe consistency of thought, "is that you ought to get married, that's what!"

His being reminded by Agáfya Mikháylovna of what he had been thinking but a minute ago, grieved and offended

him. Levín frowned and, without replying to her, again sat down to work, repeating to himself everything he thought of the significance of his work. Now and then he listened in the stillness to the sound of Agáfya Mikháylovna's knitting-needles, and, as he recalled what he did not wish to think about, he scowled again.

At nine o'clock a bell and the dull swaying sound of a carriage-bed on the mud was heard.

"A guest is coming, and so you will not feel so lonely," said Agáfya Mikháylovna, getting up and walking toward the door. But Levín ran ahead of her. His work did not proceed well, and he was glad to receive a guest, whoever it might be.

XXXI.

RUNNING half-way down the stairs, Levín heard in the antechamber the familiar sound of coughing; but he did not hear it clearly on account of the sound of his footsteps, and hoped he might be mistaken; then he saw the whole lank, bony, familiar figure, and there seemed no room left for a mistake, but he still hoped he might have erred and that that lean man, who was taking off his overcoat and was coughing, was not his brother Nikoláy.

Levín loved his brother, but it was always painful for him to be with him. Now that Levín, under the influence of the thought which had come to him and of Agáfya Mikháylovna's reminder, was in an indistinct, muddled state, the impending meeting with his brother seemed to him particularly oppressive. Instead of a happy, healthy, stranger guest, who, he hoped, would divert him in his spiritual indefiniteness, he had to meet his brother, who understood him through and through, and who would evoke in him all his intimate thoughts and cause him to make a clean breast of everything, and this he did not wish to do.

Angry at himself for such a base feeling, Levín ran down into the antechamber; the moment he saw his brother at close range, this feeling of personal disenchantment vanished and gave way to pity. No matter how terrible his brother Nikoláy had been before with his leanness and sickliness, he now was leaner and more emaciated still. He was a skin-covered skeleton.

He was standing in the antechamber, jerking his long,

lean neck and pulling off a shawl from it, and he smiled in a strange and pitiful manner. When Levín saw this meek, humble smile, he felt that convulsions were compressing his throat.

"Here I have come to you," Nikoláy said, in a hollow voice, without taking his eyes off his brother for a single second. "I had intended to come long ago, but I was not quite well. Now I have greatly improved," he said, wiping his beard with his large lean hands.

"Yes, yes!" replied Levín. And he felt more terribly still when, kissing him, he felt with his lips the dryness of his brother's body and saw near him his large, strangely sparkling eyes.

A few weeks before, Konstantín Levín had written to his brother that from the sale of a small part of undivided property his brother was to receive his share, about two thousand roubles.

Nikoláy said that he had come to receive this amount and, above all, to stay awhile in his nest, to touch the soil, in order, like the Russian giants, to gather strength for his new activity. In spite of the increased stoop of his shoulders and in spite of his leanness, which was the more striking on account of his height, his motions were, as always, rapid and jerky. Levín took him to his cabinet.

His brother changed his clothes, dressing himself more carefully than usual, combed his scanty, straight hair, and, smiling, came up-stairs.

He was in the kindest and happiest of moods, such as Levín had known him in his childhood. He even mentioned Sergyéy Ivánovich without any malice. When he saw Agáfyá Mikháylovna, he jested with her and asked about the old servants. The news about the death of Parfén Denísych affected him unpleasantly. His face expressed fright; but he at once regained his composure.

"Well, he was quite old," he said, changing the conversation. "Yes, I will stay a month or two with you, and

then I will go to Moscow. You know Myágkov has promised me a place, and I am going to serve. I am going to arrange my life quite differently now," he continued. "You know I have put away that woman."

"Márya Nikoláevna? Why? For what reason?"

"Oh, she is a bad woman! She has caused me no end of trouble." But he did not tell what the trouble was. He could not tell that he had driven her away because the tea was weak and, above all, because she tended on him as on a patient.

"Besides, I now want to change my life entirely. Of course, like everybody else, I have been doing foolish things, but my fortune is the last thing, — I do not regret it. If God only gives me health, and my health, thank God, is better now."

Levín was listening and thinking all the time what to say to him, but could not discover anything. Apparently Nikoláy felt the same; he began to ask his brother about the state of affairs, and Levín was glad to talk about himself, as he could do so without feigning. He told his brother of his plans and his actions.

His brother listened, but evidently was not interested in what he was saying.

These two men were so close and so related to each other that the slightest motion, the tone of their voices, told them more than anything that could be uttered in words.

Just now both of them had but one idea, — Nikoláy's illness and nearness to death, — which drowned everything else. But neither the one nor the other dared to speak of it, and so everything they said, without expressing what was really in their minds, was nothing but a lie. Levín had never before been so glad to have the evening come to an end, and to retire. Never, either with a stranger, or at an official visit, had he been so unnatural and so false, as on that day. And the consciousness of

this unnaturalness and his repentance of it made him even more unnatural. He wanted to weep over his dying beloved brother, and was compelled to hear and sustain a conversation about how he was going to live.

As the house was damp, and only one room heated, Levín put his brother in his sleeping-room behind a partition.

His brother lay down and — whether he slept or not — tossed about like a sick man, coughed, and grumbled whenever he could not clear his throat. At times, when he drew a laboured breath, he said, "O Lord!" At other times, when the phlegm choked him, he angrily exclaimed, "The devil!" Levín did not fall asleep for a long time, listening to him. He had a great variety of thoughts, but the end of all of them was the same, — death.

Death, the inevitable end of everything, for the first time presented itself to him with irresistible force. And this death, which was here, in his brother, who groaned in his waking moments and indifferently, from force of habit, invoked either God or the devil, was not at all so far off as he used to think. It was in him, too, — so he felt. If not to-day, to-morrow; if not to-morrow, in thirty years, so what difference did it make? But what this inevitable death was he not only did not know, not only had never thought of, but even did not dare and did not know how to think of.

"I am working; I want to do something, and I have forgotten that everything is coming to an end, that there is death."

He sat on his bed in the dark, all doubled up and embracing his knees, and, holding his breath, was thinking tense thoughts. But the more he strained his thoughts, the clearer it became to him that it was unquestionably so; that he had really forgotten and overlooked a small circumstance in life, namely, that death would come and all would be ended; that it was not worth while beginning

anything, and that he could not help it all. Yes, it was terrible, but it was so.

"But I am still alive. What am I to do now, what am I to do?" he spoke in despair. He lighted a candle, cautiously got up, went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and hair. Yes, there were gray hairs over his temples. He opened his mouth. The back teeth were beginning to decay. He bared his muscular arms. Yes, there was much strength left in them. But Nikoláy, too, who was breathing with what there was left of his lungs, had a sound body. And suddenly he recalled how they used to go to bed together when they were children, and how they used to wait for Fédor Bogdánych to leave the room, in order to pelt pillows at each other and laugh, laugh uproariously, so that even the fear of Fédor Bogdánych could not arrest this overbrimming and foaming consciousness of the happiness of life. "And now this bent, empty chest — and I, not knowing why I am and what will become of me —"

"Kkha! Kkha! Oh, the devil! Why are you up there instead of being in bed?" his brother called out to him.

"Oh, I do not know, just sleeplessness."

"And I have had a good sleep, and I do not perspire any more. Just see and feel my shirt! Is there any perspiration?"

Levín felt the shirt, went on the other side of the partition, put out the candle, but could not fall asleep for a long time. The moment the question became clear to him of how to live, a new, unsolved question arose, — death.

"He is dying; he will die in the spring. How can I help him? What can I tell him? What do I know about it? I have forgotten that it exists."

XXXII.

LEVÍN had observed long ago that when one feels ill at ease with people on account of their excessive yielding and humbleness, one soon feels intolerably on account of their excessive exactions and nagging. He felt that the same would happen with his brother. And, indeed, the meekness of his brother Nikoláy did not last long. He became irritable the very next morning, and took delight in nagging his brother, touching him in the sorest spots.

Levín felt guilty, and could not mend matters. He felt that if they both did not feign, but talked what is called from the heart, that is, only what they actually thought and felt, they would only be looking into each other's eyes, and Konstantín would say, "You are going to die, you are going to die!" and Nikoláy would only answer, "I know that I shall die; but I am afraid, afraid, afraid!" And they would be talking nothing else, if they were to talk from the heart. But it was impossible to live in that manner, and so Konstantín tried to do what he had been endeavouring to do all his life without achieving it, and what, according to his observation, many knew so well how to do, and what it was impossible to live without: he tried to speak what he did not think, and he felt all the time that it had all a false ring, and that his brother caught him at it and so became irritated.

Two days later Nikoláy provoked his brother to tell him his plan once more, and he not only began to condemn it, but purposely to mix it up with communism.

"You have only taken somebody else's idea, but you have distorted it and want to apply it to the inapplicable."

"But I tell you that it has nothing in common with anything else. They all deny the justice of property, of capital, of inheritance, while I, without rejecting this chief *stimulus*" (Levín himself was loath to use such words, but ever since he had been infatuated by his work, he involuntarily had begun to use foreign words), "want only to regulate work."

"That's precisely it! You have taken somebody else's idea, have cut off everything which forms its strength, and want to make out that it is something new," said Nikoláy, angrily jerking his neck.

"But my idea has nothing in common —"

"There," Nikoláy Levín said, with an angry sparkle of his eyes and an ironic smile, "there you will find at least a charm, — how shall I say it? — a geometric charm of clearness, of indubitableness. It may be a utopia. But let us admit that a *tabula rasa* may be made of the whole past, — no property, no family, — and the work can be built up. But with you there is nothing —"

"Why do you mix things up? I have never been a communist!"

"And I have, and I find that it is too previous, but sensible, and that it has a future, like Christianity in the first centuries."

"All I propose is to consider the working power from the standpoint of natural history, that is, to study it, acknowledge its properties, and —"

"But that is all in vain. This power, according to its development, finds its own peculiar activity. There have been slaves everywhere, then *métayers*; and we, too, have work on shares, and tenantry, and peasant labour, — what are you, then, looking for?"

Levín suddenly became excited at these words, because in the depth of his soul he was afraid that it was the

truth, — that it was true that he wanted to balance himself between communism and definite forms, and that that was hardly possible.

“I am looking for means to work productively for myself and for the labourer. I want to build up —” he replied, with animation.

“You do not want to build up anything; it is simply that you want to do as you have all your life, — to be original, to show that you are not exploiting your peasants simply, but with an idea.”

“Well, if you think so, let it be!” replied Levín, feeling that the muscle of his left cheek was leaping about beyond his control.

“You have never had any convictions, and you do not have them now; all you want is to satisfy your egoism.”

“All right, but leave me alone!”

“I will! I ought to have done so long ago, and go to the devil! I am sorry I have come!”

No matter how much Levín after that tried to calm his brother, Nikoláy would not listen to him, saying that it would be better for them to part, and Konstantín saw that life was simply unbearable to his brother.

Nikoláy was all ready to leave, when Konstantín again came to see him, asking him in an unnatural manner to forgive him if he had in any way offended him.

“Ah, magnanimity!” said Nikoláy, smiling. “If you want to be right, I can afford you that pleasure. You are right, but I will leave all the same.”

Only before his actual departure, Nikoláy kissed him, saying to him, with a strange, serious glance at his brother:

“Still, do not think ill of me, Konstantín!” and his voice quivered.

Those were the only words which were said sincerely. Levín saw that what was meant by these words was: “You see and you know that I am in bad shape and that

we shall, probably, never see each other again." Levín understood this, and tears burst from his eyes. He kissed his brother once more, but was unable to say anything to him.

Two days after the departure of his brother, Levín went abroad. On the railway he met with Shcherbátski, Kitty's cousin, who was startled at Levín's gloomy aspect.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Shcherbátski.

"Oh, nothing, — there is so little joy in the world."

"How so? Come with me to Paris, instead of going to your Mühlhausen. You will see how jolly it is!"

"No, I am done with it. It is time for me to die."

"That's nice!" Shcherbátski said, smiling. "I am just getting ready to begin."

"I thought so myself awhile ago, but now I know that I shall die soon."

Levín was saying what he had actually been thinking of late. In everything he saw only death, or a preparation for it. But his undertaking none the less interested him. It was necessary in some fashion to live out his days, so long as death had not come. Darkness covered everything for him; but on account of that very darkness he felt that the only guiding thread in this darkness was his undertaking, and he grasped it and held on to it with his last strength.

PART THE FOURTH

I.

THE Karénins, husband and wife, continued to live in the same house, meeting every day, but remaining complete strangers to each other. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich made it his invariable rule to see his wife every day, in order to give the servants no cause for suspicions, but he avoided dining at home. Vrónski never came to the house, but Anna saw him elsewhere, and her husband knew it.

The situation was painful for all three of them, and not one of them would have been able to persist one day in this situation, if they had not expected things to change and had not looked upon it as a temporary, grievous complication, which would soon pass. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich waited for this passion to come to an end, just as everything comes to an end ; he thought that all would forget it, and his name would remain unpolluted. Anna, on whom this situation depended, and for whom it was most painful, bore it only because she not only waited, but was even firmly convinced that all this would soon be disentangled and cleared up. Vrónski, who involuntarily surrendered himself to her, was also waiting for something to happen which was independent of him, and which would clear up all the difficulties.

In the middle of winter Vrónski passed a very lonely week. He was attached to a foreign prince who was visiting St. Petersburg, and had to show him all the sights

of the city. The reason he was attached to the prince was that he had a representative figure, and, besides, possessed the art of bearing himself with dignified respect and had been in the habit of meeting such persons. But this duty seemed extremely irksome to him. The prince did not wish to miss anything about which they might ask him at home whether he had seen it in Russia, and himself was anxious to taste the Russian pleasures as much as possible. Vrónski was to guide him in both these directions. In the morning they drove out to see the sights; in the evening they attended national entertainments. The prince enjoyed excellent health, even for a prince; by gymnastics and proper attention to his body, he had acquired such strength that, in spite of excesses, to which he surrendered himself in his pleasures, he was as fresh as a large, green, glossy Dutch cucumber. The prince had travelled a great deal and found that one of the chief advantages of the present ease of communication consisted in the accessibility of the national entertainments. He had been in Spain, and there had serenaded a Spanish woman who played the mandolin and had cultivated her acquaintance. In Switzerland he had killed a chamois. In England he had raced in a red coat over hedges and had killed two hundred pheasants on a bet. In Turkey he had been in a harem. In India he had travelled on an elephant, and now, in Russia, he wanted to partake of all specially Russian pleasures.

Vrónski, who acted as it were in the capacity of chief master of ceremonies to the prince, had quite a time arranging the schedule for all the Russian entertainments which had been proposed to the prince by a number of persons. There were races, and flat-cakes, and bear-hunts, and tróykas, and gipsies, and carousals with the Russian smashing of dishes. And the prince acquired the Russian spirit with extraordinary ease, broke the trays with the dishes, seated a gipsy maid on his knees, and seemed to

be asking, "What else is there, or does the Russian spirit consist in this only?"

In reality no Russian entertainment pleased the prince so much as French actresses, a ballet-dancer, and champagne with a white seal. Vrónski had been accustomed to princes, but, either because he himself had changed of late, or because of his great proximity to this prince, — this week was especially irksome to him. All that week he without interruption experienced the sensation which a man may experience who is attached to a dangerously insane person, who is afraid of the madman, and, at the same time, on account of his proximity to him, is afraid for his own reason. Vrónski constantly felt the need of not slackening for a moment the tone of stern official respectfulness, in order not to be insulted. The manner of the prince's treatment of the persons who, to Vrónski's surprise, went mad in order to afford him Russian entertainments, was contemptuous. His judgments on Russian women, whom he wished to study, more than once made Vrónski blush with indignation. But the chief reason why the prince was so irksome to Vrónski was that he instinctively saw himself in him. And what he saw in that mirror did not flatter his egoism. He was a very stupid, and very self-confident, and very healthy, and very cleanly man, and nothing else. He was a gentleman, that was true, and Vrónski could not deny it. He was equal and not at all servile with his superiors, free and simple in his address with his equals, and contemptuously good-natured with his inferiors. Vrónski was precisely such a man and regarded this as a great virtue; but in relation to the prince he was an inferior, and that contemptuously good-natured relation to himself made him indignant.

"A stupid ox! Is it possible I am like him?" he thought.

However it may have been, when he bade him good-bye

on the seventh day, before his departure for Moscow, and received his thanks, he was happy to be freed from his awkward situation and disagreeable mirror. He took leave of him at the station, after their return from a bear-hunt, where for a whole night they had given him a performance in Russian daring.

II.

ON returning home, Vrónski found a note from Anna. She wrote: "I am ill and unhappy. I cannot leave, and cannot be longer without seeing you. Come in the evening. At seven o'clock Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich goes to the Council and will be away until ten." For a moment he was startled at the strangeness of her calling him to the house, although her husband had demanded that he be not received, but he decided to go there.

During the winter Vrónski was promoted to the rank of colonel, when he left the army and lived by himself. After his breakfast he lay down on a sofa, and in five minutes the recollection of the shameless scenes of the last few days became mixed up and connected in his imagination with pictures of Anna and a peasant bear-baiter, who had played an important rôle in the bear-hunt, — and he fell asleep. He awoke in the dark, trembling from fright, and hurried to light a candle. "What was it? What? What was that terrible thing which I saw in my dream? Yes, yes. The peasant bear-baiter, I think, that small, dirty man with dishevelled beard was doing something, bending over, and saying some terrible words in French. There was nothing else in the dream," he said to himself. "But why was it so terrible?" He vividly recalled the peasant and those incomprehensible words which the peasant had uttered, and terror ran down his back in a chill.

"What nonsense!" thought Vrónski, looking at his watch.

It was already half-past eight. He rang the bell for a servant, hurriedly dressed himself, and went out on the porch, entirely oblivious of his dream, and worrying only because he was late. As he reached the porch of the Karénin's, he looked at his watch and saw that it was ten minutes to nine. A tall, narrow carriage, drawn by a pair of grays, was standing near the entrance. He recognized it as Anna's carriage. "She was coming to see me," thought Vrónski, "and that would be better. I do not like entering this house. Still, it makes no difference, — I cannot hide myself," he said to himself, and with that manner of a man who has nothing to be ashamed of, which he had acquired in childhood, he left his sleigh and went up to the door. The door opened and the porter, with a plaid on his arm, called up the carriage. Vrónski, who was not in the habit of noticing details, nevertheless now noticed the expression of surprise with which the porter looked at him. Almost at the door, Vrónski ran up against Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich. A gaslight fell directly upon the bloodless, sunken face beneath a black hat, and upon the white tie which glistened from underneath the beaver collar of the overcoat. Karénin's motionless, blurred eyes were directed upon Vrónski's face. Vrónski bowed, and Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, munching with his mouth, raised his hand to his hat and walked on. Vrónski saw him seat himself in the carriage, without looking around, receive the plaid and the opera-glass through the window, and disappear. Vrónski entered the antechamber. His brow was knit and his eyes sparkled with an evil, haughty splendour.

"A fine situation!" he thought. "If he fought and defended his honour, I could act and express my sentiments; but this is either weakness or baseness. He is placing me in the position of a cheat, though I have never wished to be that."

Ever since his explanation with Anna in Vrède's garden,

his thoughts had changed. Involuntarily submitting to the weakness of Anna, who surrendered herself to him completely and expected from him the solution of her fate, submitting in advance to everything, — he had long ceased to believe that this union could end as he had then expected. His ambitious plans again receded to the background, and he, feeling that he had left the circle of activity where everything was determined, completely abandoned himself to his sentiment, and this sentiment bound him more and more strongly to her.

While in the antechamber, he heard her departing steps. He knew that she was waiting for him, listening at the door, and that now she had returned to the drawing-room.

“Yes!” she exclaimed, as she saw him, — and at the first sound of her voice the tears appeared in her eyes. “Yes, if this is going to continue, it will happen much, much earlier!”

“What, my dear!”

“What? I have been waiting and worrying for an hour or two. No, I will not! I cannot quarrel with you. No doubt you could not. No, I will not!”

She put both her hands on his shoulders and for a long time looked at him with a deep, ecstatic, and at the same time questioning glance. She was studying his face for the time that she had not seen him. As at every meeting, so even now she collated her representation of him (impossible and incomparably better than reality) with what he actually was.

III.

"HAVE you met him?" she asked, when they seated themselves at the table under a lamp. "That is your punishment for being late."

"But how is it? He was to be at the Council!"

"He was, and came back, and has again gone somewhere. But that is nothing. Don't talk of it! Where have you been? All the time with the prince?"

She knew all the details of his life. He wanted to say that he had not slept all night and so had fallen asleep, but, looking at her agitated and happy face, he felt ashamed. And he said that he had to go to give an account of the prince's departure.

"Is it all over now? Has he left?"

"Thank God, it is over. You can't imagine how intolerable it all was to me."

"But why? Is not that the usual life of you young men?" she said, with a frown. Taking hold of some work which was lying on the table, she, without looking at Wróński, began to pull out the crochet-needle from it.

"I abandoned that life long ago," he said, wondering at the changed expression of her face and trying to scrutinize its meaning. "I confess," he said, showing his serried white teeth in a smile, "this week I have been looking into a mirror, and that was disagreeable to me."

She was holding the handiwork in her hand, but did not crochet; she looked at him with a strange, beaming, hostile glance.

"This morning Líza came to see me, — they are not yet

afraid of calling on me, in spite of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna," — she added, "and she told me about your Athenian evening. What an abomination!"

"I only wanted to say that —"

She interrupted him.

"That Thérèse, whom you used to know, was there."

"I wanted to say —"

"How nasty you men are! Why can't you understand that a woman can never forget it," she said, growing more and more excited, and thus revealing to him the cause of her irritation. "Especially a woman who cannot know your life. What do I know? What did I know?" she said. "Only what you tell me. How do I know that you are telling me the truth?"

"Anna, you are offending me. Do you not believe me? Have I not told you that I have no thought which I could not disclose to you?"

"Yes, yes," she said, apparently trying to dispel her jealous thoughts. "But if you knew how it pains me! I believe you, I do — So what were you saying?"

But he could not at once think of what he intended to say. These attacks of jealousy, which of late assailed her more and more frequently, frightened him and, no matter how much he tried to conceal it, cooled him off toward her, although he well knew that the cause of the jealousy was her love for him. How often he had said to himself that her love was happiness; and now she loved him, as only a woman could love, for whom love outweighed all the good of life, — and he was much further removed from happiness than when he had followed her from Moscow. At that time he had regarded himself as unhappy, but happiness was ahead of him; now he felt that the best happiness was behind him. She was not all that he had thought her to be; and morally and physically she had changed for the worse. She had grown broader, and in her face, while she was talking of the

actress, was an evil, distorted expression. He looked at her as a man looks at a wilted flower plucked by him, in which he with difficulty recognizes the beauty for which he has plucked and ruined it. And yet he felt that then, when his love was strongest, he might have been able, if he had desired it very much, to pluck out the love from his heart, — but now, when, as at that moment, it seemed to him that he felt no love for her, he knew that his bond with her could not be broken.

“Well, well, what did you want to tell me about the prince? I have chased away the demon,” she added. Between them jealousy was called “the demon.” “You began to say something about the prince. Why was it so hard for you?”

“Oh, intolerable!” he said, trying to catch the thread of the lost thought. “He did not gain from closer acquaintance. To define him, I should say that he is a well-fed animal, such as those that receive first prizes at exhibitions, and that he is nothing else,” he spoke with annoyance, which interested her.

“How so?” she retorted. “But he has seen much, is educated?”

“Their education is an entirely different education. It is evident that he is educated only for the purpose of having the right to disdain everything but animal pleasures.”

“But all of you love animal pleasures,” she said, and again he noticed a gloomy look, which was evading him.

“Why do you defend him so?” he asked, with a smile.

“I do not, — it is all the same to me; but I think that if you yourself did not like those pleasures, you could have refused. But it gives you pleasure to see Thérèse in Eve’s costume — ”

“Again, again the devil!” said Vrónski, taking the hand which she had placed on the table, and kissing it.

“Yes, but I cannot help it! You do not know how it

wore me out to wait for you! I do not think I am jealous. I am not; I believe you when you are here, with me; but when you there somewhere lead all alone your incomprehensible life — ”

She leaned away from him, finally got her crochet-needle out of the work, and rapidly, with the aid of the forefinger, began to take up meshes of the white wool, which glistened under the lamplight, and swiftly and nervously moved her thin hand in the crocheted mitten.

“ Well, where did you meet Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich ? ” her voice suddenly sounded unnaturally.

“ We ran up against each other at the door.”

“ And he bowed to you ? ”

She lengthened her face and, half-closing her eyes, rapidly changed the expression of her countenance, and folded her hands, and Vrónski suddenly saw in her pretty face the same expression with which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had bowed to him. He smiled, and she merrily laughed that sweet chest laugh, which was one of her chief charms.

“ I positively fail to understand him,” said Vrónski. “ If after your explanation at the summer residence he had broken with you, if he challenged me to a duel, I could understand it; but this I do not comprehend: how can he endure such a situation? He is suffering; that is evident.”

“ He ? ” she said, with sarcasm. “ He is quite satisfied.”

“ Why are we all tormented, since all could be so well ? ”

“ Not he. Do I not know him, — that lie with which he is all saturated? Can a man, who has any feeling, live as he is living with me? He does not understand, does not feel anything. How can a man who has any feeling live with his wicked wife in the same house? Can he talk with her? Say ‘ thou ’ to her ? ”

And again she involuntarily imitated him. "Thou, *ma chère*, thou, Anna!"

"He is not a man, not a human being, but a doll! Nobody knows it, but I do. Oh, if I were in his place, I should long ago have killed or torn to pieces that wife, such a woman as I am, — I should not be saying, 'Thou, *ma chère*, Anna!' He is not a man, he is a ministerial machine. He does not understand that I am your wife, that he is a stranger, that he is a superfluous man — Let us not talk of it, please!"

"You are wrong, and again wrong, my dear," said Vrónski, trying to soothe her. "But, never mind, let us not talk of it! Tell me what you have been doing? What is the matter with you? What is that illness, and what did the doctor say?"

She looked at him with sarcastic joy. Evidently she still was thinking of ridiculous and monstrous sides in her husband, and was waiting for the time to express them.

But he continued:

"I suppose it is not an illness, but your condition. When will it be?"

The sarcastic sparkle went out in her eyes, but another smile, — that of the knowledge of something unknown to him and of quiet grief, — took the place of her former expression.

"Soon, soon. You said that our situation is painful, that it has to be cleared up. If you only knew how hard it is for me, and how I would give everything to be able to love you freely and boldly! I would not be tortured myself, and would not torment you with my jealousy. And that will be soon, but not as you think it."

And at the thought of how that would be, she felt such pity for herself that tears appeared in her eyes, and she was unable to proceed. She placed her hand, which sparkled in the lamplight with its own whiteness and with the rings, upon his sleeve.

"It will not be as we think it. I did not wish to tell you about it, but you have made me. Soon, soon everything will be cleared up, and we shall all of us be pacified, and shall not be tormented any longer."

"I do not understand you," he said, though he did understand her.

"You asked me when. Soon. And I shall not outlive it. Don't interrupt me!" And she hastened to speak. "I know it, and know it for certain. I shall die, and am very glad that I shall die and liberate myself and both of you."

Tears flowed from her eyes; he bent down to her hand and began to kiss it, trying to conceal his agitation, which, he knew, had no foundation, but which he was unable to overcome.

"Now, this is better," she said, pressing his hand with a rapid motion. "This is all that is left to us."

He collected himself and raised his head.

"What nonsense! What senseless things you are saying!"

"Yes, it is true."

"What, what is true?"

"That I shall die, I had a dream."

"A dream?" repeated Vrónski, immediately recalling the peasant of his dream.

"Yes, a dream," she said. "It is a long time ago that I dreamt it. I dreamt that I ran into my sleeping-room, that I had to get something there, to find out something: you know how it is in a dream," she said, opening her eyes wide in terror, "and in the sleeping-room, in the corner, there stood something —"

"Oh, what nonsense! How can you believe —"

But she did not allow him to interrupt her. What she was saying was too important to her.

"And that something turned around, and I saw that it was a peasant with a dishevelled beard, a small, terrible-

looking man. I wanted to run, but he bent down over a bag and was rummaging in it with his hands — ”

She showed him how he was rummaging in the bag. There was terror in her face. And Vrónski, recalling his dream, felt the same terror, which filled his soul.

“He was rummaging, and talking so fast in French, with a guttural pronunciation of his *r*'s, ‘*Il faut le battre le fer, le broyer, le pétrir* — ’ And I wanted to wake from terror, and I did wake up — but I woke up in my dream. And I began to ask myself what it meant. And Kornéy said to me, ‘You will die in childbirth, in childbirth, motherkin — ’ And I awoke.”

“What nonsense, what nonsense!” said Vrónski, feeling himself that there was no persuasiveness in his voice.

“Let us not talk of it! Ring the bell, I will have tea brought in. Wait, it is not long to — ”

But suddenly she stopped. The expression of her face was suddenly changed. Her terror and agitation suddenly gave way to an expression of calm, serious, blissful attention. He could not understand the meaning of this change. She felt in herself the quickening of a new life.

IV.

AFTER meeting Vrónski on his porch, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was driven to the Italian opera, as had been his original intention. He remained there through two acts and saw everybody whom he needed to see. When he returned home, he carefully examined the clothes-rack and, observing that there was no military overcoat upon it, went as usual to his cabinet. But, contrary to his habit, he did not lie down, but paced to and fro in his cabinet until three o'clock in the morning. His feeling of anger at his wife, who would not observe the proprieties and carry out the only condition demanded of her, — which was that she should not receive her lover, — gave him no rest. She did not comply with his demand, and he had to punish her and carry out his threat, — to ask a divorce and take away the son. He knew all the difficulties which were connected with this matter, but he had said that he would do it, and so had to carry out his threat. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had hinted to him that that was the best way out from his situation, and of late the legal handling of divorces had been carried to such perfection that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw the possibility of overcoming the formal difficulties. Besides, misfortune never comes single, and his case about the condition of the aliens and about the irrigation of the fields of the Government of Zaráyask had caused such unpleasantness to him in his official capacity that lately he was in a very irritable state.

He did not sleep the whole night, and his anger, increasing in some huge proportion, reached the extreme limits in the morning. He dressed himself in a hurry and, as though carrying a full bowl of anger and fearing lest he should spill it, and fearing lest with his anger he should lose the energy which he needed for his explanation with his wife, he entered her room as soon as he heard that she was up.

Anna, who thought that she knew her husband well, was startled by his look, when he came in. His brow was knit, and his eyes glanced gloomily in front of him, evading her glance; his mouth was compressed firmly and contemptuously. In his gait, his movements, the sound of his voice, there was determination and firmness, such as his wife had never seen in him. He entered the room and, without greeting her, went straight to her writing-desk and, taking the keys, opened a drawer.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed.

"The letters of your lover," he said.

"They are not there," she said, closing the drawer; but he understood by this motion that he had guessed correctly, and, rudely pushing her hand aside, he quickly grasped the portfolio, where, he knew, she put away the most important papers. She wanted to tear the portfolio out of his hands, but he pushed her aside.

"Sit down! I have to talk with you," he said, putting the portfolio under his arm and pressing it so hard with his elbow that his shoulder was raised.

She silently looked at him in amazement and fright.

"I have told you that I will not permit you to receive your lover at the house."

"I had to see him in order —"

She stopped, being unable to find an explanation.

"I do not enter into the details of why a woman has to see her lover."

"I wanted, I only —" she said, flaring up. His rude-

ness provoked her and gave her courage. "Don't you feel how easy it is for you to insult me?" she said.

"An honest man and an honest woman may be insulted, but to tell a thief that he is a thief is only *la constatation d'un fait*."

"This new feature of cruelty I did not suspect in you."

"You call it cruelty when a man gives his wife her liberty, giving her the honourable protection of his name under the condition only that she preserve the proprieties. Is that cruelty?"

"It is worse than cruelty, — it is baseness, if you want to know!" Anna called out, in an outburst of rage. She got up and wanted to leave.

"No!" he cried, in his squeaky voice, which now rose a note higher than usual. Clutching her hand so firmly with his large fingers that she had red marks left on it from her bracelet, which he pressed against it, he forced her to sit down.

"Baseness? If you want to use that word, I will tell you that it is baseness to abandon your husband, your son, for your lover, and to eat your husband's bread."

She bent her head. She not only failed to tell him what she had told her lover the evening before, that he, her husband, was a superfluous man, — she did not even think of it. She felt the whole justice of his words, and only said, softly:

"You cannot describe my situation in worse terms than I myself understand it to be; but why do you tell me this?"

"Why do I say it, why?" he continued, just as angrily. "That you may know that, since you have not done my will in the matter of observing the proprieties, I will take such measures as will put an end to this situation."

"It will soon, very soon, end anyway," she said, and again tears at the thought of her near, now so much wanted death came to her eyes,

"It will end sooner than you and your lover have imagined! You need the gratification of your animal lust —"

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich! I do not say that it is not magnanimous, but that it is not decent to strike a prostrate person."

"Yes, you think only of yourself! But the sufferings of a man who has been your husband do not interest you. It is all the same to you that his whole life is ruined, or how much I have sur — sur — surfured."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was talking so fast that his tongue became tied up and he could not pronounce that word. He finally pronounced it *surfured*. That appeared funny to her, but she immediately felt ashamed at having found anything funny at such a moment. And for the first time she for a minute felt for him, and transferred herself to his place, and was sorry for him. But what could she say or do? She lowered her head and kept silence. He, too, was silent for a little while, after which he spoke in a less squeaky, cold voice, emphasizing arbitrarily chosen words, which had no special importance.

"I came to tell you," he said.

She glanced at him. "No, it only seemed so to me," she thought, recalling the expression of his face when he got mixed on the word *surfured*. "Yes, how can a man with these blurred eyes, with this self-contented calm, feel anything?"

"I cannot change anything," she whispered.

"I came to tell you that to-morrow I shall leave for Moscow and shall not return again to this house, and you will get my decision through the lawyer to whom I shall entrust the divorce case. My son will go to stay with my sister," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, making an effort to recall what it was he intended to say about his son.

"You need Serézha in order to cause me pain," she said,

looking stealthily at him. "You do not love him — Leave Serézha here!"

"Yes, I have lost even my love for my son, because with him is connected my loathing for you. But I will nevertheless take him. Good-bye!"

And he wanted to go, but this time she stopped him.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, leave Serézha!" she whispered once more. "I have nothing else to say. Leave Serézha until my — I shall soon bear a child, — leave him!" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich flamed up and, tearing his hand away from her, left the room in silence.

V.

THE waiting-room of the famous St. Petersburg lawyer was full when Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich entered it. Three ladies, an old woman, a young woman, and a merchant's wife, and three gentlemen, a German banker with a ring on his finger, a merchant with a beard, and an angry official in an undress uniform, with a cross on his neck, had apparently been waiting for quite awhile. Two assistants were writing at tables, squeaking with their pens. The writing-apparatus, for which Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had a weakness, was unusually fine. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich could not help noticing it. One of the assistants, half-closing his eyes and without rising, turned angrily to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"What do you wish?"

"I have some business with the lawyer."

"The lawyer is busy," the assistant replied, sternly pointing with his pen to the people waiting, and proceeding with his writing.

"Can't he find some time?" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"He has no leisure, — he is always busy. Please to wait."

"Then will you not take the trouble to hand him my card," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said, with dignity, seeing the necessity for revealing his incognito.

The assistant took his card and, apparently not approving of its contents, passed through the door.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich in principle sympathized

with public courts, but did not fully approve of certain details of their application in Russia, from higher official considerations which were well known to him, and he condemned them in so far as he could permit himself to condemn anything instituted by order of the sovereign. His whole life had been passed in an administrative activity, and so, if he did not approve of a thing, this disapproval was modified by the recognition of the unavoidableness of mistakes and the possibility of improvement in every affair. In the new institutions of the courts he did not approve of the conditions under which the practice of the law was placed. But until then he had had no recourse to the law, and so had found fault with it merely from theoretical considerations; now his disapproval was strengthened by that disagreeable impression which he received in the lawyer's waiting-room.

"He will come out directly," said the assistant, and, indeed, in about two minutes there appeared the long figure of an old jurist, who had been consulting the lawyer, and the lawyer himself.

The lawyer was a small, stocky, bald-headed man, with a reddish black beard, long light eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead. He dressed up like a bridegroom, from his necktie and double chain to his patent leather boots. He had a shrewd peasant face, and his attire was foppish and in bad taste.

"If you please," said the lawyer, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. And, gloomily allowing Karénin to pass in, he closed the door.

"Will you not be seated?" He pointed to a chair at the writing-table, which was covered with paper, and himself sat down in the presiding place, rubbing his little hands with their short fingers, which were overgrown with white hair, and inclining his head to one side. But, just as he settled himself in his pose, a moth flew across the table. The lawyer, with a rapidity that one could not

have expected of him, spread his hands, caught the moth, and resumed his former position.

"Before speaking of my case," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, having in amazement watched the lawyer's movements, "I must remark that the affair of which I am about to speak must remain a secret."

A faint smile expanded the lawyer's overhanging reddish moustache.

"I should not be a lawyer if I could not keep secrets entrusted to me. But if you wish a confirmation —"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich looked at his face and saw that his intelligent gray eyes were laughing, as though they knew everything.

"Do you know my name?" continued Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"I know you and your useful" — he caught a moth again — "activity, as any Russian may know," said the lawyer, inclining his head.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich heaved a sigh, filling himself with courage. But, having once taken the resolve, he continued, in his squeaky voice, without timidity and without hesitation, and now and then putting a special emphasis on certain words.

"I have the misfortune," began Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "of being a deceived husband, and I wish legally to disrupt my relations with my wife, that is, to be divorced from her, but in such a manner that my son shall not be left with his mother."

The lawyer's gray eyes tried not to smile, but they leaped about from incontinent joy, and Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw that this was not only the joy of a man who is receiving a profitable order, but that there was triumph and transport, a gleam resembling the ominous gleam which he had seen in the eyes of his wife.

"Do you wish my coöperation in the achievement of the divorce?"

"Yes, precisely, but I must warn you that I am in danger of trespassing on your attention. I have come only to consult you in a preliminary way. I want a divorce, but the forms under which this is possible are of importance to me. It is not unlikely that if the forms do not coincide with my demands I shall refuse a legal suit."

"Oh, that is always the case," said the lawyer, "and that is always subject to your wish."

The lawyer dropped his eyes on Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's feet, feeling that he might offend his client by letting him see his incontinent joy. He looked at a moth that flew past his nose, and jerked his hand, but did not catch it, from respect to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's situation.

"Although our statutes respecting this subject are known to me in a general way," continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, "I should like to know the general forms under which similar cases are disposed of in practice."

"Do you want me," replied the lawyer, without raising his eyes, and not without pleasure entering into the tone of his client's discourse, "to expound to you the paths along which the execution of your wish is possible?"

In response to the affirmative nod of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's head, he proceeded, only now and then casting a fleeting glance at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's face, which was red in spots.

"According to our laws," he said, with a faint shade of a disapproval of our laws, "divorce is possible, as you know, in the following cases — Let them wait!" he turned to the assistant who had thrust his head through the door; but he also got up, said a few words, and sat down again. "In the following cases: physical defects of either party, then a five years' absence without knowledge of the whereabouts," he said, bending his short, hairy finger, "then adultery" (this word he pronounced with manifest

pleasure). "The subdivisions are" (he continued to bend his fat fingers, although the cases and subdivisions evidently could not be classified together): "physical defects of either husband or wife, then adultery committed by either husband or wife." As he had used up all his fingers, he unbent them all and continued: "That is the theoretical view; but I assume that you have done me the honour of turning to me in order to find out the practical application. And so, being guided by precedents, I must inform you that all the divorce cases reduce themselves to the following — there are no physical defects, so far as I can understand, nor a five years' absence? —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich nodded affirmatively.

"Reduce themselves to the following: adultery of either husband or wife, and the conviction of the criminal party by mutual consent, or, for want of such a consent, by involuntary conviction. I must say, the latter case rarely happens in practice," said the lawyer. Casting a cursory glance at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, he grew silent, like a dealer in pistols, who has described the advantages of this weapon and of that, and is waiting for the purchaser to make the choice. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent, and so the lawyer proceeded: "The most customary and simple and sensible, I take it, is adultery by mutual consent. I should not take the liberty of expressing myself in this manner, if I were speaking to an undeveloped man," said the lawyer, "but I assume that that is comprehensible to you."

However, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was so upset that he did not at once grasp the reasonableness of adultery by mutual consent, and he expressed this perplexity in his view; but the lawyer immediately came to his rescue.

"The people can no longer live together, — here is the fact. And if both agree to it, the details and formalities are a matter of indifference. At the same time that is the simplest and safest way."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich now fully comprehended. But he had religious scruples which interfered with the admission of this measure.

"This is out of the question in the present case," he said. "Only one case is possible here: involuntary conviction, confirmed by letters, which I have in my possession."

At the mention of letters, the lawyer firmly set his lips and produced a thin, compassionate, and contemptuous sound.

"You see," he began, "matters of this kind are, as you well know, passed upon by the clerical department; now the father protopopes are in these things very fond of the minutest details," he said, with a smile, which evinced sympathy for the taste of the protopopes. "Letters, no doubt, can be partially confirmatory; but the proof must be obtained directly, that is, by means of eye-witnesses. However, if you will do me the honour to bestow your confidence on me, you must leave to me the choice of the measures which are to be employed. He who wants results, must admit the means."

"If so —" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich began, suddenly growing pale; but just then the lawyer got up and again walked over to the door to the assistant, who had interrupted him.

"Tell her that we have no bargain-counter here!" he said, returning to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

On the way back he stealthily caught another moth. "My rep will be fine by summer!" he thought, frowning.

"And so you were pleased to remark —" he said.

"I will give you my decision in writing," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, getting up and holding on to the table. After standing for awhile, he said: "From your words I conclude that the achievement of the divorce is possible. I should also ask you to inform me what your charges are."

.

"It can all be done, if you give me complete liberty of action," said the lawyer, without replying to the question. "When may I count on an answer from you?" asked the lawyer, moving toward the door, and with his eyes and his patent leather boots sparkling.

"In a week. You will be so kind as to give me an answer whether you will take the case and under what conditions."

"Very well, sir."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, let his client pass out and, when left alone, abandoned himself to his joyful sensation. He was so happy that, contrary to his rules, he came down on his price to the haggling lady, and stopped catching moths, having decided that his furniture should in the winter get the same kind of a velvet upholstering that Sigónin's furniture had.

VI.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH obtained a brilliant victory in the meeting of the commission of the 17th of August, but the consequences of this victory undid him. The new commission for an all-round study of the condition of the aliens was formed and despatched to the spot with unusual rapidity and energy, due to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's initiative. A report was furnished in three months. The condition of the aliens was investigated in its political, administrative, economic, ethnographic, material, and religious aspects. To all the questions answers were neatly appended, and they were answers that could not be doubted, as they were not the product of human thought, which is subject to error, but of the official activity. The answers were all the results of official data, of reports of governors and bishops, which were based on the information furnished by county chiefs and priors, which, on their side, were based on the reports of township organizations and parish priests; consequently all the answers were impeccable. For example, all the questions about why there were failures of crops, why the inhabitants stuck to their peculiar faiths, and so forth,—questions which without the conveniences of the official machine are not decided, and cannot be decided, in ages, received a clear, indubitable solution. And this solution was in favour of Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's opinion.

But Strémov, who in the last meeting had felt himself touched to the quick, on the receipt of the commission's reports made use of tactics which Aleksyáy Aleksándro-

vich had not foreseen. Strémov drew several other members along with him and suddenly passed over to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's side, and not only warmly defended the execution of the measures proposed by Karénin, but himself proposed other extreme measures in the same direction. These, far more radical than what had been Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's fundamental idea, were accepted, and then only Strémov's tactics became apparent. Being carried to the extreme, these measures suddenly proved to be so stupid that at one and the same time the statesmen, and public opinion, and the clever ladies, and the newspapers, —everybody came down upon them, expressing their indignation against the measures themselves and against their professed father, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. But Strémov himself withdrew, making it appear that he had blindly followed Karénin's plan, and that now he was himself surprised and indignant at what had happened.

This undid Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. But, in spite of his failing health, in spite of his domestic sorrows, he did not surrender. In the commission a schism took place. Some of the members, with Strémov at their head, justified their error by asserting that they had believed implicitly in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's revisionary commission, and said that the report of this commission was the merest bosh and nothing more than paper scribbled over. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with a party of men, seeing danger in such a revolutionary relation to the papers, continued to support the data which had been worked out by the revisionary commission.

The result of it was that in the higher spheres and even in society everything became mixed, and, although everybody was interested in it in the highest degree, no one was able to make out whether the aliens were impoverished and perishing, or flourishing. In consequence of this, and partly also on account of the contempt which

fell upon him through his wife's infidelity, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's position became very shaky. While in this condition, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took an important step. To the surprise of the commission, he announced that he would ask for permission to go personally to the spot in order to investigate the matter. Having received this permission, he departed for the distant Governments.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's proposed journey produced quite a stir, especially since before his departure he officially returned the travelling money, which was for twelve horses to the place of his destination.

"I find it very noble," Betsy said of him to Princess Myágki. "What use is there of paying for stage-horses when everybody knows that there are railways everywhere?"

But Princess Myágki did not agree with her, and the opinion of Princess Tverskóy even irritated her.

"It is easy enough for you to say so," she said, "since you have millions, I do not know how many of them,—but I like to see my husband go out in the summer on his inspection tours. It is very good for his health and great fun for him, while I have made it my custom to keep a carriage and a driver on this money."

On his way to the distant Governments Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped in Moscow for three days.

On the day after his arrival he drove out with the intention of calling on the governor-general. At the cross-road, near Gazette Lane, where there is always a crowd of carriages and cabs, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich suddenly heard his name called out in such a loud and merry voice that he could not help turning around. Stepán Arkádevich, dressed in a fashionable short overcoat, with his fashionable small hat poised sidewise, aglow with a smile of his white teeth between red lips, looking merry, young, and beaming, was standing at the curb of the sidewalk, calling out in a determined and persistent voice,

and demanding that the coachman stop. With one hand he was holding on to the window of a carriage that had stopped at the corner of the street; out of the carriage were thrust a lady's head in a velvet bonnet, and two little children's heads. Stepán Arkádevich kept smiling and beckoning to his brother-in-law. The lady smiled a kindly smile, and herself, too, was beckoning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. That was Dolly with her children.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not wish to see any one in Moscow, least of all his wife's brother. He raised his hat and wanted to drive on, but Stepán Arkádevich ordered his coachman to stop, and ran up to him over the snow.

"Now, are you not ashamed not to send word? How long have you been here? I was at Dussot's last night, where I saw 'Karénin' on the board; it did not even occur to me that it was you!" said Stepán Arkádevich, thrusting his head through the carriage-window. "What a shame not to let us know!" he repeated.

"I had no time,—I am very busy," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich answered, dryly.

"Come to my wife! She wants to see you."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took off the plaid in which his cold legs were wrapped, and, leaving the carriage, made his way through the snow to where Dárya Aleksándrovna was.

"How is this, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich? Why do you avoid us?" said Dolly, smiling.

"I was very busy. I am very glad to see you," he said, in a tone which plainly showed that he was rather pained. "How is your health?"

"How is my dear Anna?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich muttered something and wanted to go back. But Stepán Arkádevich stopped him.

"This is what we shall do to-morrow. Dolly, invite

him to dinner! We shall send for Koznyshév and Pestsov, in order to serve up to him Moscow culture."

"So please come," said Dolly. "We shall be waiting for you, at five, at six, if you wish. Well, how is my dear Anna? How long —"

"She is well," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich grunted, with a frown. "Very glad to have met you!" and he walked back to his carriage.

"Will you come?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich muttered something which Dolly could not make out through the noise of the moving carriages.

"I will call on you to-morrow!" Stepán Arkádevich cried after him.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich climbed into his carriage and buried himself in it in such a way as not to see or be seen.

"What an odd man!" Stepán Arkádevich said to his wife. He looked at his watch, made a motion with his hand in front of his face, to indicate a caress for his wife and children, and dashingly walked down the sidewalk.

"Stíva! Stíva!" cried Dolly, blushing.

He turned around.

"I have to buy overcoats for Grísha and for Tánya; so let me have some money."

"Never mind! Tell them that I will pay!" and he disappeared, gaily nodding to an acquaintance who drove by.

VII.

THE next day was a Sunday. Stepán Arkádevich drove to the Grand Theatre to attend a ballet rehearsal, where he presented Másha Chibisov, a pretty dancer who had just joined the theatre under his protection, with some corals, which he had promised her the day before, and behind the curtain, in the day darkness of the theatre, managed to kiss her pretty face, which was beaming on account of the gift. Besides bringing her the corals, he had made an engagement with her for a meeting after the ballet. He explained to her that he could not be there at the beginning of the ballet, but promised to come to the last act, after which he would take her to supper. From the theatre Stepán Arkádevich drove to the Hunting Row, where he himself picked out fish and asparagus for dinner, and at noon was already at Dussot's, where he had to see three persons who, by luck, all stopped in the same hotel: Levín, who had just returned from abroad; his new chief, who had just entered on his higher duties and was inspecting Moscow; and his brother-in-law Karénin, whom he intended by all means to take home to dinner.

Stepán Arkádevich was fond of dining; still more did he like to give a dinner, a small dinner, but one that was refined in its food and beverages, and in its choice company. The programme of the coming dinner pleased him very much: there would be live perch, asparagus, and *la pièce de résistance*, — a superb, though simple roast

beef, and corresponding wines ; so much for eating and drinking. Of guests there were to be Kitty and Levín, and, that this be not too startling, there would be also a lady cousin and young Shcherbátski, and *la pièce de résistance* of the guests, — Sergyéy Koznyshév and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich : Sergyéy Ivánovich, a Muscovite and philosopher, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, a Petersburgian and man of practical affairs ; and he would also invite the famous eccentric, enthusiastic Pestsóv, liberal, talker, musician, historian, and dearest youth of fifty years, who would be the sauce or garnish to Koznyshév and Karénin. He would stir them up and set them against one another.

The money for the timber had been received from the merchant for the second term, and had not yet been spent ; Dolly had been very sweet and good of late, and the thought of this dinner in every respect gave Stepán Arkádevich pleasure. He was in the happiest of moods. There were just two somewhat disagreeable circumstances ; but these were drowned in the sea of good-natured merriment which surged in Stepán Arkádevich's soul. These two circumstances were : the first, that when he met Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich in the street on the previous day, he had noticed that he was stern and dry with him, and, connecting the expression of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's face, and the fact that he had not called on them or made his presence known, with the rumours which he had heard about Anna and Vrónski, Stepán Arkádevich guessed that something was wrong between husband and wife.

That was one unpleasant thing. The other somewhat disagreeable fact was that the new chief, like all new chiefs, had already the reputation of a terrible man, who got up at six o'clock, worked like a horse, and demanded the same kind of work from his subordinates. Besides, this chief had the reputation of being a bear in his address, and was, so far as rumour went, a man of the very opposite tendency from that of his former chief, and

from that which had heretofore been Stepán Arkádevich's tendency. On the day before Stepán Arkádevich had appeared in the office in his uniform, and the new chief had been very amiable, and had talked with Oblónski as with an acquaintance; therefore Stepán Arkádevich regarded it as his duty to call on him in civilian clothes. The thought that the new chief might not receive him well was this second disagreeable circumstance. But Stepán Arkádevich felt instinctively that everything was *coming on* well. "All men are like us sinful people: why then get angry and quarrel?" he thought, as he entered the hotel.

"Good day, Vasíli," he said, walking down the corridor, with his hat poised jauntily, and turning to the lackey he knew, "have you been raising side-whiskers? Levín is number seven, eh? Take me to him, if you please! And find out whether Count Ánichkin" (that was the new chief) "will receive."

"Yes, sir," Vasíli replied, smiling. "You have not been here for quite awhile."

"I was here yesterday, only from another entrance. Is this seven?"

Levín was standing with a Tver peasant in the middle of the room and measuring a bear-skin with a yardstick, when Stepán Arkádevich entered.

"Ah, you have killed it?" exclaimed Stepán Arkádevich. "A fine specimen! A she-bear? Good day, Arkhíp!"

He pressed the peasant's hand and sat down on a chair, without taking off his overcoat or hat.

"Take it off, and sit awhile!" said Levín, taking off Stepán Arkádevich's hat.

"No, I have no time. I have come for just a moment," said Stepán Arkádevich. He unbuttoned his coat, and later took it off and passed a whole hour talking with Levín about the hunt and about most intimate subjects.

"Do tell me, — what have you been doing abroad? Where have you been?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, after the peasant had left.

"I have lived in Germany, in Prussia, in France, in England, not in the capitals, but in the factory towns, and I have seen many new things. I am glad to have been there."

"Yes, I know your idea about the labour question."

"Not at all: in Russia there can be no labour question. In Russia the question is about the relation of the peasants to the land; it exists there, too, but only as an improvement of something spoiled, while with us —"

Stepán Arkádevich listened attentively to Levín.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "Very likely you are right. Still, I am glad that you are in such a brisk mood: you are baiting bears, and working, and becoming infatuated — You see, Shcherbátski told me — he has met you — that you were in a melancholy mood, thinking all the time of death —"

"Well, I have not stopped thinking of it," said Levín. "It is true, we shall die soon, and all this is nonsense. Let me tell you: I value my reasoning and my work very much, but in reality, just think of it: this whole world of ours is a small bit of mould that has grown on a tiny planet. And we imagine that there can be anything great — ideas, deeds! All these are mere kernels of sand."

"My friend, that is as old as the world!"

"Yes, old. But when you grasp it clearly, everything becomes insignificant. When you understand that you will die to-day or to-morrow, and nothing will be left, everything grows so insignificant! I regard my idea as very important, but it turns out to be as insignificant, even if it were to be executed, as trapping this bear. And so a person passes his life, finding diversion in hunting and working, only to avoid thinking of death."

Stepán Arkádevich smiled a fine, kindly smile, as he listened to Levín.

"Of course! So you have come over to me; you remember, you used to attack me for looking for pleasures in life? O moralist, be not so severe!"

"No, there is in life that good —" Levín got mixed up. "I do not know. All I know is that we shall die soon."

"Why soon?"

"You know there is less charm in life when you think of death, but, at the same time, more peace."

"On the contrary, it is jollier in consequence of it. Well, I must go," said Stepán Arkádevich, getting up for the tenth time.

"Sit a little longer!" said Levín, keeping him back. "When shall we see each other? I shall leave to-morrow."

"I am a nice man! That's what I came for — By all means come to our house to dinner to-night. Your brother will be there, and Karénin, my brother-in-law."

"Is he here?" said Levín. He was on the point of asking about Kitty. He had heard that she had been at St Petersburg during the beginning of winter, visiting her sister, the wife of a diplomatist, and did not know whether she had come back or not, but changed his mind, and did not ask him. "Let her be or not, — what difference does it make?"

"So you will come?"

"Of course."

"At five o'clock, informally."

Stepán Arkádevich rose and went down-stairs to see the new chief. Stepán Arkádevich's instinct had not deceived him. The new, terrible chief turned out to be a very affable man, and Stepán Arkádevich breakfasted with him, staying with him so long that he did not get to see Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich until nearly four o'clock.

VIII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH, after his return from mass, remained at home the whole morning. He had two affairs to attend to. In the first place, he had to receive and direct the deputation of the aliens, which now was in Moscow, on their way to St. Petersburg, and, in the second place, to write the promised letter to the lawyer. The deputation, though called for by Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's initiative, presented many inconveniences and even dangers, and Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was very glad to have met them in Moscow. The members of this deputation did not have the slightest conception of their rôle and duties. They were naïvely convinced that their business was to explain their wants and the present state of affairs, asking the government's aid, and absolutely failed to comprehend that certain information and demands of theirs supported the hostile party, and, therefore, imperiled their cause. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had much trouble with them, wrote them out a programme, from which they were not to depart, and, dismissing them, wrote letters to St. Petersburg for the direction of the deputation. The chief assistant in this matter was to be Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. She was a specialist in the matter of deputations, and no one was as capable as she in giving a froth and proper direction to deputations. Having finished this business, he wrote a letter to the lawyer. He gave him, without the least hesitation, the liberty to act according to the best of his knowledge. In the letter he enclosed three notes

from Vrónski to Anna, which he had found in the portfolio taken from her.

Ever since Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had left his home, with the intention of not returning to his family, and ever since he had been at the lawyer's and had told at least one man about his intention, but especially since he had transferred the case from life to paper, he grew more and more accustomed to his intention, and now clearly saw the possibility of its realization.

He was sealing the envelope to the lawyer, when he heard the loud sounds of Stepán Arkádevich's voice. Stepán Arkádevich was having a dispute with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's servant, insisting that he should announce him.

"It makes no difference," thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; "so much the better, — I will inform him at once about my situation in reference to his sister, and will explain to him why I cannot dine with him."

"Receive him!" he called out, in a loud voice, picking up the papers and putting them into the blotting-case.

"You see, you have been lying, and he is at home!" Stepán Arkádevich was heard replying to the lackey, who had not admitted him, and, taking off his overcoat as he walked along, Oblónski entered the room. "I am very glad to find you in! So I hope —" Stepán Arkádevich began, merrily.

"I cannot be there," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, standing, and not asking his guest to be seated.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich expected at once to assume that cold mien which he ought to have toward the brother of his wife, against whom he had begun an action for divorce; but he had not counted on that sea of good-nature which ran over the shores in Stepán Arkádevich's soul.

Stepán Arkádevich opened wide his clear, sparkling eyes.

"Why can't you? What do you mean?" he said, in perplexity, in French. "But you have promised! And we are all counting on you."

"I mean to say that I cannot be at your house, because those relations which have existed between us are about to be severed."

"How so? What do you mean? Why?" Stepán Arkádevich said, smiling.

"Because I have begun an action for divorce against your sister, my wife. I was compelled —"

But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not finish his sentence when Stepán Arkádevich acted quite differently from what he had expected. Stepán Arkádevich groaned and sat down on a chair. "No, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, you don't say!" exclaimed Oblónski, and his face expressed suffering.

"Yes, it is so."

"Excuse me, but I cannot believe it —"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich sat down, feeling that his words had not had the effect which he had expected, and that he would perforce have to explain, and that, no matter what the explanation might be, his relations with his brother-in-law would remain the same.

"Yes, I am placed under the painful necessity of demanding a divorce," he said.

"I will say this much. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, I know you as an excellent, just man, and I know Anna — excuse me, I cannot change my opinion about her — as a fine, excellent woman, and, therefore, pardon me, I cannot believe it. There is some misunderstanding about it," he said.

"If it were only a misunderstanding —"

"Excuse me, I understand," Stepán Arkádevich interrupted him. "But, of course — One thing: you must not do things in a hurry. You must not, must not hurry!"

"I was not in a hurry," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, coldly, "and no counsel can be taken in such matters. I have firmly decided on it."

"That is terrible!" said Stepán Arkádevich, heaving a laboured breath. "There is one thing I would do, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. I implore you, do it!" he said. "The action has not yet been begun, as I understand. Before beginning the action, see my wife, and speak with her. She loves Anna like a sister, she loves you, and is a remarkable woman. For God's sake, talk with her! Do me that favour, I implore you!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich fell to musing, and Stepán Arkádevich looked at him with compassion, without interrupting his silence.

"Will you go down to see her?"

"I do not know. I did not call at your house because I suppose that our relations must change."

"Why should they? I do not see it. Permit me to think that outside of our relationship you have at least part of those friendly feelings for me that I have always had for you— And real respect," said Stepán Arkádevich, pressing his hand. "Even if your worst suspicions should prove true, I will not take upon myself to judge either party, and I see no reason why our relations should change. But now, do it for me, come to see my wife!"

"Well, we look at things differently," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, coldly. "However, we shall not speak of it."

"But why should you not come? At least to-night, to dinner? My wife is waiting for you. Please, do come! And, above all, speak with her. She is a remarkable woman. For God's sake, I implore you on my knees!"

"If you want it so much, I will come," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, with a sigh.

And, wishing to change the subject, he asked him about

what interested them both, — about Stepán Arkádevich's new chief, who, still a young man, had suddenly received such a high appointment.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had had little love for Ánichkin before and always had differed with him in opinions, but now he could not keep from expressing his hatred, so natural for an official who had suffered defeat, against him who had been promoted.

"Well, have you seen him?" asked Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, with a stinging smile.

"Yes, I have. He was in our court yesterday. He seems to know his business well, and is a very active man."

"Yes, but toward what is his activity directed?" said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich. "Toward doing something, or toward upsetting what has already been done? The misfortune of our country is the paper administration, of which he is a worthy representative."

"Really, I do not know what there is in him to condemn. I do not know his political bias, but this much I know, he is a fine fellow," replied Stepán Arkádevich. "I have just called on him, and, indeed, he is a fine fellow. We dined together, and I have taught him to prepare that beverage, you know, wine with oranges. It cools one off so much. It is surprising he did not know it. He liked it very much. Really, he is an excellent fellow."

Stepán Arkádevich looked at his watch.

"O Lord, it is nearly five, and I have to be at Dolgovúshin's yet! So please, come to dinner! You can't imagine how you will offend me and my wife."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich saw his brother-in-law off in a different way from that in which he had received him.

"I promise, and I will be there," he answered, gloomily.

"Believe me, I appreciate it, and I hope you will not regret it," Stepán Arkádevich replied, smiling.

He put his overcoat on as he went and with his hand touched the lackey's head, at which he laughed, and then went out.

"At five o'clock, informally, if you please!" he called out, once more, returning to the door.

IX.

IT was past five, and several guests had already arrived, when the host himself made his appearance. He entered together with Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév and Pestsóv, who had met at the entrance. They were the chief representatives of Moscow culture, as Oblónski had called them. They were both respected for their characters and for their minds. They respected each other, but in nearly everything were completely and hopelessly at variance, — not because they belonged to opposite parties, but for the very reason that they were both of the same camp (their enemies mistook them one for the other), and in this camp they had each his own shade. And, as there is nothing less capable of agreement than diversity of opinions in semi-abstractions, they not only never agreed in their views, but had even become accustomed, without getting angry, to make light of each other's incorrigible delusions.

They were entering the door, talking of the weather, when Stepán Arkádevich caught up with them. In the drawing-room were already sitting Prince Aleksándr Dmítrievich Oblónski,¹ young Shcherbátski, Turóvtsyn, Kitty, and Karénin.

Stepán Arkádevich saw at once that things were not proceeding well in the drawing-room without him. Dárya Aleksándrovna, in her gray silk evening gown, who was apparently worried about the children that were to dine by themselves in the nursery, and because her husband was not yet at home, had been unable properly to shuffle

¹ Apparently the author's mistake for Shcherbátski.

the company. They were all sitting like priests' daughters "out calling" (as the old prince expressed it), evidently wondering why they had got there, and squeezing out words, in order to avoid keeping quiet. Good-natured Turóvtsyn obviously did not feel in his sphere, and the smile of his thick lips, with which he met Stepán Arkádevich, seemed to say: "Well, my dear, you have stuck me away with a lot of clever people! Now if I had something to drink, and *château des fleurs*, — that's in my line." The old prince sat in silence, looking with his glistening little eyes sidewise at Karénin, and Stepán Arkádevich understood that he had concocted some witticism to hurl at the statesman, to whom they were invited as to a sterlet. Kitty was looking at the door, trying to collect herself so as not to blush at the appearance of Konstantín Levín. Young Shcherbátski, who had not been introduced to Karénin, tried to show that that did not embarrass him in the least. Karénin himself, coming to a dinner at which there were to be ladies, by force of his St. Petersburg habit, had made his appearance in evening dress with a white necktie, and Stepán Arkádevich saw by his countenance that he had come only to keep his word, and that he was performing an oppressive duty in being present in this company. He it was who was the chief cause of the cold which frosted all the guests previous to Stepán Arkádevich's arrival.

On entering the drawing-room, Stepán Arkádevich begged to be pardoned, explaining that he had been kept back by the prince, who was the usual scapegoat of all his delays and absences, and in one minute made all acquainted with each other, and, bringing Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich in touch with Sergyéy Koznyshév, he set them a-going on the theme of the Russification of Poland, which they in conjunction with Pestsóv immediately clutched. He patted Turóvtsyn on his shoulder and, having whispered something funny into his ear, seated him near his

wife and the prince. Then he told Kitty that she looked very nice, and introduced Shcherbátski to Karénin. In one minute he kneaded that social dough to such a consistency that the drawing-room was in the finest running order, and the voices rang out merrily. The only one who was wanting was Konstantín Levín. But that was very fortunate, because, upon walking into the dining-room, Stepán Arkádevich to his horror saw that the port and sherry had been got from Dedré's instead of Levé's, whereat he ordered the coachman to be sent as quickly as possible to Levé's, and then returned to the drawing-room.

In the dining-room he met Konstantin Levín.

"Am I late?"

"Can you do otherwise but be late?" Stepán Arkádevich said, taking his arm.

"Have you many people here? Who and who?" asked Levín, with an instinctive blush, brushing the snow off his cap with his glove.

"All our own people. Kitty is here. Come, I will introduce you to Karénin."

Stepán Arkádevich, in spite of his liberalism, knew that an acquaintance with Karénin could not fail to be flattering, and so he served him up to his best friends. But just then Konstantín Levín was unable to feel the whole pleasure of this acquaintanceship. He had not seen Kitty since that memorable evening when he had met Vrónski, unless he counted the moment when he saw her on the highway. He had known in the depth of his heart that he should see her that evening. But, sustaining in himself liberty of thought, he had tried to persuade himself that he did not know it. Now that he heard that she was there, he suddenly experienced such joy and, at the same time, such terror that it took his breath away, and he was unable to say what he wanted to.

"How is she? Is she still the same as before, or such

as she was in the carriage? What if Dárya Aleksándrovna has told the truth? Why should it not be?" he thought.

"Oh, please, introduce me to Karénin!" he said with difficulty. He entered the drawing-room with a desperately determined step and saw her.

She was not at all such as she had been, nor as she was in the carriage, — she was entirely different.

She was frightened, timid, abashed, and so more charming than ever. She saw him the very moment when he entered the room. She had been waiting for him. She was rejoiced, and so confused from her joy that there was a minute, the one when he walked over to the hostess and again glanced at her, that she, and he, and Dolly, who saw everything, thought that she would not endure it and would burst out into tears. She blushed, grew pale, again blushed, and, waiting for him, stood dead-still. He went up to her, bowed, and silently gave her his hand. But for a slight trembling of her lips and for the moisture which filmed her eyes and increased their lustre, her smile was almost calm, when she said:

"How long it has been since we have seen each other!" and with desperate determination she pressed his hand with her cold hand.

"You did not see me, but I saw you," said Levín, beaming with a smile. "I saw you when you travelled from the railway station to Ergushóvo."

"When?" she asked, in surprise.

"You were on your way to Ergushóvo," said Levín, feeling that he was choking from the happiness which was flooding his soul. "How did I dare to connect the thought of something which was not innocent with this sympathetic being! Yes, what Dárya Aleksándrovna said seems to be true," he thought.

Stepán Arkádevich took his arm and led him up to Karénin.

"Allow me to make you acquainted." He mentioned their names.

"Very much pleased to meet you again," coldly said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, pressing Levín's hand.

"Are you acquainted?" Stepán Arkádevich asked, in surprise.

"We passed three hours together in the car," Levín said, smiling, "but we left mystified, as at a masquerade, — at least I did."

"Indeed! Please walk in!" said Stepán Arkádevich, pointing in the direction of the dining-room.

The men went into the dining-room and walked up to the table with the appetizers, where were six kinds of brandy and as many kinds of cheese with silver spoons and without spoons, and several sorts of caviar, and herrings, and preserves of all sorts, and plates with French bread.

The men stood near the fragrant brandies and appetizers, and the conversation about the Russification of Poland, carried on by Sergyéy Ivánovich Koznyshév, Karénin, and Pestsóv, died down in expectation of the dinner.

Sergyéy Ivánovich, who knew better than anybody else how to put a stop to the most abstract and serious dispute by suddenly adding some Attic salt, with which to change the mood of the interlocutors, did so in the present case.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was proving that the Russification of Poland could take place only in consequence of higher principles which ought to be introduced by the Russian administration.

Pestsóv insisted that one nation assimilated another only when its population was denser.

Koznyshév admitted both cases, but with limitations. As they were leaving the drawing-room, Koznyshév, to wind up the conversation, said, smiling:

"Consequently to Russify the aliens, there is a means, — to breed as many children as possible. Now brother

and I are acting very badly. But you, married gentlemen, especially you, Stepán Arkádevich, are acting quite patriotically; how many have you?" he turned, smiling kindly, to the host, and offered him a tiny wine-glass.

All burst out laughing, and merriest of all was Stepán Arkádevich.

"Yes, that is the best means!" he said, munching at a piece of cheese, and filling his wine-glass with some peculiar kind of brandy. The conversation actually came to an end with that joke.

"This cheese is not bad. May I give you some?" asked the host. "Have you again been practising gymnastics?" he turned to Levín, feeling his muscles with his left hand.

Levín smiled, as he strained his arm, and under Stepán Arkádevich's fingers a mound as hard as steel and resembling a round cheese rose beneath the thin cloth of his coat.

"What a biceps! A real Samson!"

"I suppose one has to have great strength for a bear-hunt," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who had the dimmest ideas about hunting, as he was spreading a piece of cheese and breaking his slice of bread, which was as thin as cobweb.

Levín smiled.

"None at all. On the contrary, a child can kill a bear," he said, stepping aside, with a light bow, before the ladies who with the hostess were coming up to the table with the appetizers.

"You have killed a bear, I have heard," said Kitty, vainly trying to spear a recalcitrant, slippery mushroom, and causing her lace to shake, through which could be seen her white arm. "Have you bears on your estate?" she added, smiling, turning half-way around and showing him her charming little head.

There seemed to be nothing especial in what she said,

but what inexplicable meaning there was for him in every sound, in every motion of her lips, eyes, hands, as she said that! There was there an entreaty to be forgiven, and confidence in him, and caresses, tender, timid caresses, and promise, and hope, and love for him, which he could not help believing in, and which choked him with happiness.

"No, we went to the Government of Tver. On my return from there I met your brother-in-law, or rather your brother-in-law's brother-in-law, in the car," he said, with a smile. "It was a funny meeting."

And he proceeded to tell in a merry and amusing manner how he, having been awake all night, in his short fur coat, broke into the compartment of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"The conductor, contrary to the proverb, judging me by my apparel, wanted to take me out; but I began to express myself in high style, and — you too," he said, having forgotten the name, and turning to Karénin, "wanted to drive me out, judging me by my short fur coat, but then took my part, for which I am obliged to you."

"The rights of passengers in the choice of seats are altogether too indefinite," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, wiping the tips of his fingers with his handkerchief.

"I saw that you were undecided in regard to me," Levín said, smiling good-naturedly, "so I hastened to start a clever conversation, in order to make up for my short fur coat."

Sergyéy Ivánovich, continuing his conversation with the hostess, and listening to his brother with one ear, looked askance at him. "What is the matter with him to-night? He looks such a victor," he thought. He did not know that Levín felt as though wings had grown out of him. Levín knew that she heard his words, and that it gave her pleasure to listen to him. And that was all

that interested him. Not only in that room alone, but in the whole world there existed only he, who had acquired an enormous significance and importance, and she. He felt himself on a height which made his head swim, and there, somewhere below, were all those good, fine Karénins, Oblónskis, and the whole world.

Quite imperceptibly, without looking at them, as though there was no other place to put them in, Stepán Arkádevich seated Levín and Kitty beside each other.

"You might as well sit down here," he said to Levín.

The dinner was as good as the porcelain, of which Stepán Arkádevich was a connoisseur. The Marie-Louise soup was fine; the tiny patties, which melted in the mouth, were faultless. Two lackeys and Matvyéy, in white ties, did their work with the courses and the wine imperceptibly, softly, nimbly. From a material point of view the dinner was a success; not less successful it was from the non-material side. The conversation, now general, now private, did not die down, and toward the end of the dinner became so animated that the men rose from the table, still talking, and even Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich became enlivened.

X.

PESTSÓV was fond of finishing an argument, and was dissatisfied with Sergyáy Ivánovich's words, the more so since he felt the injustice of his own opinion.

"I never meant," he said during the soup, turning to Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "the mere density of population, but in connection with bases, and not with principles."

"It seems to me," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich replied, deliberately and languidly, "that it is the same thing. In my opinion, only that nation can influence another which has a superior culture, which —"

"But that is the question," Pestsóv interrupted, in his bass voice. He was always in a hurry to speak, and seemed to be putting his whole soul into what he was saying. "In what is the superior culture to be found? The English, the French, the Germans, — which nation stands on a higher level of culture? Which will nationalize the other? We see that the Rhine has become French, and yet the Germans do not stand on a lower level!" he shouted. "Another law is operative here!"

"It seems to me that the influence is always on the side of true culture," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"But in what will you find the signs of true culture?" asked Pestsóv.

"I assume that these signs are known," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"Are they fully known?" Sergyáy Ivánovich inter-

posed, with a shrewd smile. "It is now accepted that true culture can be nothing but purely classical; but we see embittered arguments on both sides, and it cannot be denied that the camp of the opposition has some strong proofs in its favour."

"You are a classicist, Sergyé Ivánovich. Will you have some red wine?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"I am not expressing my opinion about this or that culture," Sergyé Ivánovich said, with a smile of condescension, as though to a child, holding up his glass. "All I say is that both sides have strong arguments," he continued, turning to Aleksyé Aleksándrovich. "I am a classicist by education, but in this discussion I personally cannot find a place. I see no clear arguments for giving the classical sciences such predominance over the exact sciences."

"The natural sciences have also an educational value," Pestsóv interposed. "Take astronomy, take botany, or zoology with its system of common laws."

"I cannot fully agree with you," replied Aleksyé Aleksándrovich. "It seems to me that it is impossible not to acknowledge that the very process of the study of the forms of languages has an especially favourable influence on the mental development. Besides, it cannot be denied that the influence of the classical writers is moral in the highest degree, while, unfortunately, with the study of the natural sciences are connected those harmful and false doctrines, which form the sore of our time."

Sergyé Ivánovich wanted to say something, but Pestsóv interrupted him in his deep bass. He began warmly to prove the injustice of this view. Sergyé Ivánovich patiently waited to take the floor, apparently with a ready victorious retort.

"But," said Sergyé Ivánovich, with a knowing smile, and turning to Karénin, "we cannot help acknowledging

that it is hard to weigh fully all the advantages and disadvantages of either class of sciences, and that the question which is to be preferred would not have been decided so quickly and so definitely, if the classical education had not had on its side the advantage, which you have expressed, of a moral — *disons le mot* — anti-nihilistic influence."

"No doubt."

"If it were not for this advantage of an anti-nihilistic influence on the side of the classical studies," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with a knowing smile, "we should have given both directions a chance. But now we know that in these pills of a classical education lies the curative power of anti-nihilism, and so we boldly offer them to our patients. But how if there is no curative power in them?" he concluded, pouring out his Attic salt.

At the mention of his pills, all laughed. The loudest and merriest laugh was that of Turóvtsyn, who had finally arrived at that fun for which he had been waiting, as he listened to the conversation.

Stepán Arkádevich had made no mistake in inviting Pestsóv. With Pestsóv the clever conversation could not stop for a minute. No sooner had Sergyéy Ivánovich concluded his speech with that joke than Pestsóv immediately brought up a new one.

"It is not possible to assume," he said, "that the government has this aim in view. The government is obviously guided by general considerations, remaining indifferent to the influences which the measures taken may have. Thus, for example, the question of female education ought to be regarded as harmful, and yet the government opens courses and universities for women."

And the conversation immediately vaulted over to the new theme of female education.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich expressed his idea that the question of the education of women was generally mis-

taken for the question of the freedom of women, and that only thus could it be considered harmful.

"I, on the contrary, assume that these two questions are indissolubly united," said Pestsóv, "it is a vicious circle. Woman is deprived of rights on account of insufficient education, and her insufficient education is due to the absence of rights. We must not forget that the enslavement of women is so great and so old that we frequently fail to understand that abyss which separates them from us."

"You spoke of rights," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, having patiently waited for Pestsóv to get through, "rights to perform duties on a jury, in a city council, as presidents of courts, rights of a member of parliament —"

"Precisely."

"Even though women, in exceptional cases, may occupy these places, it seems to me that you have incorrectly used the word 'right.' It would be more correct to speak of duties. Everybody will agree that, in performing the duties of a jurymen, alderman, or telegraph operator, we feel that we are performing duties. And so it would be more correct to say that the women are seeking duties, and quite legitimately so. And we can only sympathize with this their desire to aid men in their labours."

"Quite just," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich confirmed him. "The question, I assume, is only whether they are fit for these duties."

"No doubt they will be very fit," interposed Stepán Arkádevich, "when education is disseminated among them. We see this —"

"And the proverb?" said the prince, who had for a long time been listening to the conversation, with a sparkle in his small sarcastic eyes. "In the presence of the daughters I may say so: She has long hair —"

"The same was thought of the negroes before their liberation," Pestsóv said, angrily.

"But I find it strange that women are looking for new duties," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "while we, unfortunately, see that men generally try to escape them."

"Duties are commensurate with rights; power, money, honours, — that is what the women are seeking," said Pestsóv.

"It is all the same as though I were seeking for the right to be a wet-nurse and should be offended because women get paid for it, while I cannot get anything," said the old prince.

Turóvtsyn burst forth into loud laughter, and Sergyéy Ivánovich was sorry that he had not said that. Even Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled.

"Yes, but a man cannot nurse," said Pestsóv, "while a woman —"

"Indeed, an Englishman once brought up a baby on a ship," said the old prince, who took this liberty of speech in the presence of his daughters.

"There will be as many women officials as there are Englishmen of that sort," Sergyéy Ivánovich said now.

"Yes, but what is a girl to do who has no family?" Stepán Arkádevich interposed, thinking of Másha ChíbISOV, whom he had had in mind all the time, sympathizing with Pestsóv, and supporting him.

"If you investigate properly the history of that girl, you will find that she has abandoned her own family, or that of her sister, where she might have had some woman's work to do," Dárya Aleksándrovna, unexpectedly taking part in the conversation, said, in irritation, apparently divining what girl Stepán Arkádevich had in view.

"But we stand for a principle, for an ideal!" Pestsóv retorted, in a sonorous bass. "Woman wants to have the right to be independent, educated. She is embarrassed, crushed by the consciousness that that is impossible."

"And I am embarrassed and crushed because I shall

not be received as a wet-nurse in the Foundling House," again said the old prince, to the great delight of Turóvtsyn, who in his laugh dropped his asparagus with its thick end into the sauce.

XI.

ALL took part in the general conversation except Kitty and Levín. At first, when they were speaking of the influence one nation had upon another, Levín involuntarily thought of what he had to say on this subject; but these thoughts, which had been of such importance to him, flashed through his mind as though in a dream, and at the time did not have the slightest significance to him. It even appeared strange to him that they should try to be talking about something that nobody needed. It would seem that Kitty would have been interested in what they said about the rights and the education of women. How often she had thought of it, when she recalled her friend Várenka abroad and Várenka's oppressive dependence! How often she had been thinking of herself and what would become of her if she did not marry, and how often she had quarrelled with her sister on this account! But now it did not interest her in the least. She had her own conversation with Levín, not exactly a conversation, but some mysterious communion, which each minute bound them closer together and produced in both a sensation of joyful fear of that unknown into which they were entering.

In reply to Kitty's question how he could have seen her in the carriage last year, Levín told her how he had been coming from the mowing along the highway, when he saw her.

"That was early in the morning. You had evidently just wakened. Your mamma was asleep in her corner.

It was a charming morning. I was walking and thinking: 'Who can it be that is driving there in a carriage drawn by four horses?' It was a fine carriage with bells, and in a twinkling you flashed by, and I looked at the window, and you were sitting there like this, and holding the ribbons of your cap, and terribly wrapped in thought about something," he said, smiling. "How I should like to know what you were thinking about then? Was it something important?"

"I wonder if I was dishevelled," she thought, but, on noticing the ecstatic smile evoked in him by these details, she felt that, on the contrary, the impression produced by her was a very good one. "Really, I do not remember."

"How well Turóvtsyn laughs!" said Levín, looking with delight at his moist eyes and shaking body.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who does not know him?"

"And I see that you think that he is a bad man."

"Not bad, but insignificant."

"It is not so! You had better stop thinking so at once!" said Kitty. "I, too, had a very low opinion of him, but he is a very dear and a remarkably good man. His heart is of gold."

"How could you tell about his heart?"

"We are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter, soon after — you were at our house," she said, with a guilty and, at the same time, confiding smile, "all of Dolly's children had the scarlet fever; he happened to call, and, just imagine," she said, in a whisper, "he pitied her so much that he stayed and helped her tend on the children. Yes, he passed three weeks in her house, and looked after the children like a nurse."

"I am telling Konstantín Dmítrievich about Turóvtsyn during the scarlet fever," she said, bending over to her sister.

"Yes, wonderful, charming!" said Dolly, glancing at

Turóvtsyn, who felt that they were talking of him, and smiling at him. Levín once more looked at Turóvtsyn, and he marvelled how it was he had not before appreciated all the charm of that man.

“I beg your pardon. I shall never again think ill of people,” he said, merrily, giving sincere expression to what he was feeling then.

XII.

IN the conversation about the rights of women they touched upon delicate questions, in the presence of women, on the inequality of rights in marriage. During the dinner Pestsóv had several times attacked these questions, but Sergyéy Ivánovich and Stepán Arkádevich carefully warded them off.

But when they rose from the table and the ladies had left, Pestsóv, who had not followed them, turned to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and began to expound the chief cause of the inequality. The inequality of husband and wife, in his opinion, consisted in the fact that the infidelity of the wife and that of the husband were unequally condemned by the law and by public opinion.

Stepán Arkádevich hastened to go up to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and to offer him something to smoke.

"No, I do not smoke," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich replied, calmly, and, as though wishing on purpose to show that he was not afraid of this conversation, he turned to Pestsóv with a cold smile.

"I assume that the bases for such a view are to be found in the very essence of things," he said, on the point of entering the drawing-room; but just then Turóvtsyn, turning to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, suddenly began to speak.

"Have you heard about Pryáchnikov?" he said, excited by the champagne which he had drunk, and having waited for a long time for a chance to break his oppressive silence. "Vásya Pryáchnikov," he said, with a kindly smile on his

moist, ruddy lips, turning mainly to the chief guest, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, "has fought a duel in Tver with Kvýtski, whom he has killed."

Just as it always seems that you strike a sore spot, as though on purpose, even so Stepán Arkádevich felt now that unfortunately the conversation every minute hit upon Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's sore spot. He again wanted to carry off his brother-in-law, but Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich himself asked, with curiosity:

"Why did Pryáchnikov fight that duel?"

"On account of his wife. He acted like a fine fellow! He challenged the man and killed him!"

"Ah!" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said, with indifference. Raising his eyebrows, he went into the drawing-room.

"How glad I am that you have come," Dolly said to him, with a frightened smile, meeting him in the passage to the drawing-room. "I must speak with you. Let us sit down here!"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, with the same expression of indifference, which the raised eyebrows gave him, sat down beside Dolly, and smiled a feigned smile.

"The more so," he said, "since I wanted to ask to be excused, and to go immediately. I have to leave to-morrow."

Dárya Aleksándrovna was firmly convinced of Anna's innocence and felt that she was growing pale and that her lips were trembling from anger at this cold, unfeeling man, who so calmly intended to ruin her innocent friend.

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich," she said, looking into his eyes with desperate determination. "I asked you about Anna, and you did not answer me. How is she?"

"I think she is well, Dárya Aleksándrovna," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich replied, without looking at her.

"Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, forgive me, I have no right — but I love and respect Anna like a sister; I beg and

implore you to tell me what is the matter between you two. What do you accuse her of?"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich frowned and, almost closing his eyes, lowered his head.

"I suppose your husband has communicated to you the causes why I consider it necessary to change my former relations to Auna Arkádevna," he said, without looking her in the eyes, and instinctively glancing at Shcherbátski, who was crossing the drawing-room.

"I do not believe it, I do not, — and I cannot!" Dolly said, with an energetic gesture, compressing her bony hands in front of her. She rose hurriedly and put her hand on Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's sleeve. "We shall be disturbed here. Come this way, if you please."

Dolly's agitation affected Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He rose and submissively followed her into the children's study-room. They sat down at the table, which was covered with an oilcloth that was all cut up with pen-knives.

"I do not believe it, I do not!" said Dolly, trying to catch his glance which was evading her.

"It is impossible to disbelieve facts, Dárya Aleksándrovna," he said, emphasizing the word "facts."

"But what has she done?" muttered Dárya Aleksándrovna. "What is that she has done?"

"She has disdained her duties, and has deceived her husband. That's what she has done," he said.

"No, no, it cannot be! No, for God's sake, you are mistaken," said Dolly, touching her temples with her hands and closing her eyes.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich smiled coldly with his lips only, wishing to show her and himself, too, the firmness of his convictions; but that warm defence, though it did not shake him, tore open his wound. He began to speak with greater animation.

"It is very difficult to be mistaken when your wife her-

self informs you so. She informs you that eight years of life and a son are all a mistake, and she wants to begin life anew," he said, snuffling.

"Anna and vice, — I cannot connect the two, and cannot believe it!"

"Dárya Aleksándrovna!" he said, now looking straight into Dolly's good, agitated face, and feeling that his tongue was involuntarily becoming untied, "I should give much if doubt were still possible. So long as I doubted it was hard for me, but easier than now. So long as I doubted there was hope; but now there is no hope, and I nevertheless doubt everything. I doubt everything so much, that I despise my son, and at times do not believe that it is my son. I am very unhappy."

He did not have to say that. Dárya Aleksándrovna understood that the moment he looked into her face; and she felt sorry for him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"Oh, that is terrible, it is terrible! But is it true that you have decided on a divorce?"

"I have decided to take the extreme measure. There is nothing left for me to do."

"Nothing to do, nothing to do —" she muttered, with tears in her eyes. "No, there is something else to do!" she said.

"The terrible part of this kind of a sorrow is that it is impossible, as in anything else, — in a loss, in death, — to bear the cross, but it becomes necessary to act," he said, as though divining her thought. "It is necessary to emerge from that humiliating situation, in which one is placed; it is impossible for three to live together."

"I understand, I understand it very well," said Dolly, lowering her head. She was silent for awhile, thinking of herself, of her domestic trouble, and she suddenly raised her head with an energetic gesture, and folded her hands with a look of entreaty. "But wait! You are a Chris-

tian. Think of her! What will become of her if you abandon her?"

"I have thought, Dárya Aleksándrovna, and have thought much," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. His face grew red in spots, and his dim eyes looked straight at her. Dárya Aleksándrovna now pitied him with her whole soul. "I did that very thing after she had informed me of her disgrace; I left everything as of old. I gave her a chance to mend, — I tried to save her. And what did she do? She did not heed my simplest request, which was to observe the proprieties," he said, growing warm. "It is possible to save a man who does not want to perish; but when a woman's nature is so twisted and corrupted that ruin itself appears to her as salvation, — what are you going to do then?"

"Everything, only not divorce!" answered Dárya Aleksándrovna.

"What else?"

"No, it is terrible. She will be nobody's wife, — she will perish!"

"What can I do?" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, raising his shoulders and eyebrows. The recollection of his wife's last transgression so excited him that he again grew cold, as at the beginning of the conversation. "I thank you very much for your sympathy, but it is time for me to go," he said, getting up.

"No, wait! You must not ruin her! Wait, I will tell you about myself. I married, and my husband deceived me; in anger and out of jealousy I wanted to throw everything away, I wanted myself — But I regained my senses, and what? Anna saved me. And I am living. The children are growing up, my husband is returning to his family and feels the wrong he has done, and is getting purer and better, and I live — I have forgiven, and you, too, must forgive!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was listening, but her words

no longer acted upon him. In his soul again rose all the resentment which he had felt on the day when he had decided on the divorce. He shook himself and said, in a piercing, loud voice :

“ I cannot forgive. I do not want to forgive, and consider it unjust. I have done everything for this woman, and she has trampled everything into the mud, which is characteristic of her. I am not a mean man : I have never hated any one, but I hate her with all the powers of my soul, and cannot even forgive her, because I hate her for all the wrong which she has done me ! ” he said, with tears of anger in his voice.

“ Love those who hate you — ” Dárya Aleksándrovna whispered, abashed.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich smiled a contemptuous smile. He had known that long ago, but it was not applicable in his case.

“ Love those who hate you, but it is impossible to love those whom you hate. Excuse me for having detained you. Each of us has enough of his own sorrow ! ” And, regaining his self-control, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich calmly bade her good-bye, and drove away.

XIII.

WHEN all had risen from table, Levín had intended to follow Kitty into the drawing-room; but he was afraid that that might displease her, on account of the great publicity of the attention which he was paying her. He remained in the circle of men, taking part in the general conversation, and, without looking at Kitty, was conscious of her movements, her glances, and of the spot where she was in the drawing-room.

He at once and without the least effort was carrying out the promise he had given her, — always to think well of everybody and to love all men. The conversation was turning on the Commune, in which Pestsóv saw a special principle, which he called a good principle. Levín did not agree either with Pestsóv, or with his brother, who in his peculiar way both acknowledged and did not acknowledge the significance of the Russian village Commune. But he talked with them, trying only to pacify them and soften their expressions. He was not in the least interested in what he himself was saying, still less in what they were talking about; all he wished for was that they, and everybody else, should be comfortable and happy. He now knew the one important thing. And that one thing was at first there, in the drawing-room, and then began to move up, and stopped at the door. Without turning around, he felt the glance and smile which were directed at him, and he could not help turning around. She was standing at the door with Shcherbátski, and was looking at him.

"I thought you were going to the piano," he said, walking over to her. "That is what I want in the country, — music."

"No, we came just to call you out, and I thank you," she said, rewarding him with a smile, as though with a present, "for having come. What sense is there in disputing? Nobody will ever convince anybody else."

"Yes, that is so," said Levín, "generally one disputes warmly for no other reason than that it is impossible to understand what it is the adversary is trying to prove."

Levín had frequently observed in disputes between very clever people that after enormous efforts and an enormous quantity of logical finesses and words, the disputants finally arrived at the consciousness of the fact that what they had been striving to prove to each other had long ago been known to them, since the beginning of the dispute, but that they liked something different, and did not wish to mention that which they liked in order not to be opposed. He had frequently found that sometimes, during the dispute, he would understand what it was his adversary liked, and he himself would take a liking to it, agreeing with him at once, so that all the argument became nugatory and useless; and at other times he found, on the contrary, that he would at last give expression to that which he himself liked and for which he had been trying to find arguments, and if it happened that he expressed it well and sincerely, his adversary suddenly agreed with him and stopped disputing. It was this that he intended to convey.

She frowned, trying to understand him, and the moment he started to explain it to her, she comprehended.

"I understand: you have to find out what he is arguing for, what he likes, then it is possible —"

She had fully caught his badly expressed idea. Levín smiled a joyous smile: so startling to him was this transition from the complex, wordy dispute with Pestsóv and

with his brother to this laconic and clear, almost wordless, communication of the most complex thoughts.

Shcherbátski walked away from them, and Kitty, going up to an open card-table, sat down, and, taking the chalk into her hand, began to draw diverging circles on the new green cloth.

They renewed their conversation which had been started at dinner, — about the freedom and the occupations of women. Levín agreed with Dárya Aleksándrovna's opinion, that a girl who did not marry would find some woman's work to do in the family. He confirmed this by the statement that not one family could get along without a woman helper, and that every family, whether rich or poor, had to have nurses, whether they be members of the family, or hired.

"No," said Kitty, blushing, but looking so much the more boldly at him with her truthful eyes, "a girl may be so situated that she cannot enter a family without humiliation, and alone —"

He understood her hint.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "You are right, you are right!"

And he understood everything which Pestsóv had been arguing at dinner about the liberty of women, only because he saw the fear of maidenhood and humiliation in Kitty's heart, and, loving her, he felt himself that fear and humiliation, and he at once recanted his argument.

A silence ensued. She was still drawing on the table with the chalk. Her eyes were glistening with a calm gleam. Surrendering himself to her mood, he felt in his whole being an ever increasing tension of happiness.

"Oh, I have scribbled all over the table!" she said. Putting down the chalk, she made a motion as though she wanted to get up.

"How can I endure being left alone without her?" he thought, in terror, taking up the chalk. "Wait!" he said, seating himself at the table,

"I have been for a long time intending to ask you something."

"Please ask it!"

"Here it is," he said, writing down the first letters of words, — *w, y, a, m, t, i, c, n, b, d, i, m, n, o, t?* These words meant: "When you answered me that it could not be, did it mean never, or then?" There was no probability that she would be able to decipher this complicated sentence; but he looked at her with a look as though his life depended on whether she would understand the words.

She glanced seriously at him, then leaned her knit brow on her arm and began to read. Now and then she looked at him, asking him with her glance: "Is it what I think?"

"I have made it out," she said, blushing.

"What word is this?" he said, pointing to the letter *n*, which stood for "never."

"This word means never," she said, "but it is not true!"

He quickly rubbed off what he had written, gave her the chalk, and got up. She wrote down: *I, c, n, a, d, t.*

Dolij found consolation in the grief caused her by her conversation with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, when she saw these two figures: Kitty with the chalk in her hands and with a timid and happy smile, looking up at Levín and his handsome figure, bending over the table, with burning eyes, directed now at the table and now at her. He suddenly brightened: he had understood. It meant: "I could not answer differently then."

He looked at her questioningly, timidly.

"Only then?"

"Yes," her smile said.

"And *n* — And now?" he asked.

"Well, read it. I will tell you what I should wish for, — should wish for very much!" She wrote the

initial letters: *t, y, c, f, a, f, w, h, b*. It meant: "That you could forget and forgive what has been."

He grasped the chalk with strained, trembling hands and, breaking it, wrote the initial letters of the following: "I have nothing to forget and forgive, — I have not ceased loving you."

She looked at him with an arrested smile.

"I have made it out," she said, in a whisper

He sat down and wrote a long sentence. She made it all out, and, without asking him whether it was so, took the chalk and immediately wrote out the answer.

For a long time he could not make out what she had written, and frequently gazed into her eyes. A darkness fell over him from happiness. He was absolutely unable to make out what she had written; but in the charming eyes, glistening with happiness, he read everything he needed to know. And he wrote down three letters; but he had not yet finished writing, when she read over his hand, and finished the sentence, and wrote down: "Yes."

"Are you playing *secrétaire*?" asked the old prince, going up to them. "Let us go, though, if you want to be in time for the theatre."

Levín got up and took Kitty as far as the door.

In their conversation everything was said: that she loved him, and that she would tell her parents, and that he would come to see her in the morning.

XIV.

WHEN Kitty had gone and Levín was left alone, he felt such unrest without her and such an impatient desire to get over the time until the morrow, when he would see her again and would for ever be united with her, that he became frightened, as of death, of the fourteen hours which he had to pass without her. He felt the necessity of being and talking with some one, merely to avoid being alone and in order to cheat time. Stepán Arkádevich was for him a most agreeable interlocutor, but he was going out to an evening entertainment, as he said, but in reality to the ballet. Levín had only time to tell him that he was happy and that he loved him, and that he would never, never forget what he had done for him. Stepán Arkádevich's glance and smile showed Levín that he duly appreciated his sentiment.

"Well, is it not time to die?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, tenderly pressing Levín's hand.

"N-n-n-no!" said Levín.

Dárya Aleksándrovna, in bidding him good-bye, herself seemed to be congratulating him, when she said: "How glad I am that you and Kitty have met again, — we must value old friendships." Levín was displeased by these words of Dárya Aleksándrovna. She could not understand how exalted and inaccessible to her it all was, and she ought not to have taken the liberty of mentioning it. Levín took his leave from them, but, not to be left alone, he stuck to his brother.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"Well, I will go with you. May I?"

"Why, yes. Come along," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, smiling. "What is the matter with you to-night?"

"With me? I am happy!" said Levín, letting down the window of the carriage in which they were riding. "You do not mind it, do you? It is so close in here. I am happy! Why did you never get married?"

Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled.

"I am very glad,—she seems to be a fine gir—" Sergyéy Ivánovich began.

"Don't talk, don't talk, don't talk!" exclaimed Levín, taking him with both hands by the collar of his fur coat, and wrapping him up. "She is a fine girl" were such simple, base words, which so little corresponded to his feeling!

Sergyéy Ivánovich burst out into a merry laugh, which did not often happen to him.

"Still I may say that I am very glad of it."

"That you will say to-morrow, to-morrow, and nothing more! Nothing, nothing, silence!" said Levín; and, wrapping him once more in the fur coat, he added: "I love you very much! Well, may I be present at the meeting?"

"Of course you may."

"What is up to-night in the meeting?" asked Levín, smiling all the while.

They arrived at the meeting. Levín heard the secretary haltingly reading the minutes, which he apparently did not understand; but Levín saw by the secretary's countenance that he was a dear, good, fine man. That was apparent from the way he was getting mixed and confused while reading the minutes. Then the speeches began. They were discussing the apportionment of certain sums and the laying of some pipes, and Sergyéy Ivánovich stung two members and spoke victoriously on some sub-

ject; and another member, who had written something down, at first seemed to be intimidated, but later answered him in a very stinging and sweet manner. And then Sviyázhski (he was there, too) said something eloquent and noble. Levín listened to them, and he saw clearly that there were none of those apportioned sums, nor pipes, — nothing at all, and that they were by no means angry, and that they all were such good, excellent people, and that everything they did was so nice and sweet. They did not interfere with anybody, and all felt at ease. What surprised Levín was that on that evening they were all transparent to him, and that by small signs, unnoticed by him before, he could tell the soul of each, and saw clearly that they were good men. Especially him, Levín, they loved so much on that night. That was evident from the way they talked with him. And how kindly and amiably even strangers talked with him!

"Well, are you satisfied?" Sergyéy Ivánovich asked him.

"Very much so. I had no idea that it is all so interesting! Superb, fine!"

Sviyázhski came up to Levín and invited him to tea. Levín could not for the life of him understand or recall why he was dissatisfied with Sviyázhski, or what he wanted of him. He was a clever and remarkably good man.

"Very glad to do so," he said; and he asked him about his wife and his sister-in-law. And by a strange association of ideas, since in his mind the idea of Sviyázhski's sister-in-law connected itself with marriage, he imagined that no one was more proper to hear of his happiness than Sviyázhski's wife and sister-in-law, and he was very glad to go with him.

Sviyázhski asked him about his farm matters, assuming, as ever, that there was no possibility of discovering there anything not found in Europe, — but now this was by no

means distasteful to Levín. On the contrary, he felt that Sviyázhski was right, and that his whole business was insignificant, and saw a remarkable display of delicacy and gentleness in Sviyázhski's attempt to avoid insisting on his being right. The ladies at Sviyázhski's were especially sweet. It seemed to Levín that they all knew about it and sympathized with him, and did not mention it to him from a sense of delicacy. He stayed with them an hour, two, three hours, talking on all kinds of subjects, but had all the time only that in mind which filled his soul, and did not notice that he annoyed them dreadfully, and that it was time for them to retire. Sviyázhski saw him off as far as the antechamber, yawning and wondering at the strange state of mind in which his friend was. It was two o'clock. Levín returned to the hotel and was frightened at the idea that he should have to pass the remaining ten hours all alone with his impatience. The night lackey, who was not yet asleep, lighted his candles, and was on the point of leaving, but Levín stopped him. This lackey, Egór, whom Levín had not noticed before, turned out to be a very clever and good man.

"Well, Egór, it is hard to do without sleeping!"

"What is to be done? Such is our business. It is easier serving in houses of gentlemen; but we make more here."

It turned out that Egór had a family, three boys and a daughter, a sewing-girl whom he wanted to marry to a clerk in a harness shop.

On this occasion Levín communicated to Egór his idea about love being the chief thing in marriage, and that one would always be happy with love, because happiness was only in oneself.

Egór listened attentively and seemed fully to grasp his idea, but in confirmation of it he brought out the unexpected remark that when he had served at the houses of good gentlemen he had always been satisfied with them,

and that now he was very much satisfied with his master, who was a Frenchman.

"A remarkably good man!" thought Levín.

"Well, and you, Egór, did you love your wife when you got married?"

"Why not love her?" replied Egór.

And Levín saw that Egór, too, was in an ecstatic state and wished to give expression to his inmost feelings.

"My life, too, has been very remarkable. In my childhood —" he began, with radiant eyes, apparently infected by Levín's ecstatic state, just as people are infected by a yawn.

But just then a bell was heard; Egór went away, and Levín was left alone. He had hardly eaten anything at dinner, had refused tea and supper at Sviázhski's, but could not think of supper. He had not slept the previous night, and could not think of sleeping now. The room was cool, but the heat was very oppressive to him. He opened both ventilators and sat down opposite them. Beyond a snow-covered roof could be seen a carved cross with chains, and above it the rising triangle of the constellation of the Charioteer with the bright yellow Capella. He looked now at the cross, and now at a star, inhaled the fresh, frosty air, which evenly flowed into the room, and, as though in a dream, followed the pictures and reminiscences that rose in his imagination. At four o'clock he heard steps in the corridor, and he put his head through the door. Gamester Myáskin, whom he knew, was coming home from the club. He looked melancholy, and knit his brow and cleared his throat. "Poor, unfortunate man!" thought Levín; and tears of love and pity for this man stood in his eyes. He wanted to talk with him, console him; but, recalling that he had nothing on but his shirt, he changed his mind, again sat down opposite the ventilator, to bathe himself in the cold air and to look at that odd, taciturn cross, which was so full of

meaning for him, and at the ascending bright yellow star. At seven o'clock the floor-cleaners made a noise and the church bells rang for some divine service, and Levín began to feel that he was getting cold. He closed the ventilators, washed himself, dressed himself, and went out into the street.

XV.

THE streets were still empty. Levín walked to the house of the Shcherbátskis. The main entrance was still closed, and all were asleep. He went back to his room and ordered coffee. The day lackey, not Egór, but another man, brought it to him. Levín wanted to enter into a conversation with him, but the bell was rung for the lackey, and he went away. Levín tried to drink some coffee and to put a white loaf into his mouth, but his mouth was absolutely at a loss what to do with it. Levín spit out the bread, put on his overcoat, and started out walking again. It was past nine when he for the second time came up to the porch of Shcherbátski's house. In the house they had just got up, and the cook had just started out to make his purchases. He had to live through at least two hours more.

All that night and morning Levín had lived quite unconsciously and felt himself completely exempted from the conditions of material existence. He had not eaten for a whole day, had not slept for two nights, had passed several hours undressed in the cold, — and felt not only fresher and sounder than ever, but even completely independent of the body: he moved without an effort of his muscles, and felt that he could do anything. He was convinced that he could fly upward, or remove the corner of a house, if that were necessary. He passed the rest of the time walking in the streets, continuously examining his watch and looking around him.

And what he then saw, he never saw again. Especially

the children that were going to school, the steel-gray pigeons that flew from the roof down on the sidewalk, and the flour-covered rolls, which an invisible hand put out, touched him. These rolls, and pigeons, and the two boys were supernatural beings. All that happened at once: a boy ran up to a pigeon and looked smilingly at Levín; the pigeon fluttered with his wings and flew off, glistening in the sun through the quivering snow dust in the air, and from a window proceeded the odour of freshly baked bread, and the rolls were put out. All that taken together was so uncommonly good that Levín laughed and wept for joy. Having made a large circle on Gazette Lane and the Kíslovka, he once more returned to the hotel, where he placed his watch before him and sat down to wait for noon.

In the adjoining room they were saying something about machines and cheating, coughing a morning cough. They did not understand that the hands were approaching twelve. The hands reached it. Levín went out on the porch. The cabmen evidently knew it all. They surrounded Levín with happy faces, quarrelling among themselves and offering him their services. Trying not to offend the other drivers and promising them to go out driving with them too, Levín chose one of them, ordering him to drive to the house of the Shcherbátskis. The driver was superb in his white shirt-collar, which stuck out above his caftan and was stretched over his strong, red, stout neck. The driver's sleigh was high and comfortable, such as Levín never rode in again, and the horse was a good one, too, and tried to run, but did not move from the spot. The driver knew the house of the Shcherbátskis and, rounding his arms most civilly for his passenger and saying to his horse "tprrr," stopped at the entrance. The porter of the Shcherbátskis evidently knew everything. That was visible by the smile of his eyes, and by the manner in which he said:

"You have not been here for a long time, Konstantín Dmítrievich!"

He not only knew, but manifestly rejoiced, and was making an effort to conceal his joy. Looking into his sweet old man's eyes, Levín understood something new in his happiness.

"Are they up?"

"If you please! Leave it here," he said, smiling, when Levín wanted to turn back to take his hat. That meant something.

"To whom do you wish to be announced?" asked the lackey.

The lackey was, it is true, one of the young, new lackeys, — a dandy, — but a very good and nice man, and he, too, understood it all.

"To the princess — To the prince — To the young princess —" said Levín.

The first person whom he saw was Mlle. Linon. She was walking across the parlour, and her locks and face were shining. He had just started speaking with her when suddenly the rustle of a dress was heard beyond the door, and Mlle. Linon disappeared from Levín's view, and a joyous terror of the nearness of his happiness was communicated to him. Mlle. Linon hastened to get away, and went to another door. The moment she had gone, rapid, oh, such rapid, light steps resounded over the parquetry, and his happiness, his life, he himself, — the best part of himself, that which he had been looking and wishing for so long, — came rapidly nearer and nearer to him. She was not walking, but was borne to him by some invisible force.

He saw only her clear, truthful eyes, which were frightened by the same joy of love which filled his heart. These eyes gleamed nearer and nearer, blinding him with their light of love. She stopped close to him, touching him. Her arms were raised and fell down on his shoulders.

She did all she could, — she ran up to him and, timidly and joyfully, gave herself all to him. He embraced her, and pressed his lips to her mouth, which was seeking his kiss.

She, too, had not slept all night, and had been waiting for him all the morning.

Her parents gave their full consent and were happy with her happiness. She had been waiting for him. She wanted to be the first to inform him of her happiness and of his. She had been preparing herself to meet him alone, and was rejoicing at that thought, and was ashamed, and did not know what to do. She heard his steps and voice, and waited behind the door for Mlle. Linon to leave. Mlle. Linon had left. Without thinking, without asking herself how and what, she went up to him and did what she did.

“Let us go to mamma!” she said, taking his hand. He could not say anything for a long time, not so much because he was afraid of spoiling with words the exaltation of his feeling, as because every time he wanted to say something he felt that, instead of words, tears of happiness would burst forth from him. He took her hand and kissed it.

“Is it true?” he said at last, in a hollow voice. “I cannot believe that thou art loving me!”

She smiled at this “thou,” and at the timidity with which he had said it.

“Yes!” she said, significantly and slowly. “I am so happy!”

Without letting his hand out of hers, she entered the drawing-room. The princess, seeing them, began to breathe more rapidly, and immediately began to weep, and immediately started to laugh, and ran up to Levín with an energetic step, which he had not expected of her, and, embracing him, kissed him, and wet his cheeks with her tears.

“So all is ended! I am glad. Love her! I am glad — Kitty!”

“They have fixed it in a hurry!” said the old prince, trying to appear indifferent; but Levín saw that his eyes were moist, when he turned to him.

“I have been wishing this for a long time, always!” said the prince, taking Levín’s hand and drawing him up to himself. “Even when this weather-vane thought of —”

“Papa!” cried Kitty, closing his mouth with her hands.

“Well, I won’t!” he said. “I am very, very — gla— Oh, how stupid I am —”

He embraced Kitty, kissed her on the face and hand and again on the face, and made the sign of the cross over her.

And Levín was seized by a new sentiment of love for this formerly strange man, the old prince, when he saw Kitty for a long time and tenderly kiss his fleshy hand.

XVI.

THE princess was silently sitting in a chair, and smiling: the prince sat down near her. Kitty was standing at her father's chair, still holding his hand. All were silent.

The princess was the first to call it all by name, and to translate all the thoughts and feelings into questions of life. And in the first moment this seemed equally strange and painful to all present.

"When will it be? We must give up prayers and make the announcement. When will the wedding be? What do you say, Aleksánder?"

"Here he is," said the old prince, pointing to Levín. "He is the chief person in this matter."

"When?" Levín said, blushing. "To-morrow. If you ask me, I will say, give up prayers to-day, and let us have the wedding to-morrow."

"Stop, *mon cher*, this foolishness!"

"Well, in a week."

"He is acting like a madman."

"I do not see why."

"How can we?" said the mother, with a smile of joy at his haste. "And the dowry?"

"Will there really be a dowry, and all that?" Levín thought, in terror. "And again, can a dowry, and blessing, and all that, spoil my happiness? Nothing can spoil it!" He looked at Kitty and noticed that she was not in the least offended by the idea of the dowry. "I suppose that is necessary, then," he thought.

"I know nothing about it, — I merely expressed my wish," he said, to excuse himself.

"We will settle it, then. Now we can give up the prayers and make the announcement. That is so."

The princess went up to her husband, kissed him, and wanted to go away, but he held her back, embraced her, and tenderly, like a young lover, several times kissed her, with a smile. The old people had evidently got mixed up for a moment, forgetting whether it was they who were again falling in love, or only their daughter. When the prince and the princess left the room, Levin walked over to his fiancée and took her hand. He had now regained his control and could talk, and he had much to tell her. But he said something quite different from what he had to say.

"I knew that it would be! I never hoped for it; but in my soul I was always convinced of it," he said. "I believe that this was predetermined."

"And I?" she said. "Even then —" She stopped and again proceeded, looking resolutely at him with her truthful eyes. "Even then, when I pushed away from me my happiness. I then loved you alone, but I was infatuated. I must say — Can you forget it?"

"It may be for the best. You have to forgive me much. I must tell you —"

That was one thing which he had decided to tell her. He made up his mind that he would tell her two things the very first days, — that he was not as pure as she, and that he was an unbeliever. It was painful, but he considered it necessary to tell her these things.

"No, not now, later!" he said.

"Very well, later, but tell it to me by all means. I am not afraid of anything. I must know everything. Now it is ended."

He finished the sentence:

"Is it ended so that you will take me such as I am? that you will not refuse me? Yes?"

"Yes, yes."

Their conversation was interrupted by Mlle. Linon, who, with a feigned, but tender smile, came to congratulate her favourite pupil. She had not yet left the room, when the servants came with their congratulations. Then relatives came, and there began that blissful hubbub, from which Levín did not emerge until the second day of his marriage. Levín felt all the time awkward and dull, but the tension of happiness kept increasing. He felt at the time that much was demanded of him about which he knew nothing,—and he did everything they told him to do, and all that afforded him happiness. He had thought that his courtship would have nothing in common with other courtships and that the customary conditions of courtship would impair his especial happiness; but it all ended in his doing what others did, and his happiness was only increased through it and became more and more especial, having nothing in common with anything else.

“Now we shall be eating candy,” said Mlle. Linon, and Levín went to buy candy.

“Well, I am very glad,” said Sviyázhski. “I advise you to buy flowers at Fomín’s.”

“Is it necessary?” And he went to Fomín’s.

His brother told him that he ought to borrow money, because there would be many expenses, presents—

“Are presents necessary?” And he galloped away to Fulde.

And at the confectioner’s, and at Fomín’s, and at Fulde’s he saw that they had been waiting for him, that they were glad to see him, and that they rejoiced at his happiness as much as everybody else with whom he had any business during those days. What was unusual was that not only did all love him, but also all formerly unsympathetic, cold, indifferent people, taking delight in him, submitted to him in everything, tenderly and considerately treated his sentiment, and shared his conviction that he was the

happiest man in the world, because his fiancée was the acme of perfection. Kitty felt the same. When Countess Nórdston permitted herself to remark that she had expected something better, Kitty grew so excited and so persuasively proved that there could be nothing better in the world than Levín, that Countess Nórdston was compelled to admit it, and never met Levín in Kitty's presence without a smile of transport.

The explanation which he had promised was the one oppressive event of that time. He took counsel with the old prince and, having received his permission, turned over to Kitty his diary, in which was written that which tormented him. He had written that diary in view of a future bride. Two things tormented him: his not being pure and his unbelief. The confession of his unbelief passed by unnoticed. She was religious, never doubted the truths of religion, but his external unbelief did not even touch her. She knew his soul through love, and there she saw what she wanted; and it was a matter of indifference to her that such a condition of soul was called being an unbeliever. But the other confession made her weep bitter tears.

It was not without an inner struggle that Levín gave her his diary. He knew that between him and her there could and should be no secrets, and so he decided that it must be; but he did not give himself any account of how it might affect her, — he did not transfer himself into her. Only when in the evening he came to see them before the theatre, and entered her room and saw her pitiful, sweet face, bathed in tears and unhappy from the incorrigible sorrow produced by him, he understood the abyss which separated his disgraceful past from her dove-like purity, and was terrified at what he had done.

"Take them, take those horrible books!" she said, pushing away from her the note-books which were lying on the table. "Why did you give them to me? Yes, it is

better you did," she added, taking pity on his despairing face. "But it is terrible, terrible!"

He lowered his head and was silent. He could not say a thing.

"Will you not forgive me?" he whispered.

"Yes, I do, — but it is terrible!"

However, his happiness was so great that this confession did not impair it, but only gave it a new shade. She had forgiven him; but from that time on he considered himself less worthy of her, morally bowed still lower before her, and still more highly valued his undeserved happiness.

XVII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH returned to his lonely room, involuntarily passing in review the impressions of the conversations during and after the dinner. Dárya Aleksándrovna's words about forgiveness only annoyed him. The application or non-application of the Christian rule in his case was too difficult a question, of which one ought not to talk lightly, and this question had long ago been decided by him in the negative. Of everything which had been said, nothing dwelt so much in his imagination as the words of silly, good Turóvtsyn: "He acted like a fine fellow! He challenged the man and killed him!" All apparently were in sympathy with that, though out of politeness they had not said so.

"However, this affair is concluded, and nothing more is to be thought of it," Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich said to himself. And, thinking only of his coming departure and the business of inspection, he entered his room and asked the porter who accompanied him where his lackey was; the porter said that the lackey had just gone out. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich ordered tea to be brought to him, sat down at the table, and, taking Frum, began to lay out the route of his journey.

"Two telegrams," said the returning lackey, entering the room. "Excuse me, Excellency, I just stepped out."

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich took the telegrams and opened them. The first informed him of Strémov's appointment to the place which he himself had wanted. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich threw down the despatch and, growing

red in the face, began to walk up and down in his room: "*Quos vult perdere dementat*," he said, meaning by "*quos*" those persons who had been active in this appointment. He was not exactly annoyed at not having received the place, — at being obviously overlooked; but it was incomprehensible and astonishing to him that they did not see that that babbler, that verbose talker Strémov, was less fit for it than any one else. Why did they not see that they were ruining themselves, their prestige, by this appointment!

"Something else of the same kind!" he said to himself sarcastically, as he opened the second despatch. The telegram was from his wife. The signature in blue pencil, "Anna," was the first thing that his eyes fell upon. "I am dying, — I beg and implore you to come to me. I shall die more calmly if forgiven," he read. He smiled disdainfully and threw down the telegram. There could not be the slightest doubt, he thought at the first moment, that this was a piece of deceit and a ruse.

"There is no deception from which she would shrink. She is to bear a child soon. It may be the illness of childbirth. But what is their purpose? To legitimize the child, to compromise me, and to thwart the divorce?" he thought. "But it says there, 'I am dying' — " He re-read the telegram; and suddenly the direct meaning of what was said struck him forcibly. "And if it is the truth?" he said to himself. "If it is true that in the moment of suffering and nearness of death she is sincerely repentant, and I, taking it to be a deception, should refuse to come? That would be not only cruel, and all will condemn me, — but it would even be foolish on my part."

"Peter, stop the carriage. I am going to St. Petersburg," he said to the lackey.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich decided that he would go to St. Petersburg and would see his wife. If her disease was

a deception, he would be silent and would leave. If she really was ill and at death's door, and wished to see him before dying, he would forgive her, if he found her alive, and would do his last duty, if he came too late.

On his whole journey he no longer thought of what he would do.

With a feeling of fatigue and uncleanness, produced by a night in the car, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich drove through the early mist down the deserted Névski Prospect and looked in front of him without thinking of what awaited him. He could not think of it, because, imagining what would be, he could not dispel the idea that her death would at once solve the whole difficulty of his situation. Bakers, closed shops, night cabs, janitors sweeping the sidewalks flashed past his eyes, and he watched it all, trying to drown in himself the thought of what was awaiting him and what he did not dare to wish and still wished. He drove up to the porch. On entering the vestibule, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich seemed to have fetched a decision out of a distant corner of his brain, and was bringing it into shape. It ran as follows: "If a deception,—calm contempt, and leave. If the truth,—observe the proprieties."

The porter opened the door before Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich rang the bell. Porter Petróv, alias Kapitónych, looked strange in his old coat, without a necktie, and in slippers.

"How is the lady?"

"The lady had a favourable delivery yesterday."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped and grew pale. He now saw clearly with what force he wished for her death.

"And her health?"

Kornéy, in a morning apron, ran down the stairs.

"Very bad," he replied. "Yesterday there was a consultation of doctors, and a doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; and, experiencing a certain relief at the news that there was,

after all, some ground for hope that she would die, he entered the antechamber.

On the clothes-rack was a military uniform. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich noticed it, and he asked :

“ Who is here ? ”

“ A doctor, a midwife, and Count Vrónski.”

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich went to the inner apartments.

In the drawing-room there was nobody ; from her cabinet a midwife in a cap with lilac ribbons came out, upon hearing the sound of his steps.

She went up to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and, with the familiarity that comes from the presence of death, took his arm and drew him into the sleeping-room.

“ Thank God that you have arrived ! She has been talking of nothing but you ! ” she said.

“ Give me some ice as quickly as you can ! ” was heard the doctor’s commanding voice from the sleeping-room.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered her cabinet. At her table, Vrónski was sitting sidewise on a low chair and, covering his face with his hands, was weeping. He leaped up at the doctor’s voice, took his hands off his face, and saw Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. Upon noticing Anna’s husband, he grew so embarrassed that he sat down once more, drawing his head down between his shoulders, as though wishing to vanish before something ; but he made an effort over himself, got up, and said :

“ She is dying. The doctors said that there was no hope. I am entirely in your power, but permit me to be here — however, I am in your power, I — ”

Seeing Vrónski’s tears, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich felt an access of that spiritual confusion which was produced in him by the sight of the suffering of other people, and, turning his face away, he walked rapidly toward the door, without waiting to hear the end of his words. From the sleeping-room proceeded the sound of Anna’s voice, saying

something. Her voice was gay and animated, with exceedingly definite intonations. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered the sleeping-room and walked over to the bed. She was lying with her face toward him. Her cheeks were flushed with a glow; her eyes glistened; her small white hands, protruding from the cuffs of her sack, were playing with the corner of her coverlet, twisting it around. She not only looked well and fresh, but even in the best of spirits. She was talking fast, melodiously, and with unusually regular and heartfelt intonations.

"Because Aleksyéy, — I am talking about Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich (what a strange, terrible fatality that both should be Aleksyéy, — don't you think so?), — Aleksyéy would not refuse me. I should forget, and he would forgive — Why does he not come? He is good, — he does not know himself how good he is. O Lord, how tiresome it is! Give me some water quickly! Oh, that would be injurious for her, my little girl! All right, give her to a wet-nurse. I agree to that, — it would even be better. He will come, and it will pain him to see her. Give her to a wet-nurse!"

"Anna Arkádevna, he has come. Here he is!" said the midwife, trying to direct her attention to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Oh, what nonsense!" continued Anna, without seeing her husband. "Give her to me! Give me the girl! He has not come yet. You say that he will not forgive because you do not know him. Nobody knew. Even I got tired. His eyes, you must know, — Serézha has just those eyes, and so I hate to see them. Have you given Serézha anything to eat? I know every one will forget it. Don't let him forget it. Take Serézha to the corner room, and ask Mariette to lie down with him."

She suddenly shrank down, grew silent, and in terror, as though expecting a blow and defending herself, raised her hands to her face. She had taken notice of her husband.

"No, no!" she spoke. "I am not afraid of him, I am afraid of death. Aleksyéy, come here! I am in such a hurry because I have no time, — I have but little time left to live; my delirium will begin soon, and I shall not understand anything. Now I do understand, — I see everything."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's wrinkled face assumed a suffering expression; he took her hand and wanted to say something, but was unable to utter a word; his nether lip trembled, but he was still struggling with his agitation, and only occasionally looked at her. Every time he looked up, he saw her eyes, which looked at him with such meek and ecstatic tenderness as he had never seen in them before.

"Wait, you do not know — Wait, wait!" She stopped, as though collecting her thoughts. "Yes," she began. "Yes, yes, yes. This is what I wanted to say. Don't wonder at me. I am still the same — But there is another woman in me, and I am afraid of her, — she has fallen in love with him, and I wanted to hate you, and could not forget the one that had been before. I am not that one. I am now the real self, all myself. I am dying now, I know that I shall, — ask him! I even now feel it, — hundredweights on my hands and feet and fingers. My fingers are as big as this! But that will end soon — There is one thing I want: forgive me, forgive me completely! I am terrible, but the nurse has told me: holy saint, — what was her name? she was worse. I, too, will go to Rome, there is a desert there, and then I shall be in nobody's way, — I will only take Serézha and the girl with me — No, you cannot forgive! I know, this cannot be forgiven! No, no, go, you are too good!" She was holding him with one feverish hand, and with the other she was pushing him away.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's spiritual confusion kept

increasing all the time and reached such a point that he ceased struggling against it; he suddenly felt that that which he considered to be a spiritual confusion was in reality a blissful state of the soul which suddenly gave him a new, never before experienced happiness. He did not think that the Christian law, which he had intended all his life to follow, enjoined him to forgive and love his enemies; but a joyous feeling of love and forgiveness of his enemies filled his soul. He kneeled down, and, placing his head on the bend of her arm, which burned him with its fever through her sack, he sobbed like a child. She embraced his bald head, moved up toward him, and raised up her eyes with provoking pride.

"Here he is, I knew it! Now good-bye to all, good-bye! They have come again, — why don't they go away? Do take these furs off of me!"

The doctor took her hand, cautiously placed her on the pillow, and covered her as high as her shoulders. She lay down submissively on her back and looked in front of her with a beaming smile.

"Remember that all I wanted was forgiveness, and nothing else — Why does *he* not come?" she said, turning to Vrónski at the door. "Come up, come up! Give me your hand!"

Vrónski went up to the edge of the bed and, upon seeing Anna, again covered his face with his hands.

"Uncover your face and look at him! He is a saint," she said. "Uncover, uncover your face!" she said, angrily. "Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, uncover his face! I want to see it."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took Vrónski's hand and bent it away from his face, which was terrible with the expression of suffering and shame which was on it.

"Give him your hand! Forgive him!"

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich gave him his hand, without restraining the tears that were flowing down his cheeks.

"Thank God, thank God," she said, "now everything is ready. Only straighten my legs out a little. Like that, — that is nice. Now these flowers are made without any taste, — they don't resemble violets one bit," she said, pointing to the wall-paper. "O Lord! O Lord! When will it end? Give me some morphine. Doctor, give me some morphine! O Lord, O Lord!"

And she began to toss on her bed.

The doctors said that this was puerperal fever, of which ninety-nine cases in every hundred ended in death. She had been in a fever, in delirium, and in an unconscious state for a whole day. At midnight the patient lay unconscious and almost without a pulse.

Her end was expected at any moment.

Vrónski had gone home, but in the morning he came to find out how she was, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who met him in the antechamber, said, "Stay, — maybe she will want to see you," and himself took him to his wife's cabinet. In the morning began once more her agitation, vivacity, rapidity of thought and speech, and this again ended with an unconscious state. On the third day the same thing happened, and the doctors said that there was hope. On that day Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered the cabinet, where Vrónski was sitting, and, closing the door, sat down opposite him.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich," said Vrónski, feeling that the explanation was coming, "I cannot speak, I cannot comprehend. Spare me! No matter how hard this may be for you, believe me, it is more terrible still to me."

He wanted to get up. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took his hand and said:

"I ask you to listen to what I have to say: that is necessary. I must explain my feelings to you, those feelings which have guided me and which will continue to guide me, that you may not be in error concerning me. You know that I have decided to ask for a divorce

and have even begun the action. I will not conceal it from you that when I began the action I was undecided, and I suffered ; I will confess that I was pursued by the desire to avenge myself on you and her. When I received the telegram, I came here with the same sentiments, and I will say furthermore that I wished for her death. But — ” He was silent, meditating whether he had better disclose his feelings to him, or not. “ But I have seen her and have forgiven her. And the happiness of forgiveness has revealed to me what my duty is. I have forgiven her unconditionally. I want to offer up my other cheek ; I want to give away my cloak, when my coat is taken from me. And I implore God not to take from me the happiness of forgiving ! ”

Tears stood in his eyes, and their bright, calm glance startled Vrónski.

“ Such is my situation. You can drag me into the mud, make me a laughing-stock of the world, — I will not abandon her, and I will never say one word of reproach to her,” continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. “ My duty is clearly outlined for me : I must be with her, and I will be. If she desires to see you, I will let you know, but now, I take it, it is better for you to depart.”

He rose and sobs interrupted his speech. Vrónski, too, got up and, in a bent, unstraightened posture, looked stealthily at him. He did not comprehend Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich’s sentiments. But he felt that it was something superior and even inaccessible to him with his way of looking at things.

XVIII.

AFTER his conversation with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, Vrónski stepped out on the porch of Karénin's house and stopped, with difficulty recalling where he was and whither he had to walk or be driven. He felt himself put to shame, humiliated, guilty, and deprived of the possibility of washing off his humiliation. He felt himself thrown out of the rut, in which he had been walking so proudly and so easily until then. All his seemingly firm habits and rules of life suddenly appeared to be false and inapplicable. The deceived husband, who heretofore had seemed to be a pitiful creature, an incidental and somewhat comical obstacle to his happiness, was suddenly called up by herself and exalted to a height which inspired one with a desire to emulate him, and upon that height the husband appeared not evil, false, ridiculous, but good, simple, majestic. Vrónski could not help feeling this. The rôles had suddenly changed. Vrónski felt Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's height and his own humiliation, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's righteousness and his own unrighteousness. He felt that the husband was magnanimous and offended, and he himself low and petty in the deception he had practised. But this consciousness of his baseness before the man whom he had unjustly despised formed only a small part of his grief. He now felt inexpressibly unhappy because his passion for Anna, which had been cooling off, had seemed to him of late, now that he knew that he was going to lose her for ever, to be growing stronger. He had seen the whole of her during her ill-

ness, had found out her soul, and it seemed to him that he had not loved her before. And now that he had found her out and had come to love her as he ought to, he was humiliated before her and had lost her for ever, leaving in her nothing but a disgraceful recollection of himself. Most terrible of all was that ridiculous, shameful situation of his, when Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had taken his hands away from his abashed face. He was standing on the porch of Karénin's house like one lost, and did not know what to do.

"Do you wish a cab?" asked the porter.

"Yes, a cab."

When Vrónski returned home, after three sleepless nights, he, without undressing himself, lay down with his face on the sofa, having folded his hands and placed his head upon them. His head was heavy. The strangest pictures, recollections, and thoughts alternated with extraordinary rapidity and clearness: now it was the medicine which he was pouring out for the patient, spilling it over the spoon, now the white hands of the midwife, now Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich's strange position on the floor before the bed.

"If I could only fall asleep and forget!" he said to himself with the calm confidence of a healthy man that, if he is tired and wants to sleep, he will fall asleep at once. And, indeed, things began to be mixed in his head, and he fell down the precipice of oblivion. The waves of the sea of his unconscious life were beginning to close over his head, when suddenly he felt as though a most powerful charge of electricity were sent through him. He gave such a jerk that he leaped up on the springs of the sofa with his whole body and, leaning on his arms, jumped on his knees. His eyes were wide open, as though he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the flabbiness of his limbs, which he had experienced but a minute ago, had suddenly disappeared.

"You may drag me into the mud," he heard Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's words, and saw him before him, and he saw Anna's face with the feverish glow and the glistening eyes, which were looking with tenderness and love, not at him, but at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; he saw his stupid, as he thought, and ridiculous figure, when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich took his hands away from his face. He stretched out his legs again and threw himself down on the sofa in his old posture and closed his eyes.

"Now to fall asleep!" he repeated to himself. But even with his eyes closed he saw still more clearly Anna's face such as it had been on the memorable evening of the races.

"This is not and will not be, and she wants to wipe it out from her memory. But I cannot live without it. How are we to make up, how are we going to make up?" he said aloud, and began unconsciously to repeat these words. The repetition of these words held back the rise of new pictures and recollections, which, he felt, were crowding in his head. But the repetition of the words did not long check his imagination. Again the best moments and the recent humiliation began to rise one after the other with extraordinary rapidity. "Take your hands off," said Anna's voice. He took his hands off, and felt the abashed and stupid expression on his face.

He was lying all the time, trying to fall asleep, though he felt there was not the slightest hope, and continued to repeat in a whisper the casual words of some thought, endeavouring to check the rise of new pictures. He strained his hearing, and he heard the words repeated in a strange, mad whisper: "Did not know how to appreciate, did not know how to make use of it! Did not know how to appreciate, did not know how to make use of it!"

"What is it? or am I going mad?" he said to himself. "Perhaps. Why do people lose their reason, why do they

shoot themselves?" he replied to himself, and opening his eyes, he was surprised to see near his head an embroidered pillow, made by Vára, his brother's wife. He touched the tassel of the pillow and tried to recall Vára, as he had seen her the last time. But it was painful to think of anything foreign. "No, I must fall asleep!" He moved up his pillow and pressed his head against it, but it took an effort to keep his eyes shut. He jumped up and sat down on the sofa. "This is ended for me," he said to himself. "I must consider what to do. What is left?" His thoughts rapidly surveyed his life outside of his love for Anna.

"Ambition? Serpukhovskóy? Society? The court?" He could not dwell on anything. All that had once had a meaning, but now there was nothing left of it. He rose from the sofa, took off his coat, loosened his belt, and, opening his shaggy breast, in order to breathe more freely, walked up and down in the room. "That is the way people lose their mind," he repeated, "and thus they shoot themselves, to avoid shame," he added, slowly.

He went to the door and closed it; then, with an arrested gaze and tightly clenched teeth, he walked over to the table, took a revolver, examined it, turned the loaded barrel toward himself, and fell to musing. For about two minutes he stood motionless, with the revolver in his hands, lowering his head with an expression of a strained effort of thought. "Of course," he said to himself, as though a logical, protracted, clear march of ideas had brought him to an unquestionable conclusion. In reality, this to him convincing "Of course" was only the consequence of the repetition of just the same circle of recollections and pictures, through which he had passed dozens of times during that last hour. Those were the same recollections of a happiness for ever lost, the same representations of the meaninglessness of everything awaiting him in life, the same consciousness of his hu-

miliation. And so the consecutiveness of the pictures and feelings was ever the same.

"Of course," he repeated, when his thought for the third time returned to the same enchanted circle of recollections and ideas, and, placing the revolver to his left breast and giving a powerful jerk with his hand, as though clenching his fist, he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the sound of the shot, but a mighty blow in his breast knocked him off his feet. He wanted to hold on to the edge of the table, dropped the revolver, tottered, and sat down on the floor, looking in surprise about him. He did not recognize his room, as he looked from below at the bent legs of the table, at the waste-basket, and at the tiger-skin. The rapid creaking steps of his servant, who was walking in the drawing-room, brought him to his senses. He made an effort of thought, and he understood that he was on the floor and, seeing blood on the tiger-skin and on his hand, he understood that he had shot himself.

"Stupid! I did not hit," he said, fumbling for the revolver. The weapon was near him, — but he looked for it at a distance away. Continuing to search for it, he leaned over on the other side and, unable to retain his balance, he fell down, exhausted from loss of blood.

His elegant servant with side-whiskers, who had frequently been complaining to his acquaintances of the weakness of his nerves, was so frightened when he saw his master lying on the floor, that he left him to lose blood and ran away for help. In an hour, Vára, his brother's wife, arrived, and, with the aid of three doctors, who had made their appearance simultaneously, having been sent for in every direction, placed the wounded man on his bed and remained to look after him.

XIX.

THE mistake made by Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich, which was that, preparing himself for the meeting with his wife, he had not considered the eventuality that her repentance would be sincere and he would forgive her and she would not die, two months after his return from Moscow presented itself to him in its full force. But the mistake he made was not due merely to the fact that he had not considered this eventuality, but also to the fact that up to the meeting with his dying wife he had not known his heart. At the bedside of his sick wife he for the first time in his life abandoned himself to that sentiment of meek compassion which the sufferings of people evoked in him, and of which he had been ashamed before as of a weakness ; and the pity for her and his repentance for having desired her death, and, above all, the very joy of forgiveness had the effect that caused him suddenly to experience not only an alleviation of his suffering, but also spiritual rest, which he had never experienced before. He suddenly felt that that very thing which had been the source of his sufferings had become the source of his spiritual joy, and that what before had appeared insoluble, when he condemned, reproached, and hated, had become simple and clear, when he forgave and loved.

He had forgiven his wife and pitied her for her sufferings and repentance. He had forgiven Vr nski and pitied him, especially when rumours reached him about his desperate attempt. And he pitied his son more than ever. He now rebuked himself for having paid too little atten-

tion to him. But for the new-born little girl he experienced a peculiar feeling, not only of compassion, but of tenderness. At first the mere feeling of compassion caused him to interest himself in the feeble, new-born child, who was not his daughter, and who was neglected during her mother's illness and would certainly have died if he had not taken care of her,—and he did not notice himself how he came to love her. He went several times a day into the nursery and remained there long, so that the wet-nurse and nurse, who at first were intimidated by him, got used to him. He occasionally looked for half an hour at a time at the sleeping saffron-red, downy, wrinkled face of the babe and watched the movements of the knit brow and the chubby little hands with the clenched fingers, with the back of which she rubbed her eyes and nose bridge. At such moments Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich felt himself particularly calm and in agreement with himself, and saw nothing unusual in his situation, nothing which ought to be changed.

But as time went on, he saw more and more clearly that, no matter how natural this situation now was for him, he would not be permitted to persist in it. He felt that besides the blissful spiritual force, which guided his soul, there was another, rude force, which was as powerful or even more so, and which governed his life, and that this force would not give him that peaceful rest which he was wishing for. He felt that all were looking at him with questioning curiosity, and that they did not understand him and were waiting for him to do something. He felt in particular the impermanence and unnaturalness of his relations with his wife.

When the mollification, due to the nearness of death, had passed, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich began to observe that Anna was afraid of him and bored by him, and could not look straight into his eyes. She seemed to be wishing for something and could not make up her mind to tell

him, and, herself having apparently a presentiment that their relations could not last, was waiting for him to do something.

At the end of February Anna's new-born girl, herself called Anna, grew ill. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich was in the nursery in the morning; he gave orders to send for a doctor, and himself drove to the ministry. When he got through with his work, he returned home at about four o'clock. As he entered the anteroom, he saw a fine-looking lackey in galloons and a bear pelerine, holding a white coyote cloak in his hands.

"Who is here?" asked Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Princess Elizavéta Féodorovna Tverskóy," replied the lackey, with a smile, as Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich thought.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich had observed that during all his hard time his society acquaintances, especially the women, had been taking particular interest in him and in his wife. He noticed in all these acquaintances a badly concealed joy at something, the same joy which he had seen in the eyes of the lawyer and now saw in those of the lackey. All seemed to be in a transport, as though they were getting somebody married. When they met him they asked him with ill-disguised pleasure about the health of his wife.

The presence of Princess Tverskóy was particularly noxious to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, both on account of the recollections connected with her, and because he in general disliked her, and he went straight to the nursery. In the first room Serézha, lying with his chest on the table and placing his feet on a chair, was drawing something, talking merrily all the time. An English governess, who during Anna's illness had taken the place of the Frenchwoman, was sitting near the boy with some delicate crocheting. She got up hurriedly, sat down again, and pulled at Serézha.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich patted his son on his hair,

replied to the governess's question about his wife's health, and asked her what the doctor had said about the baby.

"The doctor said that there was nothing dangerous, and has prescribed baths, sir."

"But she is suffering still," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, listening to the baby's crying in the next room.

"I think the nurse is not good, sir," the governess said, with determination.

"Why do you think so?" he stopped to ask.

"It was the same with Countess Pol. The child was being cured, but it turned out that it was simply starving: the nurse had no milk, sir."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich fell to musing and, standing still for a few seconds, went into the next room. The girl was lying, with her head thrown back, and writhing, in the arms of the wet-nurse, and would neither take the plump breast offered to her, nor grow silent, in spite of the double hissing of the wet-nurse and of the nurse who was bending over her.

"Is it still no better?" asked Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"She is very restless," the nurse replied, in a whisper.

"Miss Edward says that it may be that the wet-nurse has no milk," he said.

"I think so myself, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Whom was I to tell? Anna Arkádevna is ailing all the time," the nurse said, with a dissatisfied look.

The nurse was an old servant of the house. And in these simple words of hers Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought there was a hint at his situation.

The child cried louder than ever, rolling back and gurgling. The nurse, waving her hand in disgust, went up to her, took the baby out of the arms of the wet-nurse, and began to rock her while walking.

"The doctor must be asked to examine the wet-nurse," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

The healthy-looking, trim wet-nurse, frightened at the possibility of being discharged, muttered something and, covering her large breast, smiled contemptuously at the doubt expressed in regard to her ability to nurse. In this smile Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich again saw a reference to his situation.

"Unfortunate child!" said the nurse, hissing at the child and continuing to walk.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich sat down on a chair and with a suffering, gloomy face looked at the nurse, who was walking up and down.

When the child at last quieted down and was put down in a deep crib, and the nurse, having adjusted the pillow, walked away from her, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich got up and, stepping with difficulty on tiptoe, walked over to the child. For about a minute he was silent and with the same gloomy face looked at the child; but suddenly a smile, which moved his hair and the skin on his forehead, appeared on his face, and he just as quietly left the room.

In the dining-room he rang the bell and ordered the entering servant to send again for the doctor. He was annoyed at his wife for not paying better attention to this charming child, and in that mood of vexation did not want to go to see her or Princess Betsy; but his wife might be surprised at his not coming in to see her, as was his wont, and so he made an effort over himself and went into the sleeping-room. As he walked over the soft carpet toward the door, he involuntarily heard the conversation, which he did not wish to hear.

"If he did not go away, I could understand your refusal and his, too. But your husband ought to be above it," said Betsy.

"It is not on account of my husband, but for my sake

that I do not want it. Don't speak of it!" Anna replied, in an agitated voice.

"Yes, but you cannot fail to wish to bid good-bye to a man who has shot himself for your sake —"

"That is the very reason why I do not want to —"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich stopped with a frightened and guilty expression, and wanted to go away unnoticed. But, considering that that would not be dignified, he turned back and, clearing his throat, walked toward the sleeping-room. The voices were silenced, and he entered.

Anna, wearing a gray cloak, with closely cropped, bristly black hair, which was falling out, on her round head, was sitting on a couch. As always at the sight of her husband, her animation disappeared at once; she lowered her head and looked restlessly at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in the extreme fashion, with a hat soaring somewhere above her head like a shade on a lamp, in a gray shot gown with slanting bright stripes on one side of the waist and on the other side of the skirt, was sitting beside Anna, holding her tall flat figure erect and meeting Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich with an inclination of her head and with a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" she said, as though surprised. "I am very glad that you are at home. You do not show up anywhere, and I have not seen you since Anna's illness. I have heard all about your cares. Yes, you are a remarkable man!" she said, with a significant and kindly glance, as though rewarding him with a decoration of magnanimity for his action toward his wife.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich answered the greeting coldly, and, kissing his wife's hand, asked her about her health.

"I think I am better," she said, avoiding his glance.

"But you seem to have a feverish colour in your face," he said, with emphasis on the word "feverish."

"We have been talking too much," said Betsy. "I feel that it is egoistical on my part, and I shall leave."

She got up, but Anna, blushing suddenly, quickly grasped her hand.

"No, stay awhile, if you please! I must tell you — no, you," she turned to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, a blush covering her neck and brow. "I cannot and will not have anything concealed from you," she said.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich cracked his fingers and lowered his head.

"Betsy has been saying that Count Vrónski would like to call at our house in order to say good-bye before leaving for Tashként." She was not looking at her husband and apparently was hastening to make a clean breast of it, no matter how hard it was for her to do so. "I said that I could not receive him."

"You said, my friend, that that would depend on Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich," Betsy corrected her.

"No, I cannot receive him, and it would lead to —" she suddenly stopped and looked questioningly at her husband (he was not looking at her). "In short, I do not want to —"

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich moved up and was on the point of taking her hand.

Her first motion was to pull her hand away from his clammy hand, with its swollen veins, which was looking for hers, but, apparently making an effort over herself, she pressed it.

"I thank you very much for your confidence, but —" he said, feeling in confusion and indignation that what he could easily and clearly decide by himself, he was unable to discuss in the presence of Princess Tverskóy, who to him was the personification of that rude force which was to govern his life in the eyes of the world and prevent his abandoning himself to his feeling of love and forgiveness. He stopped and looked at Princess Tverskóy.

"Good-bye, charming woman!" said Betsy, getting up. She kissed Anna and went out. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich saw her off.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich! I know you as a truly magnanimous man," said Betsy, stopping in the small drawing-room and again pressing his hand warmly. "I am an outsider, but I love her and respect you so much that I take the liberty of giving advice. Receive him! Aleksyéy Vrónski is honour personified, and he is leaving for Tashként."

"Thank you, countess, for your sympathy and advice. But the question whether my wife can receive him or not, she will solve herself."

He said this, from force of habit raising his eyebrows in a dignified manner, and he immediately thought that, no matter what the words were, there could be no dignity in his situation. And this he saw in the repressed, evil, sarcastic smile with which Betsy looked at him after his words.

XX.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH bowed to Betsy in the parlour and went back to his wife. She was lying down, but, hearing his steps, she hastened to get back into her former position, and looked at him in fright. He saw that she was weeping.

"I am very thankful to thee for thy confidence in me," he briefly repeated in Russian the phrase which he had said in French in Betsy's presence, and sat down near her. Whenever he spoke in Russian and said "thou" to her, that "thou" irritated Anna uncontrollably. "I thank thee very much for thy decision. I also assume that since Count Vrónski is going away, he does not need to call here. However —"

"I have said it, so why repeat?" Anna suddenly interrupted him, with an irritation which she did not manage to repress. "There is no need," she thought, "for a man to come to say good-bye to a woman whom he loves, for whom he wanted to ruin himself and has ruined himself, and who cannot live without him. There is no need whatever!" She pressed her lips together and lowered her sparkling eyes on his hands with their swollen veins, which were slowly rubbing one another.

"We shall never speak of it," she added, more calmly.

"I left it to you to decide this question, and I am very glad to see —" Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich began.

"That my wish coincides with yours," she quickly finished, irritated to hear him say so slowly what she knew in advance he was going to say.

"Yes," he confirmed her, "and Princess Tverskóy is quite out of place when she meddles with the most difficult of domestic affairs. Especially she —"

"I do not believe anything they say of her," Anna said, rapidly, "and I know that she loves me sincerely."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich sighed and kept silence. She was playing nervously with the tassels of her morning-robe, gazing at him with that tormenting feeling of physical loathing of him, for which she rebuked herself, and which she was unable to overcome. She now wished only for one thing, — to be liberated from his annoying presence.

"I have just sent for the doctor," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"I am well; what do I want the doctor for?"

"No, the little one is crying, and they say the wet-nurse has not enough milk."

"Why did you not allow me to nurse her when I implored you? All the same" (Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich understood what this "all the same" meant) "she is a baby and they will kill her." She rang the bell and ordered the child to be brought to her. "I begged to be allowed to nurse her, and I was not, and now I am blamed for it."

"I do not blame you —"

"Yes, you do. O Lord, why did I not die?" and she burst out weeping. "Forgive me, I am irritated, I am unjust," she said, regaining her senses. "But go —"

"No, it cannot remain this way," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich said resolutely to himself, as he left his wife's room.

Never before had the impossibility of his situation in the eyes of the world, and his wife's hatred of him, and in general the power of that rude, mysterious force, which, running counter to his spiritual mood, governed his life and demanded the execution of its will and a change of

his relations with his wife, presented themselves to him with such manifestness as now. He saw clearly that all society and his wife were demanding something of him, but what precisely it was he could not make out. He felt that at the same time there rose in his soul a feeling of malice, which destroyed his calm and all the deserts of his deed. He considered it better for Anna to break all her relations with Vrónski, but if they all found this impossible, he was even prepared again to admit those relations, provided the children should not be disgraced and he should not lose them, and his situation should remain unchanged. No matter how bad this might be, it was better than a disruption, which would place her in a hopeless, disgraceful situation, and would deprive him of everything he loved. But he felt himself to be powerless; he knew in advance that everybody was against him, and that he would not be permitted to do what now seemed to him natural and good, but would be compelled to do what was bad, but to them seemed necessary.

XXI.

BETSY had not yet left the parlour, when Stepán Arkádevich, who had just arrived from Elisyéev, where fresh oysters had been received, met her at the door.

"Ah, princess! What an agreeable meeting!" he exclaimed. "I was at your house."

"It is a minute's meeting, for I am leaving," said Betsy, smiling, and putting on her glove.

"Wait, princess, don't put on your glove, but let me kiss your hand. In the return of the old fashions I am thankful for nothing so much as for the kissing of hands." He kissed Betsy's hand. "When shall we see each other?"

"You do not deserve it," replied Betsy, smiling.

"Yes, I do, because I have turned out to be a very serious man. I not only arrange my own domestic affairs, but also those of others," he said, with a significant look on his face.

"Oh, I am very glad!" replied Betsy, who saw at once that he was speaking of Anna. And returning to the parlour, they stood in the corner. "He will wear her out," Betsy said, in a significant whisper. "It is impossible, impossible —"

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Stepán Arkádevich, shaking his head with a serious and sufferingly compassionate expression of face: "I have come to St. Petersburg for that very reason."

"The whole city is speaking of it," she said. "It is an impossible situation. She is waning and waning. He

does not understand that she is one of those women who cannot jest with their sentiments. One or the other: either he takes her away and proceeds energetically, or he gives her a divorce. But this is killing her."

"Yes, yes, precisely —" Oblónski said, sighing. "That is what I have come for — That is, not exactly for that — I have been made a gentleman of the chamber, and so I must express my thanks; but, above all, I must fix this."

"Well, God aid you!" said Betsy.

He took Princess Betsy as far as the vestibule, once more kissed her hand above her glove, there where the pulse was beating, and, telling her a lot of indecent stuff, so that she did not know whether to get angry or laugh, he went to see his sister. He found her in tears.

In spite of his overboiling merry mood, in which he happened to be, he immediately and most naturally passed into that sympathetic, poetically excited tone, which fitted her disposition. He asked her about her health and how she had passed the morning.

"Very, very badly, — both the day and the morning, and all the past and future days," she said.

"It seems to me you surrender yourself to gloom. You must pull yourself together, you must look straight at life. I know, it is hard, but —"

"I have heard it said that women love people even for their vices," Anna suddenly began, "but I hate him for his virtue. I cannot live with him. You must understand that the sight of him affects me physically, — I get beside myself. I cannot, I cannot live with him. What shall I do? I was unhappy, and thought that it was impossible to be unhappier, but I was unable to imagine that terrible condition through which I am passing now. Will you believe it? Though I know that he is a good, an excellent man, and that I am not worth as much as a fingernail of his, I none the less hate him. I hate him for his

magnanimity. And there is nothing left for me to do but — ”

She wanted to say “ to die,” but Stepán Arkádevich did not allow her to finish the sentence.

“ You are ill and irritable,” he said. “ Believe me, you exaggerate terribly. There is nothing terrible about it.”

And Stepán Arkádevich smiled. No one else in Stepán Arkádevich’s place, having to do with such despair, would have permitted himself to smile (a smile would have seemed coarse), but in his smile there was so much kindness and almost feminine gentleness, that his smile did not offend, but soothed and pacified. His soft, soothing speeches and smiles had a mollifying, soothing effect, like oil of almonds. And Anna felt that soon.

“ No, Stíva,” she said. “ I am lost, lost ! Worse than lost. I am not yet lost, I cannot yet say that everything is ended ; on the contrary, I feel that it is not. I am like a stretched string, which must break. But it is not yet ended — and it will end terribly.”

“ Not at all. You may let down the string by degrees. There is no situation from which there is no issue.”

“ I have thought and thought. Only one — ”

Again he understood by her frightened look that this one issue, in her opinion, was death, and he did not allow her to finish.

“ Not at all,” he said. “ Excuse me ! You cannot see your situation as I can. Permit me to tell you my frank opinion.” He again smiled his almond smile. “ I will begin from the beginning : you have married a man who is twenty years older than you. You have married a man without love, or not knowing love. This, let us say, was a mistake.”

“ A terrible mistake ! ” said Anna.

“ But I repeat : it is an accomplished fact. Then, let us say, you have had the misfortune of falling in love with some one who was not your husband. And your

husband has recognized and forgiven it." He stopped after every sentence, expecting her to retort, but she made no reply. "That is so. Now the question is: Can you continue living with your husband? Do you wish it? Does he wish it?"

"I know nothing, nothing."

"But you yourself said that you could not bear it."

"No, I did not say it. I take it back. I know nothing and understand nothing."

"Yes, but permit me —"

"You cannot understand. I feel that I am flying headlong into an abyss, and I shall not be saved. I cannot."

"Never mind: we will make a soft bed for you, and will catch you. I understand you; I understand that you cannot take it upon yourself to express your wish, your feeling."

"I want nothing, nothing — only that it might all end."

"But he sees it and knows it. And don't you think that he is oppressed by this as much as you are? You are suffering, and so is he, — and what can come of it? While a divorce unties the knot," Stepán Arkádevich expressed his chief idea, not without effort, looking significantly at her.

She made no reply and gave a negative shake with her closely cropped head. But from the expression of her face, which now gleamed with its old beauty, he saw that the only reason why she did not wish it was that it seemed to her an impossible happiness.

"I am terribly sorry for all of you! And how happy I should be if I could arrange it!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling more boldly than before. "Don't speak! Don't say a word! If God will only let me say what I feel! I will go to him."

Anna looked at him with pensive, sparkling eyes and said nothing.

XXII.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH entered Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's cabinet with that somewhat solemn face with which he seated himself in the president's chair in the court. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was pacing up and down in the room, with his hands behind his back, and thinking of the same thing that Stepán Arkádevich had been talking about with his wife.

"Do I disturb you?" said Stepán Arkádevich, who, at the sight of his brother-in-law, suddenly experienced an unaccustomed feeling of confusion. To conceal it, he drew out a newly bought cigarette case with a new way of opening it, and, smelling at the leather, took a cigarette from it.

"No. Do you want anything?" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich replied, reluctantly.

"Yes. I wanted — I must — I must speak with you," said Stepán Arkádevich, feeling, to his surprise, unusual timidity.

This sensation was so unexpected and strange that Stepán Arkádevich did not believe that it was the voice of conscience telling him that what he intended to do was bad. Stepán Arkádevich made an effort over himself and vanquished the timidity which beset him.

"I hope that you believe in my love for my sister and in my sincere attachment and respect for you," he said, blushing.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich stopped and made no reply,

but his face startled Stepán Arkádevich by its expression of a submissive victim.

"I intended, I wanted to speak of my sister and of your mutual situation," said Stepán Arkádevich, still struggling with the unwonted timidity.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich smiled a sad smile, looked at his brother-in-law and, without answering, went to the table, took from it a letter which he had begun, and handed it to his brother-in-law.

"I think of it constantly, and here is what I began to write, thinking that I could say it better in writing and that my presence irritates her," he said, giving him the letter.

Stepán Arkádevich took the letter, looked in perplexity at the dim eyes, which gazed motionlessly at him, and began to read:

"I see that my presence oppresses you. However hard it was for me to convince myself of it, I see that it is so, and cannot be otherwise. I do not blame you, and God is my witness that, seeing you during your illness, I had with all my heart decided to forget everything that had been between us, and to begin a new life. I do not regret, and never shall regret what I have done; I wished only for one thing, — your good, the good of your soul, and now I see that I have not accomplished it. Tell me yourself what will give you true happiness and peace to your soul. I surrender myself entirely to your will and to your sense of justice."

Stepán Arkádevich gave him back the letter and continued to look at his brother-in-law with the same perplexity, not knowing what to say. The silence was so awkward to both of them that a morbid convulsion took place on Stepán Arkádevich's lips, as he remained silent, without taking his eyes off Karénin's face.

"That is what I wanted to tell her," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, turning his face away.

"Yes, yes —" said Stepán Arkádevich, unable to answer, since a lump had risen in his throat.

"Yes, yes. I understand you," he finally muttered.

"I wish to know what it is she wants," said Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich.

"I am afraid she herself does not understand her situation. She is not a judge," Stepán Arkádevich corrected himself. "She is crushed, that's it, she is crushed by your magnanimity. If she reads this letter, she will not have the strength to say anything, — she will only drop her head lower."

"Yes, but what is to be done in such a case? How explain — how find out her wish?"

"If you permit me to tell you my opinion, I will say that it depends on you to indicate those measures which you find it necessary to take in order to put an end to this situation."

"So you find that it is necessary to end it?" Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich interrupted him. "But how?" he added, making an unwonted gesture before his eyes. "I see no possible issue."

"There is an issue from every situation," Stepán Arkádevich said, getting up and becoming animated. "There was a time when you wanted to disrupt — If you are now convinced that there can be no mutual happiness for you —"

"Happiness can be understood in different ways. But let us suppose that I agree to everything, that I do not want anything. What issue is there from our situation?"

"If you want to know my opinion," said Stepán Arkádevich, with the same emollient, gentle, almond smile, with which he had been talking to Anna. His good smile was so convincing that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, feeling his weakness and submitting to it, was involuntarily prepared to believe what Stepán Arkádevich was going to say. "She will never give expression to it.

But one thing is possible, one thing only she can desire," continued Stepán Arkádevich, "and that is a disruption of all relations and of all memories connected with them. And these relations can be established only by the freedom of both sides."

"Divorce," Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich interrupted him in disgust.

"Yes, I take it to be a divorce, yes, a divorce," Stepán Arkádevich repeated, blushing. "That is in every respect the most sensible solution for husband and wife who find themselves in such relations as you are in. What is to be done if they find that life together is impossible for them? That may always happen."

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich drew a deep breath and shut his eyes.

"Only one thing is to be considered here: does one of the married pair wish to enter again into wedlock. If not, the case is very simple," said Stepán Arkádevich, freeing himself more and more from his embarrassment.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, frowning from agitation, muttered something to himself and made no reply. Everything which to Stepán Arkádevich appeared so very simple, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich had considered thousands of times. And all that seemed to him, not only not simple, but entirely impossible. Divorce, the details of which he knew now, appeared to him impossible, because the feeling of his personal dignity and his respect for religion did not allow him to take upon himself the accusation of fictitious adultery; still less did they permit him to convict and disgrace his wife, who had been forgiven and was loved by him. Besides, divorce seemed impossible for other still more important reasons.

What would become of his son in case of divorce? It was impossible to leave him with his mother. The divorced mother would have her own illegitimate family, in which the position of a stepson and his education

would, in all probability, be bad. To keep him? He knew that that would be a revenge on his part, and that he did not wish. Besides, divorce appeared most impossible to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich because, by consenting to it, he would cause Anna's ruin. On his soul lay heavily the sentence uttered by Dárya Aleksándrovna in Moscow, that, in deciding on divorce, he was thinking of himself, and not of the fact that in that way he ruined Anna for ever. And he, connecting this sentence with his forgiveness, with his attachment for the children, now understood it in his own way. To consent to a divorce, to give her liberty, meant to him to take away from him his last bond in life to the children whom he loved, and from her her last staff on the path of goodness, and to cast her into destruction. As a divorced wife, she would unite herself with Vrónski, and that union would be illegitimate and sinful, because, according to the law of the Church, a woman could not marry again so long as her husband was alive. "She will be united to him, and in a year or two he will abandon her, or she will enter into a new liaison," thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "And I, having consented to an illegal divorce, shall be the cause of her ruin." He had considered this hundreds of times and was convinced that the matter of a divorce was not only far from being simple, as his brother-in-law had said, but was even completely impossible. He did not believe a single one of Stepán Arkádevich's words and had a thousand retorts to each of his statements, but he listened to him, feeling that in his words was expressed that mighty, rude force, which governed his life and to which he had to surrender.

"The question is only on what conditions you will consent to a divorce. She does not want anything and does not dare to ask you, — she leaves it all to your magnanimity."

"O Lord, O Lord! For what?" thought Aleksyéy

Aleksándrovich, recalling the details of the divorce, in which the husband took the guilt upon himself, and he covered his face in shame, with the same gesture with which Vrónski had covered his.

"You are agitated, — I understand. But if you consider —"

"But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also," thought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed, in a squeaky voice. "I take the disgrace upon myself, give her even my son, but — but is it not better to leave things alone? However, do as you please —"

And, turning away from his brother-in-law, so that he could not be seen, he sat down on a chair at the window.

He was aggrieved, and he was ashamed, but together with this grief and shame he experienced joy and meekness before the exaltation of his humility.

Stepán Arkádevich was touched. He kept silence.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, believe me, she will appreciate your magnanimity," he said. "Evidently it was God's will," he added, and, having said this, he felt that it was stupid, and with difficulty repressed a smile at his stupidity.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wanted to make a reply, but his tears stopped him.

"It is a fatal misfortune, and we must recognize it. I recognize this misfortune as an accomplished fact, and am trying to help her and you," said Stepán Arkádevich.

When Stepán Arkádevich left the room of his brother-in-law, he was touched, but that did not prevent his being satisfied with the successful achievement, for he was convinced that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich would not take back his word. To this pleasure was also added this, that when the whole affair should be settled, he would

propound to his wife and near relatives the question: "What difference is there between me and a derailed engine? A derailed engine breaks ties, and no one is better off for it, but I break ties, and three persons are helped by it. Or: What resemblance is there between me and a derailed engine? When — However, I must get a better puzzle," he said to himself, with a smile.

XXIII.

VRÓNSKI'S wound was dangerous, even though it had missed the heart. For a few days he was between life and death. When he was able to speak for the first time, Várya, his brother's wife, was alone in the room.

"Várya!" he said, looking sternly at her, "I discharged the pistol by accident. And please, never speak of it, and tell everybody so. For it is too silly!"

Várya made no reply to these words, but bent over him and looked into his face with a joyous smile. His eyes were bright, and not feverish, but their expression was severe.

"Well, thank God!" she said. "Have you any pain?"

"A little, here." He pointed to his chest.

"Then let me change the bandage!"

He silently compressed his broad cheek muscles and looked at her while she was dressing his wound. When she got through, he said:

"I am not delirious: please see to it that there is no talk about my having shot myself on purpose."

"Nobody is saying that, anyway. But I hope that you will never again shoot by accident," she said, with an interrogative smile.

"I suppose I shall not, but it would be better —"

And he smiled a melancholy smile.

In spite of these words and his smile, which so frightened Várya, he felt, when the inflammation had passed and he began to mend, that he was completely freed from one part of his grief. With this deed he seemed to have

washed off the disgrace and the humiliation, which he had experienced before. Now he could calmly think of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. He recognized all his magnanimity, and no longer felt himself humiliated. Besides, he again fell into the old ruts of life. He saw the possibility of looking without shame into people's eyes, and could live, being guided by his wonted habits. The one thing he was unable to tear out of his heart, in spite of his constantly struggling against this feeling, was his regret, which rose to despair, at having lost her for ever. He took the firm resolve, now that he had atoned his guilt before her husband, to renounce her and never again to stand between her, with her repentance, and her husband; but he was unable to tear out of his heart the regret at having lost her love, — he could not wipe out of his memory those minutes of happiness which he knew she could give him, which had been so little appreciated by him, and which now pursued him with all their charm.

Serpukhovskóy found him an appointment in Tashként, and Vrónski without the least hesitation accepted the offer. But the nearer the time of his departure approached, the more difficult did the sacrifice become which he was making to what he deemed to be his duty.

His wound healed up, and he could go out to make his preparations for his journey to Tashként.

"To see her just once, and then to bury myself and die!" he thought, and, making his farewell calls, he expressed this thought to Betsy. Betsy went with this message of his to Anna, and brought him back her negative answer.

"So much the better," thought Vrónski, when he received this news. "It was a weakness which would have ruined my last strength."

On the following morning Betsy herself came to see him, to tell him that she had received positive information through Oblónski that Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich

was going to divorce her, and that therefore Vrónski could see Anna.

Without troubling himself to see Betsy off, forgetting all his resolves, without asking when he could do so, or where her husband was, Vrónski immediately drove to the house of the Karénins. He ran up the stairs, seeing nobody and nothing, and with rapid steps, with difficulty keeping himself from running, rushed into her room. And, without thinking or seeing who was in the room, he embraced her and began to cover her face, hand, and neck with kisses.

Anna had been preparing herself for this meeting and had been thinking of what she would tell him, but did not have a chance to tell him anything: his passion overwhelmed her. She wanted to quiet him and to quiet herself, but it was too late. His feeling was communicated to her. Her lips trembled so that for a long time she could not speak a word.

"Yes, you have taken possession of me, and I am yours," she muttered at last, pressing his hand to her breast.

"It had to be so!" he said. "It has to be so, while we live! Now I know it."

"That is so," she said, growing paler and paler, and embracing his head. "Still, there is something terrible in all this, after what has happened."

"Everything will pass, everything will pass, — we shall be so happy! Our love, if such a thing as growing stronger is possible for it, will grow stronger because there is something terrible in it," he said, raising his head, and disclosing his sound teeth in a smile.

And she could not help answering with a smile, not to his words, but to his enamoured eyes. She took his hand, and patted with it her cold cheeks and closely cropped hair.

"I do not recognize you with this short hair. You

have grown so much prettier. A real boy. But how pale you are !”

“Yes, I am very weak,” she said, smiling. And her lips trembled again.

“We will go to Italy, — you will get better again,” he said.

“Is it possible that we could be like husband and wife together, alone, with our family ?” she said, looking close into his eyes.

“I am only surprised how it could ever have been different.”

“Stíva says that *he* consents to everything, but I cannot accept *his* magnanimity,” she said, looking pensively past Vrónski’s face. “I do not want any divorce, — it is now all the same to me. But I do not know what his decision will be in regard to Serézha.”

He was absolutely unable to understand how at this moment of their meeting she could think of her son and of divorce. What difference did it make ?

“Don’t speak of it ! Don’t think of it !” he said, turning her hand in his, and trying to attract her attention to himself ; but she still kept her eyes away from him.

“Oh, why did I not die, — it would have been better !” she said, and without sobs her tears coursed down both her cheeks ; but she tried to smile, so as not to grieve him.

To refuse the flattering and dangerous appointment in Tashként would have been a disgrace and an impossibility according to Vrónski’s former views ; but now he did not hesitate for a moment, and declined it, and, as he observed a disapproval of his acts in his superiors, he at once asked for his discharge.

A month later Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was left alone with his son in his house, and Anna went with Vrónski abroad, without having been divorced, and positively refusing to be divorced.

PART THE FIFTH

I.

PRINCESS SHCHERBÁTSKI found that it was impossible to have the wedding before Lent, until which five weeks were left, because half of the wedding outfit could not be got ready in time; at the same time she could not help agreeing with Levín that after Lent it would be too late, because an aunt of Prince Shcherbátski's was very ill and might die soon, and then the mourning would delay the wedding. And so the princess decided to divide the dowry into a larger and smaller outfit, and assented to having the wedding before Lent. She decided to have the smaller outfit all prepared at once now, and to send out the larger later, and she grew quite angry at Levín because he would not give her a serious answer whether he was satisfied with it or not. This combination was the more convenient since the married couple were to go at once to the country after the wedding, and there the things of the larger outfit would not be needed.

Levín continued to be in that state of madness, in which it appeared to him that he and his happiness formed the chief and only aim of everything in existence, and that now he did not have to think or worry about anything, and that everything was being done and would in the future be done for him by others. He had even no plans and aims for his future life; he left the solution of this to others, knowing that everything would be all right. His brother Sergyéy Ivánovich, Stepán Arkádevich, and

the princess guided him in what he had to do. He gave his full assent to everything that was proposed to him. His brother borrowed money for him, and the princess advised him to leave Moscow after the wedding. Stepán Arkádevich advised him to go abroad. He agreed to everything.

"Do what you please, if that amuses you. I am happy, and my happiness can be neither greater nor smaller, no matter what you may do," he thought. When he informed Kitty of Stepán Arkádevich's advice to go abroad, he was very much amazed to find that she did not agree to it, but had her own definite ideas about their future lives. She knew that Levín had some business in the country, of which he was fond. As he had observed, she did not understand his business, and did not even want to understand it. This, however, did not prevent her from regarding that business as extremely important. And so she knew that their home would be in the country, and wanted to go, not abroad, where they would not live, but into the country, where their home would be. This definitely expressed intention surprised Levín. But, as it did not make any difference to him, he immediately asked Stepán Arkádevich, as though that was his duty, to go down to his estate and fix everything the best he knew how, with that taste which he possessed in such a high degree.

"But listen," Stepán Arkádevich once said to Levín, after his return from the country, where he had arranged everything for the reception of the married couple, "have you a certificate of having been to confession?"

"No. Why?"

"You can't be married without it."

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Levín. "It seems to me I have not been to confession these ten years. I did not think of it."

"You are a nice fellow!" Stepán Arkádevich said.

‘And you call me a nihilist! That won’t do. You must prepare yourself for confession!’

“When shall I do it? There are only four days left.”

Stepán Arkádevich arranged this too for him. And Levín began to prepare himself for the confession. For Levín as an unbeliever, who, at the same time, respected the beliefs of others, the presence and participation in all kinds of religious ceremonies was extremely irksome. Now, in the sensitive, mollified frame of mind in which he was, this necessity of feigning was not only oppressive to Levín, but even seemed entirely impossible to him. Now, in the condition of his glory, of his florescence, he would have either to lie, or to be sacrilegious. He felt it beyond his strength to do either. But, no matter how much he kept asking Stepán Arkádevich whether it was possible to get a certificate without going to confession, Stepán Arkádevich insisted that it was impossible.

“Why should you mind it? It is only two days. And he is a dear, intelligent old man. He will pull that tooth of yours so that you will not even feel it.”

Standing at the first mass, Levín tried to refresh in himself his youthful reminiscences of that deep religious feeling through which he had passed between sixteen and seventeen years of age; but he immediately convinced himself that that was positively impossible for him. He tried to look at it all as at a meaningless, empty custom, something like the custom of paying calls; but he felt that he could not do that even. Levín, like the majority of his contemporaries, found himself in a most indefinite situation as regards religion. He could not believe, and yet he was not firmly convinced that all that was wrong. And thus, being unable to believe in the significance of what he was doing, or to look at it with indifference, as at an empty formality, he during all the time of his preparation for the confession experienced a feeling of awkwardness and shame, doing something he did not understand,

and therefore, as an inner voice told him, something deceptive and bad.

During the service he now listened to the prayers, trying to ascribe to them a meaning which would not run counter to his views, now, feeling that he could not understand them and had to condemn them, tried not to hear them, but to busy himself with his thoughts, observations, and reminiscences, which during that idle standing in church wandered through his head with extraordinary vividness.

He stood through the mass, through the vespers and vigils, and on the following day, having risen earlier than usual, and without drinking tea, went at eight o'clock to church, to hear the matins, and go to confession.

There was no one in the church but a mendicant soldier, two old women, and the church servants.

A deacon, with the two halves of his long back clearly outlined beneath his thin cassock, met him and, going up at once to a small table at the wall, began to read the rules. As the reading proceeded, especially during the frequent and rapid repetition of the same words, "Kyrie eleison," which sounded like "releison, releison," Levín felt that his reason was closed and sealed, and that he ought not to touch and disturb it now, or else nothing but a muddle would result, and so, standing behind the deacon, he did not listen or enter into the meaning of what was read, but continued to think his own thoughts. "There is remarkable expression in her hand," he thought, recalling how the evening before they had been sitting at a corner table. They had had nothing to talk about, as was nearly always the case at that time, and she had placed her hand on the table, opening it and closing it, and had burst out laughing, as she looked at its motion. He remembered how he had kissed her hand and how later he had watched the lines which met on her pink palm. "Again releison," Levín thought, crossing himself,

bowing, and looking at the flexible inclination of the deacon's back, making obeisances. "Then she took my hand and looked at the lines: 'You have a fine hand,' she said." And he looked at his hand and at the deacon's short hand. "Yes, now it will soon end," he thought. "No, it seems he is beginning once more," he thought, listening to the prayers. "Yes, it is ending now; he is now making his low obeisances. That always happens before the end."

Imperceptibly he slipped a three-rouble bill into the deacon's hand under his plush facings, upon which the deacon said that he would register him, and, stepping briskly with his new boots over the flagstones of the empty church, went up to the altar. A minute later he looked out and beckoned to Levín. A thought, which heretofore had been locked up in Levín's head, began to stir, but he hastened to dispel it. "It will come out all right in some way," he thought, walking over to the ambo. He went up the steps and, turning to the right, saw the priest. The old priest, with a scanty, half-gray beard and wearied, kindly eyes, was standing at the pulpit and turning the leaves of the church book. Bowing slightly to Levín, he began at once to read the prayers in the wonted chant. When he was through, he made a low obeisance and turned with his face toward Levín.

"Christ is standing invisibly before you, to receive your confession," he said, pointing to the crucifix. "Do you believe everything which the Holy Apostolic Church teaches us?" continued the priest, turning his eyes away from Levín, and folding his hands under the scapulary.

"I have doubted, and I doubt everything," Levín muttered, in a voice which sounded disagreeable to him, and grew silent.

The priest waited a few seconds for him to say something, and, closing his eyes, began to speak rapidly, with clear enunciation of the *o*'s of his Vladímir dialect.

"Doubts are characteristic of human weakness, but we must pray that merciful God may strengthen us. What especial sins have you?" he added, without the least interval, as though trying not to lose any time.

"My chief sin is doubting. I doubt everything, and am generally in a state of doubt."

"Doubt is characteristic of human weakness," the priest repeated the same words. "Wherein do you have your particular doubts?"

"I doubt everything. I sometimes doubt even the existence of a God," Levín said, involuntarily, and was frightened at the impropriety of what he had said. But the words did not seem to have produced any impression on the priest.

"What doubts can there be of the existence of God?" he said, hurriedly, with a faint smile.

Levín kept silence.

"What doubt can you have of the Trinity, when you look at His creation?" the priest continued, in his rapid habitual speech. "Who has adorned the vault of heaven with the luminaries? Who has clad the earth in beauty? How could it be without a Creator?" he said, looking questioningly at Levín.

Levín felt that it would be improper to enter into philosophical disputes with the priest, and so in reply said only what had reference to the question.

"I do not know."

"You do not know? How, then, do you doubt that God has created it all?" the priest said in merry perplexity.

"I understand nothing," said Levín, blushing and feeling that his words were stupid, and that they could not be anything but stupid in such a situation.

"Pray to God and implore Him. Even the holy fathers have had doubts and asked God to confirm them in their faith. The devil has great power, and we must not

submit to him. Pray to God, and implore Him. Pray to God," he repeated, hurriedly.

The priest was silent for awhile, as though in thought.

"As I have heard, you are about to enter into matrimony with the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, Prince Shcherbátski," he added, with a smile. "She is a fine maiden."

"Yes," Levín said, blushing for the priest. "Why need he ask me about it at the confession?" he thought.

And, as though in response to his question, the priest said to him:

"You are about to enter into matrimony, and God may reward you with posterity,—is it not so? Well, what education can you give your little ones, if you do not vanquish within you the temptation of the devil, that is dragging you toward unbelief?" he said, with a mild rebuke. "If you love your children, you, like a good father, will desire for them not only wealth, luxury, honours, but also their salvation, their spiritual enlightenment by the light of truth. Am I not right? What, then, will you answer your little one, when he shall ask you, 'Papa! Who has created everything that enchants me in this world,—the earth, the water, the sun, the flowers, the grass?' Will you tell him, 'I do not know'? You cannot help knowing it, since the Lord God in His great mercy has revealed it unto you. Or your child will ask you, 'What awaits me in the life after death?' What will you tell him, since you know nothing? How are you going to answer him? Will you leave him to the enticement of the world and of the devil? That is not good," he said, stopping in his speech, inclining his head to one side, and looking at Levín with his good, meek eyes.

Levín made no reply, not because he did not wish to enter into a discussion with the priest, but because no one had ever put such questions to him, and because he would

have time to think of what to answer when his little ones should ask him about it.

"You are entering a period of life," continued the priest, "when it is necessary to choose a path, and stick to it. Pray to God that He in His goodness may help you and have mercy upon you," he concluded. "May our Lord and God Jesus Christ in the mercy and bounty of His loving-kindness forgive you, my child —" and, having finished his absolving prayer, the priest blessed and discharged him.

On returning home, Levín experienced a joyous feeling because the awkward situation was ended, and because it was ended in such a way that he had not been obliged to lie. Besides, he had a dim conception that what the good, sweet old man had said was not at all so stupid as he had at first thought, and that there was something in it which needed clearing up.

"Of course, not now," thought Levín, "but at some later date." Levín now felt more than ever that in his soul something was dim and impure, and that in matters of religion he was in the same situation which he saw so clearly and did not like in others, and for which he had censured his friend Sviyázhski.

When on that evening he passed his time with his fiancée at Dolly's, he was unusually gay, and, explaining to Stepán Arkádevich the excited state in which he was, he said that he felt as happy as a dog that has been taught to jump through a hoop, and that, having finally comprehended and accomplished the feat demanded of it, whines and, wagging its tail, jumps in delight on the tables and windows.

II.

ON the day of the wedding, Levín, according to the custom (the princess and Dárya Aleksándrovna insisted that all the customary rules be strictly observed), did not see his fiancée, and dined in his hotel with three bachelors, who accidentally fell in with him : with Sergyéy Ivánovich, Katavásov, a former university comrade of his, now professor of the natural sciences, whom Levín had met in the street and had taken to his room, and Chírikov, his best man, a Moscow justice of the peace and Levín's companion in the bear-hunt. It was a very jolly dinner. Sergyéy Ivánovich was in the happiest of moods and was amused at Katavásov's originality. Feeling that his originality was appreciated and esteemed, Katavásov made a display of it. Chírikov merrily and good-naturedly supported every conversation.

"Now," said Katavásov, drawing out his words, — a habit acquired by him in his professorial chair, "what a gifted fellow our friend, Konstantín Dmítrievich, used to be ! I am speaking of an absent person, for he is no longer here. He used to love the sciences and, upon leaving the university, had human interests in things ; but now one-half of his ability is directed toward deceiving himself, and the other toward justifying this deception."

"I have never seen a more determined enemy of marriage than you," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"No, I am not an enemy. I am a friend of the division of labour. People who can do nothing else must procreate

people, while the others must be active for their enlightenment and happiness. That is the way I understand it. There is a legion of volunteers who are ever ready to mix these two trades, — I am not among them.”

“How happy I shall be when I hear that you are in love!” said Levín. “Please invite me to your wedding!”

“I am already in love.”

“Yes, with a cuttlefish. Do you know,” Levín turned to his brother, “Mikhaíl Seméných is writing a work on the nutrition and —”

“Please don’t get things mixed up! It makes no difference what it is about. The point is that I am really in love with a cuttlefish.”

“But the cuttlefish will not interfere with your loving your wife.”

“The cuttlefish will not interfere, but my wife would.”

“Why?”

“You see it is like this. You are fond of farming, of hunting, — you see.”

“Arkhip came to see me to-day: he says there are a lot of elks at Prúdnœ, and two bears,” said Chírikov.

“Well, you will hunt them without me.”

“That is so,” said Sergyéy Ivánovich. “You may now bid good-bye to bear-hunting, — your wife will not let you!”

Levín smiled. The idea that his wife would not let him was so agreeable to him that he was prepared to give up for ever the pleasure of seeing bears.

“And yet it is a pity that these two bears will be taken without you. Do you remember the last time we were at Khapílovo? It was a superb chase,” said Chírikov.

Levín did not wish to disenchant him by saying that nowhere could there be anything good without her, and so he did not say anything.

“There is some reason in the custom of saying farewell to your bachelor life,” said Sergyéy Ivánovich. “No mat-

ter how happy you may be, still you feel sorry to give up your freedom."

"Confess, — have you had the feeling, like Gógol's bridegroom, that you want to jump out of the window?"

"Of course he has had it, but he will not own up to it!" said Katavásov, laughing aloud.

"Well, the window is open — Let us go at once to Tver! One she-bear, — we can go into the lair. Really, let us take the five o'clock train! They will manage things here," Chírikov said, smiling.

"Upon my word," Levín replied, smiling, "I cannot find in my soul that feeling of regret for my freedom!"

"Yes, there is such a chaos in your soul just now that you won't find anything in it," said Katavásov. "Wait, when you have sobered up a little, you will find it!"

"No, I ought to have felt at least a little that, besides my feeling" (he did not want to say "love" in the presence of Katavásov) "and happiness, it is a pity to lose my freedom — On the contrary, what makes me so happy is that very loss of my liberty."

"Too bad! A hopeless case!" said Katavásov. "Well, let us drink for his cure, or let us wish him that at least one hundredth part of his dreams shall be realized. Even then it will be a happiness such as has never existed upon earth."

Soon after dinner the guests departed to change their clothes in time for the wedding.

When Levín was left alone and recalled the chat with the bachelors, he asked himself once more whether in his soul there was that feeling of regret for his liberty, of which they had been speaking. He smiled at the question. "Liberty! What is that liberty for? Happiness consists only in loving, wishing and thinking her wishes, her thoughts, that is, in no liberty at all, — that is happiness!"

"But do I know her thoughts, her wishes, her feel-

ings?" a voice suddenly whispered to him. The smile disappeared from his face, and he fell to musing. And suddenly he was overcome by terror and doubt, — doubt of everything.

"What if she does not love me? What if she marries me only to get married? How if she herself does not know what she is doing?" he asked himself. "She may come to her senses, and only when she has married me, she may come to see that she does not love me, and never could love me." And he was assailed by the strangest and meanest thoughts concerning her. He was jealous of Vrónski, as he had been a year ago, as though the evening when he had seen her with Vrónski had been yesterday. He suspected that she had not told him everything.

He sprang up. "No, that must not be!" he said to himself in despair. "I will go to her, will ask her, will say to her for the last time: 'We are free, and had we better not stop? Anything is better than eternal unhappiness, disgrace, infidelity!'" With despair in his heart and with malice against all men, against himself, and against her, he left the hotel and drove to her house.

He found her in the back rooms. She was sitting on a trunk, giving some orders to a maid, and picking over heaps of coloured dresses, which were placed over the backs of chairs and on the floor.

"Oh!" she called out, as she saw him, beaming with happiness. "What is it? I did not expect thee, I did not expect you!" (Up to that day she now said "thou" and now "you" to him.) "I have been dividing up my girl's clothes —"

"Ah! That is nice!" he said, looking gloomily at the maid.

"Go, Dunyásha, I will call you!" said Kitty. "What is the matter with thee?" she asked, resolutely saying "thou" to him the moment the maid had left. She no-

ticed his strange, agitated, and gloomy face, and she was frightened.

"Kitty, I am suffering. I cannot suffer by myself," he said, with despair in his voice, stepping in front of her and looking entreatingly into her eyes. He saw at once by her loving, truthful face that nothing would come of what he intended to say; still, he wanted her to dispel his doubts. "I came to tell you that it is still time. It is possible to stop and mend it all."

"What is it? I do not understand a thing. What is the matter with you?"

"What I have said a thousand times and cannot help thinking,— that I am not worthy of you. You could not have consented to marrying me. Think! You are mistaken. Think well! You cannot love me— If— do say," he said, without looking at her. "I will be unhappy. Let them say what they please; anything is better than misfortune— Better now, while there is time —"

"I do not understand," she replied, in fright. "Is it that you want to withdraw — that it is not to be?"

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You are insane!" she exclaimed, red with anger. But his face was so pitiful that she repressed her rage and, throwing her dresses down from a chair, seated herself close to him. "What are you thinking about? Tell me everything."

"I think that you cannot love me. Why should you love me?"

"O Lord, what shall I do?" she said, bursting into tears.

"Oh, what have I done?" he exclaimed. Kneeling down before her, he began to kiss her hands.

When the princess five minutes later entered the room, they had already made up. Kitty not only assured him that she loved him and, in reply to his question what she

loved him for, explained to him what for. She told him that she loved him because she understood him, because she knew what he would love, and because everything which he loved was good. And this appeared quite clear to him. When the princess came into the room, they were sitting beside each other on the trunk, picking over the dresses and disputing about the brown dress which Kitty had on and wanted to give to Dunyásha, while he wanted her to keep it, and asked her to give a blue dress to the maid.

"But can't you understand? She is a brunette, and it will not be becoming to her — I have figured it all out."

Upon hearing what had brought him there, the princess got angry half in jest and half in earnest, and sent him home to get dressed, and told him not to bother Kitty, who must get her hair combed, as Charles would be there soon.

"She has not been eating these days, anyway, and has grown thin, and you only excite her with your foolishness," she said to him. "Get out, get out, my dear!"

Levín, guilty and put to shame, but pacified, returned to his hotel. His brother, Dárya Aleksándrovna, and Stepán Arkádevich, all of them in gala attire, were waiting for him, in order to bless him with the image. There was no time to lose. Dárya Aleksándrovna had to drive home yet, to fetch her boy with his hair all curled and dressed with pomatum, who was to carry the image with the bride. Then, one carriage had to be sent for the best man, and another, which was to take Sergyéy Ivánovich, had to be sent back — There were altogether no end of most complicated combinations. One thing was certain: no time was to be lost, as it was already half-past six.

Nothing sensible came of the blessing with the image. Stepán Arkádevich took up a comico-serious attitude, by the side of his wife, grasped the image, and, ordering

Levín to bow to the ground, blessed him with a kindly and sarcastic smile, and kissed him three times ; Dárya Aleksándrovna did the same, and immediately hastened to drive off, and again got mixed in planning for the movements of the carriages.

“ Well, this is what we shall do : you will go in our carriage for him, and Sergyéy Ivánovich will be so kind as to go, and then to send it.”

“ I shall gladly do so.”

“ And we will come directly with him. Have your things been sent ? ” asked Stepán Arkádevich.

“ They have,” replied Levín.

He ordered Kuzmá to bring him his clothes.

III.

A CROWD of people, especially of women, surrounded the church, which was lighted up for the wedding. Those who did not succeed in getting in crowded around the windows, pushing each other, quarrelling, and peeping through the lattice-work.

More than twenty carriages had already been assigned places in the street by the gendarmes. An officer of police, disdaining the frost, was standing at the entrance, gleaming in his uniform. New carriages kept driving up all the time, and now ladies with flowers, and raising their trains, or men, taking off their caps or black hats, entered the church. Both lustres and all the candles before the holy images were lighted. The gold halo against the red background of the iconostas, the gilt carving of the images, the silver of the candelabra and candlesticks, the flagstones of the floor, the rugs, the banners above the choir, the steps of the ambo, the old, blackened books, the cassocks, the surplices, — everything was bathed in light. On the right side of the warm church, in a mass of dress coats and white ties, uniforms, and stuffs, velvet, atlas, hair, flowers, bared shoulders and arms, and long gloves, they carried on a repressed, but animated conversation, which reëchoed strangely from the high cupola. Every time the squeak of the opened door was heard, the talk in that crowd died down, and all looked around, waiting to see the bride and groom come in. But the door had been opened more than ten times, and each time it was either a belated guest, who

joined the circle of the invited on the right, or a spectator, who had managed to deceive or mollify the officer of police, and who joined the crowd on the left. The relatives and outsiders had already gone through all the phases of expectation.

At first it was supposed that the bride and groom would arrive in a minute, and no meaning was ascribed to this delay. Later the delay began to be awkward, and the relatives and guests tried to assume a look as though they were not interested in the bridegroom, but in their conversation.

The protodiaconus, ^{*}as though to remind one of the value of his time, impatiently cleared his throat, which made the window-panes rattle. In the choir could be heard now the trial of voices, and now the clearing of noses by the tired choristers. The priest kept sending out the sexton or the deacon to find out whether the bridegroom had come, and himself, dressed in a lilac cassock and embroidered girdle, kept coming out oftener and oftener to the side door, waiting for the bridegroom. Finally one of the ladies, looking at her watch, said, "But this is strange!" and all the guests grew uneasy and began loudly to express their surprise and indignation. One of the bridesmen went to find out what had happened. Kitty, in the meantime, all dressed up, in a white gown, long veil, and wreath of orange-blossoms, was, with her bridesmother and sister Lvov, standing in the parlour of her house and looking out of the window, vainly waiting for more than half an hour to hear from her bridesman about the arrival of the bridegroom at the church.

In the meantime, Levín, in pantaloons, but without his vest and dress coat, was walking up and down in his room at the hotel, continuously looking out of the door and down the corridor. But in the corridor could not be seen the one he was waiting for, and he, returning in de-



spair and swinging his arms, turned to Stepán Arkádevich, who was calmly smoking a cigarette.

"Has man ever been in such a terrible, stupid predicament?" he said.

"Yes, it is stupid," Stepán Arkádevich confirmed him, with a soft smile. "But calm yourself, — they will bring it at once."

"No, they won't!" Levín said, with repressed rage. "Those stupid, low-cut vests! Impossible!" he said, looking at the crumpled front of his shirt. "And what will happen, if they have taken the things to the railway station?" he exclaimed, in despair.

"Then you will put on mine."

"I ought to have done so long ago."

"It is not good to be ludicrous — Wait! *It is coming on!*"

The trouble was that when Levín wanted to get dressed, Kuzmá, Levín's old servant, brought him his coat and vest, and everything necessary.

"And the shirt?" exclaimed Levín.

"You have it on," Kuzmá said, with a calm smile.

It had not occurred to Kuzmá to leave out a clean shirt; having received the order to pack up and take the things down to the Shcherbátskis, from which place the married pair were to depart that very evening, he had done so, putting everything away but the evening suit. The shirt which he had put on in the morning was crumpled and impossible with a low-cut vest. It was too far to send to the Shcherbátskis. They sent a lackey to buy a new shirt. The lackey returned, saying that all the shops were closed, as it was Sunday. A messenger was sent to Stepán Arkádevich's; he brought a shirt: it was entirely too large and too short. Finally they sent to the Shcherbátskis to have the things unpacked. The groom was being expected at church, but he, like a caged animal, was walking up and down in his room, looking into the

corridor, and recalling in terror and despair what he had been telling Kitty, and what she now might think of him.

At last guilty Kuzmá, with difficulty drawing breath, flew into the room with the shirt.

"Just caught them: they were packing the things on a dray," said Kuzmá.

Levín did not look at his watch, in order not to open his wound, and three minutes later he flew down the corridor.

"This will not help you," Stepán Arkádevich said, with a smile, leisurely hurrying after him. "*It is coming on, it is coming on!* I tell you."

IV.

“THEY have come!—Here he is!—Which one?—The one that looks younger?—And she, my dear, is more dead than alive!” they said in the crowd, as Levín, meeting his bride at the entrance, with her entered the church.

Stepán Arkádevich told his wife the cause of the delay, and the guests, smiling, whispered among themselves. Levín saw nobody and nothing; he did not lower his eyes but looked steadily at his bride.

All said that she had lost much of her beauty during the last few days and that under the bridal wreath she was far from being as pretty as usual; but Levín did not find it so. He looked at her high coiffure with the long white veil and white flowers, at her high, standing, shirred collar, which in a peculiarly girlish way covered her long neck at the sides and bared it in front, and at the strikingly slender waist, and he thought that she was more beautiful than ever,—not that these flowers, that veil, that gown, which had been ordered from Paris, in any way added to her beauty, but because, in spite of this artificial magnificence of her attire, the expression of her sweet face, her glance, her lips, was still the same peculiar expression of innocent truthfulness.

“I thought that you intended to run away,” she said, smiling at him.

“It is so stupid what has happened to me, that it is a shame to tell it!” he said, blushing, and turning to Sergey Ivánovich, who had come up.

"A fine story that is about your shirt!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, shaking his head, and smiling.

"Yes, yes," replied Levín, who did not understand what they were talking about.

"Now, Konstantín," said Stepán Arkádevich, with a feigned look of consternation, "an important question has to be decided. You are now in a position to appreciate its whole importance. I was asked whether they are to light the burned candles, or fresh ones. The difference is ten roubles," he added, puckering his lips for a smile. "I have given the order, but I am afraid you will not assent to it."

Levín saw that it was a joke, but could not smile.

"Well, how is it? The burned or the fresh candles? That is the question."

"Yes, yes, the fresh candles!"

"I am very glad, — the question is solved!" said Stepán Arkádevich, smiling. "I must say, people grow dreadfully stupid under such circumstances," he said to Chírikov, when Levín, looking confusedly at him, moved up to the bride.

"Remember, Kitty, you must be the first to stand on the rug," Countess Nórdston said, coming up to her. "You are a nice man!" she turned to Levín.

"Well, does it frighten you?" said Márya Dmítrievna, an old aunt.

"Are you not cold? You look pale. Wait, bend down a little!" said Kitty's sister, the diplomat's wife, and, rounding her full, beautiful arms, she smilingly adjusted the flowers on Kitty's head.

Dolly came up. She wanted to say something, but could not talk, as she began to weep and to laugh unnaturally.

Kitty looked at everybody with absent eyes, just as Levín did.

In the meantime the clergymen donned their vestments,

and the priest went with the deacon to the pulpit, which stood in the vestibule of the church. The priest turned to Levín and said something to him. Levín could not make out what he had said.

"Take the bride's hand and lead her in," the bridesman said to Levín.

For a long time Levín could not comprehend what was wanted of him. They kept correcting him for quite awhile and were on the point of giving it up, because he either took hold of her with the wrong hand, or took her wrong hand, when at last he understood that without changing his position he had to take her right hand with his own right hand. When he finally took the bride's hand as was proper, the priest went a few steps ahead of them and stopped at the pulpit. The crowd of relatives and acquaintances, buzzing in their conversation, and rustling with the trains of their gowns, moved up behind them. Somebody bent down and fixed the bride's train. Everything grew so quiet in the church that the falling of the wax drops could be heard.

The old priest, in his violet head-dress, with his silvery gray strands of hair parted in two directions behind his ears, having straightened out his small old man's hands under his heavy silver vestment with the gold cross on its back, was fingering something at the pulpit.

Stepán Arkádevich softly walked over to him, whispered something to him, and, winking to Levín, again stepped back.

The priest lighted two candles that were adorned with flowers, holding them sidewise in his left hand, so that the wax dripped slowly from them, and turned his face to the bride and groom. It was the same priest that had taken Levín's confession. He looked with a weary and sad glance at the two, heaved a sigh, and, straightening out his hand under his vestment, blessed with it the groom and also, with a shade of cautious tenderness, imposed his

folded fingers on Kitty's inclined head. Then he gave them the candles and, taking the censer, slowly walked away from them.

"Can it be true?" Levín thought and looked at the bride. He could just see her profile from above, and, by the faint motion of her lips and eyelashes, he knew that she was conscious of his glance. She did not look back, but her high, shirred collar moved, rising to her little rose-coloured ear. He saw that a sigh stopped in her breast and that her little hand in the long glove, with which she was holding the candle, trembled.

The whole hubbub on account of the shirt, the delay, the conversation with the relatives and acquaintances, their dissatisfaction, his ludicrous predicament, — everything suddenly disappeared, and he felt happy and terrible.

The handsome, tall protodiaconus, in silver surplice, with his curled locks combed to either side, briskly walked forward and, raising his stole with a habitual gesture on two fingers, stopped in front of the priest.

"Bless, O Lord!" slowly, one after another agitating the waves of air, rose the solemn sounds.

"Our God be praised now and for evermore," the old priest replied in a meek chant, still fumbling on the altar. And, filling the whole church from the windows to the vaults, there rose harmoniously and broadly, grew stronger, stopped for a moment, and softly died away a full chord of the invisible choir.

They prayed, as always, for peace and salvation from above, for the Synod, for the emperor; and they prayed for the newly betrothed slaves of God, Konstantín and Ekaterína.

"Let us pray to God that He may give them complete, peaceful love, and aid," the whole church seemed to be breathing the voice of the protodiaconus.

Levín heard the words, and they startled him. "How did they find out that it was aid, yes, aid?" he thought,

recalling his recent fears and doubts. "What do I know? What can I do in this terrible matter without aid?" he thought. "Yes, it is aid that I need now."

When the deacon finished his responsory, the priest turned to the betrothed with a book.

"Eternal God, who hast united those who were separated," he read in a mild chant, "and who hast imposed an indestructible bond of love upon them, who hast blessed Isaac and Rebecca, and hast indicated them as inheritors of Thy promise: bless even now these Thy slaves, Konstantín and Ekaterína, directing them to every good deed. Thou art a merciful God and a lover of men, and we send up praise to Thee, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore." "Amen," the invisible choir rang out through the air.

"'Who hast united those that were separated, and hast imposed a bond of love,' — how profound these words are and how they correspond to what one feels at such a moment!" thought Levín. "Does she feel the same that I am feeling?"

And, turning around, their eyes met.

From the expression of that glance he concluded that she understood the same. But that was not true; she understood hardly a word of the service, and had even not been listening to the marriage ceremony. She could not listen, or understand the words, — so strong was that one sentiment which filled her soul and kept growing stronger and stronger. That sentiment was joy at the consummation of what for six weeks had been going on in her soul, and what during all that period had given her pleasure and pain. On the day when she, dressed in her cinnamon-coloured dress, had in the house in the Arbát walked over to him and silently surrendered herself to him, on that day and at that very hour a rupture had taken place in her soul with her former life, and an entirely new, entirely unfamiliar life had begun for her,

though in reality the old life continued. These six weeks had been the most blissful and the most painful time for her. All her life, all her desires and hopes had been centred on that one man, who was still unintelligible to her, with whom she was connected by a feeling which was more unintelligible even than the man, and which now attracted her, and now repelled her, and yet she had continued to live under the conditions of her former life. Though she had lived her old life she was terrified at herself, at her complete, insurmountable indifference to her whole past: to things, to habits, to people who loved her, to her mother, who was grieved by this indifference, to her dear, tender father, whom before she had loved more than anything in the world. Now she was frightened at this indifference, now rejoiced at what had brought her to this state of indifference. She could neither think nor wish for anything outside the life with this man; but the new life was not yet, and she could not even get a clear conception of it. There was only expectation, — the fear and joy of something new and unknown. And now, — a very little while longer, — and the expectation and uncertainty and regret at the renunciation of her past life, — everything would be ended, and the new life would begin. This new life could not but be terrible on account of its uncertainty; but terrible or not, — it had already been achieved six weeks before in her soul, and now that which had already taken place in her soul was merely being consecrated.

Again turning to the pulpit, the priest with difficulty caught Kitty's small ring and, asking for Levín's hand, placed it on the first joint of his finger. "The slave of God, Konstantín, is herewith wedded to the slave of God, Ekaterína." And, placing a large ring on Kitty's small rose-coloured finger, which looked pitiful in its weakness, the priest repeated the same formula.

The wedded pair tried several times to divine what it

was necessary to do, and the priest corrected them in a whisper. Finally, having done what was proper and having crossed them with the rings, he returned the large ring to Kitty, and the small one to Levín; again they got mixed, and twice changed the position of the ring from hand to hand, and yet did not do what was needed.

Dolly, Chírikov, and Stepán Arkádevich stepped forward to correct them. There ensued a disturbance, a whispering, and smiling; but the meek and solemn expression on the faces of the wedded pair did not change; on the contrary, while they became confused about their hands, they looked more serious and more solemn than before, and the smile, with which Stepán Arkádevich whispered to them that they should put on their own rings, instinctively died on his lips. He felt that a smile would offend them.

"For Thou hast created the male and the female from the start," the priest read, soon after the exchange of the rings, "and by Thee woman is united with man, as a helpmeet and for the procreation of the human race. For Thou, Lord our God, who hast sent down the truth to Thine inheritance and Thy promise, to Thy slaves our fathers, chosen by Thee in each generation, look down upon Thy slave, Konstantín, and upon Thy slave, Ekaterína, and confirm them in faith and in one belief, and in truth, and in love —"

Levín felt more and more that all his thoughts about marriage, his dreams of how he would arrange his life, — that all that was childishness, and that it was something which he had not comprehended heretofore and now comprehended still less, even though it was taking place over him. Convulsions rose higher and higher in his breast, and uncontrollable tears stood in his eyes.

V.

ALL of Moscow, relatives and acquaintances, were in the church. And during the marriage ceremony, in the brilliant illumination of the church, in the circle of dressed up women and girls, and men in white ties, dress coats, and uniforms, a quiet conversation, kept within bounds of propriety, was going on, started generally by the men, while the women were absorbed in watching all the details of the divine service, which always attracts their attention.

In the circle nearest to the bride were her two sisters: Dolly, and the elder, Lvov, a calm beauty, who had arrived from abroad.

"Why is Mary in lilac, almost black, — at a wedding?" said Korsúnskaya.

"With her complexion that is her only salvation," replied Drubetskáya. "I wonder why they are having the wedding in the evening. It is like a merchant wedding."

"It is nicer. I, too, was married in the evening," replied Korsúnskaya, with a sigh at the recollection of how sweet she had been on that day, and how ludicrously her husband had been in love with her then, and how different it all was now.

"They say that he who has been a bridesman more than ten times will not get married; I wanted to be for the tenth time, in order to insure myself, but the place was taken," Count Sinyávin said to pretty Princess Chárski, who had designs on him.

Princess Chárski answered him only with a smile. She looked at Kitty, thinking of how and when she would be standing with Sinyávin in Kitty's place, and of how she would then remind him of his present joke.

Shcherbátski was talking to the old maid of honour, Nikoláeva, saying that he intended to put the wreath on Kitty's chignon so that she might be happy.

"There was no need of putting on the chignon," Nikoláeva replied, having decided long ago that if the old widower, whom she was trying to catch, would marry her, she would have a very simple wedding. "I do not like all this ostentation."

Sergyéy Ivánovich was talking with Dárya Dmítrievna, assuring her in jest that the custom of going on a journey after the wedding was getting popular, because the newly married pair nearly always felt a little ashamed.

"Your brother may be proud. She is an exceedingly charming woman. I suppose you are envious?"

"I have outlived it, Dárya Dmítrievna," he replied, his face suddenly assuming a sad and serious expression.

Stepán Arkádevich was telling his sister-in-law his pun about the divorce.

"The wreath has to be adjusted," she replied, without listening to him.

"What a pity she has grown less pretty!" Countess Nórdston said to Kitty's eldest sister. "And yet he is not worth as much as her finger. Don't you think so?"

"I like him very much, and not because he is my future brother-in-law," she replied. "How well he carries himself! It is so hard to carry oneself well in this situation, without becoming ludicrous. He is not ludicrous, not stiff, — but apparently touched."

"I think you always expected it."

"Almost. She had always loved him."

"Well, let us see who will be the first to step on the rug. I advised Kitty to be the first."

"What difference does it make?" Kitty's sister replied. "We are all obedient wives, — that is in our family.

"But I purposely got ahead of Vasíli. And you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing near them and had heard them, but she made no reply. She was touched. Tears stood in her eyes, and she would have been unable to say anything without weeping. She was glad for Kitty and for Levín; mentally returning to her wedding, she looked at beaming Stepán Arkádevich, forgot all her present, and remembered only her first innocent love. She thought not only of herself, but of all the women she knew: she thought of them at that only solemn time of theirs, when, like Kitty, they had stood under the wreath, with love, with hope, and with terror in their hearts, renouncing the past and entering a mysterious future. Among these many brides, of whom she thought, she thought also of her dear Anna, of the details of whose proposed divorce she had lately heard. She, too, had been standing there, pure, in orange-blossoms and in the veil. And now what? "It is terribly strange," she muttered.

Not only the sisters, the friends, and the relatives watched all the details of the ceremony, but the outside female spectators, with agitation that took their breath away, watched the expression on the faces of the bride and groom, fearing lest they should lose a single motion, and in anger did not answer, and frequently did not even hear the words of the indifferent men, who were making jocular or irrelevant remarks.

"What makes her cry? Is she marrying him against her will?"

"Why should she not want to marry such a fine fellow? He is a prince, I suppose."

"And is that woman in the white satin her sister? Just hear the deacon roar, 'Let her fear her husband.'"

"Are they from the Chúdovo Monastery?"

"No, from the Synod."

"I asked the lackey. He says he will take her at once to his estate. He is awfully rich, they say. That's why they have married her."

"They are a fine pair, indeed they are."

"Now, Márya Vasílevna, you have been insisting that crinolines are worn from the waist. Look at that woman in puce, — they say she is an ambassadress, — what a gathering — Yes, indeed."

"What a dear the bride is! She is dressed up like a lamb! Say what you please, a woman is to be pitied."

Thus they talked in the crowd of the spectators, who had managed to get into the church.

VI.

WHEN the marriage ceremony was over, a church servant placed a piece of pink silk stuff in front of the pulpit, in the middle of the church, the choir began to sing an elaborate and beautiful psalm, in which the bass and the tenor responded to each other, and the priest, turning around, indicated the piece of pink silk stuff on the floor to the newly married pair. Though both of them had heard often enough about the sign that he who would be the first to step on the rug would be the head of the family, neither Levín nor Kitty could think of it when they took several steps forward. They did not even hear the loud remarks and discussions about his having been the first, as some asserted, or of both of them having stepped on it at the same time, as others maintained.

After the customary questions about their desire to enter into matrimony, and whether they had not promised themselves to others, and their answers, which sounded strange to them, there began another part of the service. Kitty heard the words of the prayer, trying to grasp their meaning, but was unable to do so. A feeling of solemnity and of bright joy filled her soul more and more, in proportion as the ceremony proceeded, and deprived her of the possibility of attention.

They prayed: "Oh, that they be given to chastity, to the profit of the fruit of the womb, and oh, that they may rejoice in the sight of sons and daughters!" Something was said about God having created woman from Adam's

rib, and "for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh;" they prayed God to make them fruitful and to bless them, like Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses, and Zipporah, and that they might live to see the sons of their sons. "All this is beautiful," thought Kitty, as she listened to these words, "and it cannot be otherwise," and a smile of joy, which involuntarily was communicated to all who were looking at her, beamed on her radiant face.

"Put it on altogether!" was the advice heard from different people, when the priest put the wreaths on them, and Shcherbátski, his hand in the three-button glove trembling, was holding the wreath high above her head.

"Put it on!" she whispered, with a smile.

Levín looked around at her, and was startled by the joyful gleam that was on her face; and this feeling was involuntarily communicated to him. He, too, like her, felt bright and happy.

It gave them pleasure to hear the reading of the epistle of the apostle, and the peal of the voice of the proto-diaconus at the last verse, which had with such impatience been expected by the outsiders. It was a joy to drink the red wine with the water out of the flat bowl, and a greater joy still when the priest, throwing back his vestment and taking both their hands into his own, led them around the pulpit as the gusts of the bass were roaring forth "Rejoice, Isaiah." Shcherbátski and Chírikov, who were holding up the wreaths, getting entangled in the train of the bride's gown, themselves smiling and rejoicing at something, now fell back, now almost stumbled on the bride and groom, each time the priest made a stop. The spark of joy, which was lighted in Kitty, seemed to communicate itself to all who were in the church. It seemed to Levín that the priest and the deacon felt as much like smiling as he himself did.

The priest took the wreaths from their heads, read to them the last prayer, and congratulated the newly married couple. Levín glanced at Kitty, and never before had he seen her like that. She was charming in that new glow of happiness which was on her face. Levín wanted to say something to her, but he did not know whether it was all over. The priest led them out of their embarrassment. He smiled with his good mouth, and said, softly: "Kiss your wife, and you, kiss your husband!" and took the candles out of their hands.

Levín cautiously kissed her smiling lips, gave her his hand, and, feeling a new, strange nearness, left the church. He did not believe, could not believe, that it was the truth. Only when their surprised, timid glances met, he believed it, because he felt that they were already one.

After the supper, that very night, the young couple left for the country.

VII.

VRÓNSKI and Anna had been for three months traveling together through Europe. They had visited Venice, Rome, Naples, and had just arrived in a small Italian town, where they intended to settle for some time.

The handsome head waiter, with a part which began at his neck and ran through his thickly pomatumed hair, in a dress coat and with a broad batiste shirt-front, with a bundle of trinkets over his rotund abdomen, having stuck his hands into his pockets, and blinking contemptuously, was sternly answering a gentleman who had stopped to talk to him. Upon hearing, at the other side of the entrance, steps which were ascending the stairs, the head waiter turned around, and, on noticing the Russian count who occupied the best rooms in the hotel, he respectfully took his hands out of his pockets, and, with an inclination of his head, informed him that the courier had come, and that the palazzo had been hired. The chief superintendent was prepared to sign the contract.

"Ah! Very glad to hear it," said Vrónski. "And is the lady in?"

"The lady was out walking, but has returned now," replied the waiter.

Vrónski took off his soft broad-brimmed hat, and with a handkerchief wiped his perspiring brow and long hair, which fell to the middle of his ears, was combed back, and covered his baldness.

He looked absently at the gentleman who was still

standing there and looking at him, and was on the point of going in.

"This gentleman is a Russian, and has been asking about you," said the head waiter.

With a mingled feeling of annoyance, because it was impossible to get away from acquaintances, and of a desire to find some kind of a diversion in the monotony of his life, Vrónski looked once more at the gentleman, who had walked a distance away and had stopped, and at one and the same moment the eyes of both of them grew bright.

"Goleníshchev!"

"Vrónski!"

It was, indeed, Goleníshchev, Vrónski's comrade from the Corps of Pages. In the school Goleníshchev used to belong to the liberal party, and had left the school with a civil rank, and had not served anywhere. After leaving the Corps of Pages, the comrades had gone each his way, and had met only once afterward.

At this meeting Vrónski had made out that Goleníshchev had chosen some kind of a profound liberal activity and, therefore, wanted to disdain Vrónski's activity and calling. Therefore Vrónski, upon meeting Goleníshchev, had given him a cold shoulder, such as he knew how to give to people, and the meaning of which was, "You may like or dislike my manner of life, — that makes no difference to me; but you must respect me, if you wish to know me." But Goleníshchev had remained contemptuously indifferent to Vrónski's tone. This new meeting, it would seem, ought to have separated them even more. But, instead, both of them beamed and shouted from joy, when they recognized each other. Vrónski did not have the least idea that he would be so glad to meet Goleníshchev, but evidently he himself did not know how lonely he had felt. He had forgotten the disagreeable impression of the last meeting, and with an open, joyful face

extended his hand to his former comrade. A similar expression of joy took the place of the former agitated expression on Goleníshchev's face.

"How glad I am to meet you!" said Vrónski, displaying his strong white teeth in a friendly smile.

"I heard 'Vrónski,' but did not know which. Very, very glad!"

"Come! Well, what are you doing?"

"I am here my second year. I am working."

"Ah!" Vrónski said, sympathetically. "Let us go in!"

And by force of habit, usual with Russians who want to conceal something from the servants, he said in French, instead of in Russian:

"Are you acquainted with Anna Karénin? We are travelling together. I am going to see her," he said, looking fixedly at Goleníshchev.

"Ah! I did not know" (though he did know), Goleníshchev replied, with indifference. "When did you arrive?" he added.

"I? This is my fourth day," replied Vrónski, once more scanning his comrade's face.

"Yes, he is a decent man and looks at things as he ought to," Vrónski said to himself, having made out the meaning of the expression on Goleníshchev's face and of the change of subject. "I may introduce him to Anna,—he looks at it as is proper."

In the three months that he had passed with Anna abroad, Vrónski, in meeting people, always put the question to himself of how each new person would look on his relations with Anna, and generally found in men a *proper* understanding. But, if any one had asked him, or those who understood "as was proper," wherein this understanding consisted, he and they would have been greatly embarrassed.

In reality, those who, in Vrónski's opinion, understood "as was proper," did not understand it at all, but merely

behaved as behave all well-mannered people in respect to all complicated and insoluble questions, which on all sides surround life, — they behaved decently, avoiding hints and disagreeable questions. They acted as though they fully comprehended the meaning of the situation, and recognized it and even approved of it, but regarded it as out of place and superfluous to explain it all.

Vrónski guessed at once that Goleníshchev was one of these, and so was doubly glad to see him. Indeed, Goleníshchev behaved before Anna, when he was introduced to her, just as Vrónski would have wished. He apparently without the least effort avoided those conversations which might lead to embarrassment.

He had not known Anna before, and was startled by her beauty and still more by the simplicity with which she bore her situation. She blushed when Vrónski introduced Goleníshchev, and that childlike blush which covered her open, beautiful face pleased him exceedingly. But what gave him especial pleasure was that she, as though on purpose, that there might be no misunderstandings in the presence of a stranger, called Vrónski simply Aleksyáy and said that she was going to move with him to a house, which they had just hired, and which there was called a palazzo. This direct, simple relation to her situation pleased Goleníshchev. As he looked at Anna's good-natured, merry, energetic manner, knowing Aleksándrovich and Vrónski, it seemed to him that he fully understood them. He thought that he fully comprehended what she did not comprehend at all, — how she, having made her husband miserable, having abandoned him and her son, and having lost her good reputation, could feel energetically gay and happy.

"It is mentioned in the guide-book," said Goleníshchev, in reference to the palazzo which Vrónski had rented. "You will find there a beautiful Tintoretto, — from his last period."

"Do you know? The weather is fine,—let us go there to take another look at it," said Vrónski, turning to Anna.

"Very happy to do so. I will go at once and put on my hat. You say it is hot?" she said, stopping at the door and looking interrogatively at Vrónski. And again a bright colour covered her face.

Vrónski saw from her glance that she did not know in what relations he wished to be with Goleníshchev, and that she was afraid that she might act differently from what he wanted her to.

He looked at her with a tender, protracted glance.

"No, not very," he said.

And it seemed to her that she had comprehended it all,—that he was satisfied with her; and, smiling at him, she went out of the door with a rapid gait.

The comrades glanced at each other, and in the countenances of both of them there was embarrassment, as though Goleníshchev, who apparently admired her, wanted to say something about her without finding what to say, and Vrónski wished for it and was afraid of it.

"So it's like this," Vrónski began, to start a conversation. "So you have settled here? And you are still working at the same thing?" he continued, recalling that he had been told that Goleníshchev was writing something.

"Yes, I am writing the second part of 'Two Principles,'" said Goleníshchev, flaming with joy at this question, "that is, to be exact, I am not yet writing it, but getting ready, collecting material. It will be larger and will include almost all questions. In Russia they have not yet come to comprehend that we are the heirs of Byzantium," he began a long, heated discussion.

Vrónski at first felt ill at ease for not knowing even the first part of the "Two Principles," of which the author spoke as of something well known. But later, when Go-

Ieníshchev began to expound his ideas, and Vrónski could follow him, he, even without knowing the "Two Principles," listened not without interest to what Goleníshchev was saying, for he spoke well. But Vrónski was surprised and grieved at the irritable agitation with which Goleníshchev spoke of the subject in which he was interested. The longer he spoke, the more did his eyes flame, the more hurriedly did he retort to imaginary opponents, and the more agitated and offended did the expression of his face become. Vrónski was absolutely unable to understand the causes of this irritation, and did not approve of it. What displeased him most was that Goleníshchev, a man belonging to a good circle, was placing himself on the same level with the scribblers who were irritating him, and was angry at them. Was it worth it? Vrónski did not like that, but, in spite of it, he felt that Goleníshchev was unfortunate, and so pitied him. His misfortune, almost insanity, could be seen in his mobile, fairly good-looking face, as he, not noticing Anna's appearance, continued hurriedly and warmly to expound his ideas.

When Anna came out in her hat and a wrap and, with a rapid motion of her pretty hand playing with her parasol, stopped near him, Vrónski with a feeling of relief tore himself away from the fixed gaze of Goleníshchev's complaining eyes, and with new love looked at his charming friend, who was full of life and joy. Goleníshchev with difficulty regained his composure, and at first was morose and gloomy, but Anna, who was kindly disposed to everybody (such she was at that time), soon revived him with her simple and merry manner. She tried all kinds of subjects and finally led him up to painting, on which he talked very volubly, and she listened to him attentively. They walked as far as the rented house, and examined it.

"I am glad of one thing," Anna said to Goleníshchev, after their return, "Aleksyéy will have a fine *atelier*. Thou must by all means take that room," she said to

Vrónski in Russian, speaking "thou," for she saw that Goleníshchev would be an intimate friend of theirs in their solitude, and that there was no need of concealment before him.

"Do you paint?" Goleníshchev said, turning rapidly around to Vrónski.

"Yes, I used to busy myself with it long ago, and now have begun a little," said Vrónski, blushing.

"He has great talent," Anna said, with a joyous smile. "Of course, I am not a judge. But those who do know have said so."

VIII.

DURING this first period of her liberation and rapid recovery, Anna felt herself unpardonably happy and full of the joy of life. The recollection of her husband's misery did not poison her happiness. On the one hand, this recollection was too terrible to think of. On the other hand, her husband's misery gave her too much happiness to be cause for regrets. The memory of everything that had taken place after her illness, — her reconciliation with her husband, the rupture, the news about Wrónski's wound, his appearance, the preparation for the divorce, the departure from her husband's house, the parting from her son, — all that appeared to her like a feverish dream, from which she had awakened abroad, all alone with Wrónski. The recollection of the wrong done to her husband evoked in her a feeling resembling disgust and akin to what a drowning person must feel, who has pulled off a man who has been dragging him down. Of course it was bad, but it was the only salvation, and it was better not to think of those terrible details.

There was one soothing reflection in regard to her deed that occurred to her then, during the first minute of the rupture, and as she now thought of her past, she recalled this one reflection. "I have unavoidably been the cause of that man's misfortune," she thought, "but I will not make use of this misfortune; I, too, suffer, and will continue to suffer: I am deprived of that which I have valued most, — I am deprived of my good name and of my son. I did wrong, and so do not want any happiness, do not

want any divorce, and will suffer through my disgrace and through my separation from my son." But, no matter how sincere Anna was in her desire to suffer, she did not suffer. There was no disgrace. With that tact, of which both had so much, they abroad avoided Russian ladies, never placed themselves in a false situation, and everywhere met people who pretended that they fully understood their mutual relations much better than they themselves understood them. Even her separation from her son, whom she loved, did not torment her at first. Her daughter, his child, was so sweet and so attracted Anna ever since the girl was left to her, that Anna rarely thought of her son.

The necessity of living, increased through her recovery, was so strong, and the conditions of life were so new and agreeable, that Anna felt unpardonably happy. The more she learned of Vrónski, the more did she love him. She loved him for his own sake and for his love of her. Her full possession of him was a constant joy to her. His nearness was always agreeable to her. All the features of his character, which she came to know better and better, were inexpressibly dear to her. His exterior, which was changed in his civilian clothes, was as attractive to her as to a young woman in love. In everything he said, thought, and did, she saw something unusually noble and exalted. Her delight in him frequently frightened her: she sought, and could not find anything in him that was not beautiful.

She did not dare to show him that she was conscious of her insignificance in comparison with him. It seemed to her that he would stop loving her, if he knew it; and she was afraid of nothing so much—though she had no reasons for that fear—as of losing his love. But she could not help being thankful to him for his relation to her, and showing him how much she appreciated it. He, who, in her opinion, had such a definite fitness for a

statesman's activity, in which he would have played an important rôle, — he had sacrificed his ambition for her, without ever showing the least regret. He was more than ever lovingly respectful to her, and the thought that she some day might feel the awkwardness of her situation did not leave her for a minute. He, such a manly man, in his relations with her not only did not contradict her at any time, but did not even have a will of his own, and was, it seemed, concerned only about how to anticipate her wishes. She could not help appreciating this, though the very straining of his attention to her, that atmosphere of care, with which he surrounded her, now and then weighed heavily upon her.

In the meantime Vrónski, despite the full realization of what he had been wishing for so long, was not entirely happy. He soon felt that the realization of his wish had afforded him only a grain of that mountain of happiness which he had expected. During the first of his union with her, when he put on his civilian's clothes, he experienced the full charm of his freedom in general, which he had not known before, and of the freedom of love, — and he was satisfied, but not for a long time. He soon came to feel that in his soul had risen the desire of desires, — pining. Independently of his will, he began to clutch at each fleeting caprice, mistaking it for a desire and an aim. The sixteen hours of the day had to be filled with something, for they were living abroad in full freedom, outside that circle of the conditions of social life which took up their time in St. Petersburg. He could not even think of the pleasures of his bachelor life, which had interested him in his former journeys abroad, because a mere attempt of this kind had produced an unexpected dejection of spirits in Anna, which was entirely out of proportion with the late supper with a number of acquaintances. Nor could there, on account of the indefiniteness of their situation, be any social intercourse with

the local society or with the Russians. The sightseeing, even if he had not seen everything worthy of notice, did not have for him, as a Russian and an intelligent man, that inexplicable significance that the English generally ascribe to it.

And, as a hungry animal takes hold of every object, hoping to find food in it, so Vrónski quite unconsciously took hold now of politics, now of new books, now of pictures.

As he had had a talent for painting ever since childhood, and as he, not knowing how to spend his money, had begun to collect engravings, he took hold of painting, began to busy himself with it, and put into it his unoccupied store of desires, which demanded gratification.

He had a talent for understanding art and for correctly and tastefully imitating art, and he thought that he had that very thing which a painter needs, and, after wavering for awhile which kind of painting to choose, — whether religious, historical, genre, or realistic, — he began to paint. He understood all styles, and could be inspired by any of them; but he could not imagine that it was possible not to know at all what styles of painting there were, and yet be inspired directly by what was in the soul, without caring whether that which one painted belonged to any particular style. Since he did not know that, and was inspired not directly by life, but indirectly by life as embodied in art, he was inspired very rapidly and very easily, and just as rapidly and easily obtained the result that what he painted resembled very much the particular style which he was trying to imitate.

Most of all he liked the French graceful and effective style, and in this style he began to paint Anna's portrait, in an Italian costume, and the likeness seemed very successful to him and to all who saw it.

IX.

THE old neglected palazzo, with its high stucco-work ceilings and frescoes on the walls, its mosaic floors, heavy curtains of yellow material on high windows, vases on consoles and mantelpieces, carved doors, gloomy halls, and pictures on the walls, — this palazzo, after they had moved into it, by its very quaintness sustained Vrónski in his agreeable delusion that he was not so much a Russian landed proprietor, an ex-equerriy, as an enlightened lover and patron of arts, and himself a modest artist, who had renounced the world, connections, and ambitions for the sake of a woman he loved.

The rôle which Vrónski had chosen upon moving into the palazzo was a success, and, having become acquainted through Goleníshchev with a few interesting persons, he was at first contented. Under the guidance of an Italian professor of painting, he painted studies from Nature and busied himself with mediæval Italian life. This latter had of late such a fascination for Vrónski that he even began to wear his hat and plaid over his shoulder in mediæval style, which was very becoming to him.

“We live and know nothing,” Vrónski once said to Goleníshchev, who came to see him of a morning. “Have you seen Mikháylov’s paintings?” he said, handing him a Russian newspaper which he had received that morning, and pointing to an article about a Russian painter, who was living in the same town, and who had finished a painting, which had been talked about for a long time and had been bought in advance. This article contained cen-

sures on the government and the Academy because such a remarkable artist was deprived of all encouragement and aid.

"I have seen them," replied Goleníshchev. "Of course, he is not without talent, but his direction is all wrong. It is that same Ivánov-Strauss-Rénan relation to Christ and religious art."

"What does the painting represent?" asked Anna.

"Christ before Pilate. Christ is represented as a Jew with all the realism of the new school."

Led up to one of his favourite themes by this question about the contents of the painting, Goleníshchev began to expound his views:

"I cannot understand how they can make such coarse blunders. Christ has already His definite embodiment in the art of the great ancients. Consequently, if they want to represent, not God, but a revolutionary or a wise-acre, let them take out of history Socrates, Franklin, Charlotte Corday, only not Christ. They take the very person that cannot be taken for art, and then —"

"Is it true that this Mikháylov is so poor?" Vrónski asked, thinking that he, as a Russian Mæcenas, ought to help the artist, no matter whether the painting was good or not.

"Hardly. He is a remarkable portrait-painter. Have you seen his portrait of Vasílchikova? But, it seems, he does not want to paint portraits, and so he may really be in straightened circumstances. I tell you that —"

"Can't he be asked to make a portrait of Anna Arkádevña?" said Vrónski.

"Why mine?" said Anna. "After yours I do not want any other portrait. You had better get Annie's" (so she called her daughter). "Here she is," she added, looking through the window at the pretty Italian wet-nurse, who had taken the child into the garden, and immediately casting a stealthy glance at Vrónski. The

pretty wet-nurse, whose head Vrónski was painting for his picture, was the one secret sorrow in Anna's life. While painting it, Vrónski had been admiring her beauty and mediævalism, and Anna did not dare to acknowledge to herself that she was afraid of being jealous of this nurse, and so took special pains to be kind to her and spoiled her and her little son.

Vrónski, too, looked out of the window and into Anna's eyes and, immediately turning to Goleníshchev, said :

"And do you know this Mikháylov?"

"I have met him. But he is an original, and without any culture. You know, he is one of those savage new men whom one meets nowadays quite often; you know, one of those freethinkers who are *d'emblée* educated in the ideas of unbelief, negation, and materialism. Formerly," spoke Goleníshchev, not noticing, or not wishing to notice, that Anna and Vrónski wanted to speak, "formerly a freethinker used to be a man who had been educated in the conceptions of religion, the law of morality, and who himself through struggle and labour had arrived at free-thought; but now there has arisen a new type of spontaneous freethinkers, who grow up without having heard that there are such things as laws of morality and religion and that there have been authorities, — who simply grow up in the conceptions of the negation of everything, — that is, as savages. He is such a man. He is, I think, the son of a Moscow head lackey, and has received no education. When he entered the Academy and had made a reputation for himself, he, being a clever man, wanted to get an education. And he turned to that which he took to be the fountain of culture, to the magazines. You see, of old a man who wanted to get an education, let us say a Frenchman, would have begun by studying the classics, — the theologians, the tragedians, the historians, the philosophers, — and you see the whole mental labour that was in store for him. But with us he directly fell upon the

negating literature, very quickly appropriated to himself all the extracts from the negating sciences, and there he is. But that is not all. Some twenty years ago he would have found in this literature signs of a struggle with authorities, with conceptions of centuries, and he would have understood from this struggle that there used to be something different; but now he simply strikes such as no longer condescend to discuss the ancient conceptions, but simply say, 'There is nothing, evolution, natural selection, struggle for existence,' — and all that. In my article — "

"Do you know," said Anna, who had for quite awhile been exchanging glances with Vrónski, and who knew that Vrónski was not interested in the education of that artist, but was only thinking of how to help him and order a portrait of him. "Do you know what?" She interrupted Goleníshchev, with determination. "Let us go to see him!"

Goleníshchev calmed down, and gave his ready assent. But, as the artist lived in a distant quarter, it was decided to take a carriage.

An hour later Anna, sitting with Goleníshchev and Vrónski on the front seat, drove up to a new, homely house in a distant part of the town. Having learned from the janitor's wife, who came out to meet them, that Mikháylov admitted visitors to his studio, but that he now was in his apartments, which were a few steps off, they sent her to him with their visiting-cards, asking his permission to look at his paintings.

X.

ARTIST MIKHÁYLOV, as was always the case, was at work when Count Vrónski's and Goleníshchev's cards were brought to him. In the morning he had been working in his studio on a large painting. When he came home, he grew angry at his wife because she did not know how to treat the landlady, who asked for money.

"I have told you twenty times; don't enter into explanations. You are a stupid as it is, and when you begin to explain yourself in Italian, you are a threefold stupid," he said to her after a long quarrel.

"Then don't let it go so long, — it is not my fault. If I had money —"

"Leave me alone, for God's sake!" Mikháylov exclaimed with tears in his voice. Closing his ears, he went to his workroom beyond the partition, and closed the door after him. "Senseless woman!" he said to himself, and, seating himself at the table, he opened his portfolio and with great zeal went to work on a picture which he had begun.

He never worked with such eagerness and success as when things went badly with him and especially when he quarrelled with his wife. "Oh, if I could just go through the floor!" he thought, continuing to work. He was making a drawing for the figure of a man who was in a fit of anger. He had made a drawing before, but he was not satisfied with it. "No, the other is better — Where is it?" He went to his wife and, scowling, and not looking at her, asked his eldest daughter where the

paper was which he had given them. The piece of paper with the rejected drawing was found, but it was soiled and had stearine blotches on it. He none the less took the drawing, put it on his table, and, walking a distance away and half-closing his eyes, began to look at it. Suddenly he smiled and joyously waved his hands.

"That's it, that's it!" he muttered, and, taking up his pencil, began to work rapidly. The stearine spot gave the man a new attitude.

He was drawing this new attitude when he suddenly recalled the energetic face of a merchant with a prominent chin, from whom he bought his cigars, and he gave that man a face and chin of the form of the merchant's. He laughed from joy. The figure, which had been a mere invention and dead, now became alive, such as it was impossible farther to change. This figure lived, and was clearly and unmistakably defined. It was possible to correct this drawing in conformity with the demands of this figure; it was possible, and even necessary, to place the legs differently, entirely to change the position of the left arm, to throw back the hair. But, in making these changes, he did not change the figure, but only rejected what concealed it. He, as it were, took off those coverings, behind which it could not be seen in its entirety; each new line gave only more expression to its energetic power, just such as it had suddenly appeared to him under the effect of the stearine spot. He was carefully finishing his figure when the cards were brought to him.

"Directly, directly!"

He went to his wife.

"Well, stop, Sásha, don't be angry!" he said to her, timidly, and smiling tenderly. "It was your fault. It was my fault. I will fix it all." And, having made up with his wife, he put on his olive overcoat with a velvet collar and his hat, and went to the studio. His well-drawn figure was now forgotten by him. What now gave

him pleasure and agitated him was the visit of these distinguished Russians, who had come in a carriage to see his studio.

About his painting, the one that now was standing on his easel, he, in the depth of his soul, had but one opinion, and that was that no one had ever painted anything like it. He did not imagine that this painting was better than all those by Raphael, but he knew that what he had intended to transmit in this painting had never before been expressed by any one. That he knew for certain, and that he had known for a long time, ever since he had begun to paint it; but the opinions of people, whatever they might be, none the less had a great importance for him, and agitated him to the depth of his soul. Every remark, even the most insignificant, which showed that the judges saw even a small part of what he saw in this painting, agitated him to the depth of his soul. He always ascribed a greater depth of understanding to his judges than he himself possessed, and all the time expected something from them which he himself had not seen in his painting. And it seemed to him that this he frequently found in the judgments of spectators.

He walked rapidly toward the door of his studio, and, in spite of his agitation, the soft illumination of the figure of Anna, who was standing in the shadow of the entrance and listening to Goleníshchev speaking with warmth, and who evidently wanted to scan the approaching artist, startled him. He did not notice himself how, in approaching them, he seized upon and swallowed this impression, just as he had done with the cigar merchant's chin, and hid it in some place from which he would take it out when the proper time for it came.

The visitors, who were disenchanted before by Goleníshchev's account of the artist, now were still more disappointed by his looks. Of medium stature, thick-set, with a swaggering motion, Mikháylov, in his brown hat, olive

overcoat, and tight pantaloons, when everybody else wore wide ones, but especially by the vulgarity of his broad face and the combination of an expression of timidity and a desire to preserve his dignity, produced a disagreeable impression.

"Be pleased to enter," he said, trying to look indifferent. Entering the vestibule, he took a key out of his pocket and unlocked the door.

XI.

UPON entering the studio, Mikháylov once more surveyed his guests and in his imagination made a note of the expression of Vrónski's face, especially of his cheek-bones. Although his artistic feeling did not stop working, collecting material for himself, and although he felt an ever increasing agitation because the minute was approaching when an opinion would be passed on his work, he from imperceptible signs rapidly and correctly formed an idea of these three persons.

That one (Goleníshchev) was a Russian of this town. Mikháylov did not remember his name, nor where he had met him, nor what they had talked about. He remembered only his face, as he remembered all faces which he had ever seen, but he remembered at the same time that it was one of those faces which in his imagination were put away in the immense division of the falsely important and weak in expression. His long hair and very high forehead gave an external importance to the face, in which there was a small, childish, restless expression, concentrated above the narrow bridge of the nose.

Vrónski and Anna, according to Mikháylov's combination, must be distinguished and rich Russians, who had no idea about art, like all those rich Russians, who pretended to be lovers and judges of art. "No doubt they have taken in all the ancients, and now are visiting the studios of the moderns, the German charlatan, the English idiot of a Pre-Raphaelite, and now have come to see me for completeness' sake," he thought. He knew very well the manner of the dilettanti (the more intelligent, the worse)

to examine the studios of contemporary artists for no other reason than that they might have a right to say that modern art has fallen, and that the more they looked at the moderns, the better they saw how inimitable the great masters of the past remained.

All that he expected, all that he saw in their faces and in that indifferent carelessness with which they talked among themselves, looked at the manikins and busts, and freely wandered about, waiting for him to uncover his painting. But, in spite of it, while he turned his studies, raised the blinds, and took down the sheet, he was greatly agitated, the more so since — though all distinguished, rich Russians in his opinion were beasts and fools — Wrónski, and especially Anna, pleased him.

"If you please, here it is," he said, walking to one side with a swaggering motion, and pointing to the picture. This is *Pilate Admonished, Matthew, Chapter XXVII.*," he said, feeling that his lips were beginning to tremble from agitation. He stepped aside and behind them.

During the few seconds that the visitors silently looked at the painting, Mikháylov, too, looked at it, but with an indifferent, absent glance. In these few seconds he believed in advance that the highest, justest opinion would be passed by them, those very visitors, whom he had so despised a minute ago. He forgot everything he had thought of his painting in the three years that he had painted it; he forgot all its good points, which to him were indubitable, — he saw the painting with their indifferent, absent, new glance, and saw nothing good in it. In the foreground he saw Pilate's vexed face and Christ's calm countenance, and in the background the figures of Pilate's servants and John's face watching the proceedings. Each face, which had grown up in him with its distinct character, after so much searching, so many errors and corrections; each face, which had caused him so much torment and joy; all these faces, which had so often been

changed around in order to preserve the ensemble ; all the shades of colouring and tints, which he had obtained after so much trouble, — all that taken together, now that he looked with their eyes, seemed to him trite and a thousand times repeated. The face he most valued, that of Christ, the centre of the picture, which had given him such a pang of delight when he had discovered it, was all lost to him when he looked at the painting with their eyes. He saw a well-painted (not even well-painted, — he now saw a mass of blunders) repetition of those numberless Christs of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and the same soldiers and Pilate. All that was trite, poor, and old, and even badly painted, — gaudy and weak. They would be right if they said feignedly polite things in the presence of the artist and later laughed at him, when they should be left alone.

This silence was getting too oppressive to him, though it lasted not more than a minute. To break it and to show that he was not agitated, he made an effort over himself and turned to Goleníshchev.

"It seems to me I have had the pleasure of meeting you," he said to him, looking restlessly now at Anna, and now at Vrónski, in order not to lose one single line in the expression of their faces.

"Indeed, we met at Rossi's ; you remember on that evening the Italian lady — a new Rachel — was declaiming," Goleníshchev began to speak freely, turning his eyes without the least regret away from the painting and addressing the artist.

Noticing, however, that Mikháylov was waiting for an opinion on that painting, he said :

"Your painting has greatly advanced since I saw it the last time. And as then, so even now, I am particularly struck by the figure of Pilate. One actually sees in him a good, fine fellow, but an official to the bottom of his heart, who does not know what he is doing. But it seems to me —"

Mikháylov's whole mobile face suddenly began to beam ; his eyes sparkled. He wanted to say something, but could not speak from agitation, and he pretended that he was clearing his throat. No matter how low he estimated Goleníshchev's comprehension of art ; no matter how insignificant the just remark was about the correct expression of Pilate as an official ; no matter how offensive it might have seemed to him to hear one mention first such an insignificant thing, when the most important features were not mentioned, — Mikháylov was delighted at this remark. He himself had the same opinion about Pilate's figure which was held by Goleníshchev. The fact that it was only one of a million observations, all of which, Mikháylov was firmly convinced, would be true, did not diminish the significance of Goleníshchev's remark. He took a liking to Goleníshchev for this observation, and from dejection suddenly passed over to transport. Immediately the whole picture took life before him, with all the inexpressible complexity of everything living. Mikháylov again tried to say that he himself understood Pilate in that way ; but his lips trembled disobediently, and he was not able to speak. Vrónski and Anna, too, were saying something in a soft voice, in which, partly in order not to offend the artist, and partly in order not to utter loudly some stupidity, which it is so easy to do in talking about art, people generally speak at the exhibition of pictures. It seemed to Mikháylov that the painting had produced an impression upon them. He walked over to them.

"How wonderful Christ's expression is!" said Anna. Of everything she saw, this expression pleased her more than anything else, and she felt that this was the centre of the picture, and that therefore this praise would be agreeable to the artist. "It is evident that He is sorry for Pilate."

That was again one of a million correct observations,

which it was possible to find in his painting and in Christ's figure. She had said that He pitied Pilate. In Christ's expression there had to be pity, because there was in him the expression of love, unearthly calm, readiness for death, and consciousness of the vanity of words. Of course, there was the expression of the official in Pilate and of pity in Christ, since one was the personification of the carnal, as the other was of the spiritual, life. All that and many other things flashed through Mikháylov's brain. And again his face brightened with transport.

"Yes, and how this figure is painted, how much atmosphere. You can walk around it," said Goleníshchev, apparently showing by this remark that he did not approve of the contents and the idea of the figure.

"Yes, wonderful mastery!" said Vrónski. "How these figures stand out from the background! This is technique," he said, turning to Goleníshchev, hinting at a conversation which they had had, when Vrónski had expressed his despair in ever acquiring that technique.

"Yes, yes, wonderful!" Goleníshchev and Anna confirmed him.

In spite of the excited state in which he was, the remark about the technique gnawed painfully at Mikháylov's heart, and he suddenly scowled, looking angrily at Vrónski. He had frequently heard that word "technique," and absolutely failed to understand what it was they meant by this word. He knew that what was meant by this term was the mechanical ability to paint and draw, quite independently of the contents. He had frequently observed, as in the present praise, that technique was opposed to the inner worth, as though it was possible to paint well that which was bad. He knew that it took much attention and care, in order, in removing the coatings, not to injure the production itself, and in order to remove all the coatings; but in this there was no art, no technique whatever. If a little child or his cook had revealed to them what he

saw, they too would be able to shell out what he saw. But the most expert and skilful technical artist would not be able to paint anything by his mere mechanical ability, if the limits of the contents were not first revealed to him. Besides, he saw that when it came to talking about technique, he could not be praised for it. In everything he had been painting, he saw startling defects, due to the carelessness with which he had taken off the coatings, and which he now could no longer mend without injuring the whole production. On nearly all the figures and faces he saw remnants of badly removed coatings, which spoiled the picture.

"One thing that may be said, if you will permit me to make this remark —" began Goleníshchev.

"Oh, I am very glad, and ask you to make it," said Mikháylov, with a feigned smile.

"And that is that He is with you a man God, and not a God man. Of course, I know that that was what you wanted."

"I could not paint the Christ who is not in my soul," Mikháylov said, gloomily.

"Yes, but in that case, if you will permit me to express my thought — Your picture is so good that my remark cannot hurt it, and, besides, this is only my personal view. With you it is something different. The motive itself is different. But let us take, say, Ivánov. I take it that if Christ has been reduced to the level of a historical person, it would have been better for Ivánov to choose a different theme, a fresh, untouched theme."

"But if this is the greatest theme which presents itself to art?"

"If one looked for them, other themes would be found. But the point is that art does not brook discussions and reflections, while with Ivánov's picture the question arises, both to the believer and the unbeliever, 'Is it a God, or not?' and the unity of the impression is destroyed."

“Why should it be? It seems to me that for cultured people,” said Mikháylov, “there can no longer exist any doubt.”

Goleníshchev did not agree to that and, sticking to his former idea about the unity of impression necessary for art, vanquished Mikháylov.

Mikháylov was agitated, but was unable to say anything in defence of his thought.

XII.

ANNA and Vrónski had been exchanging glances for quite awhile, regretting their friend's clever garrulousness; finally Vrónski, without waiting for the host, went over to another, smaller picture.

"Oh, how charming, how charming! Wonderful! How charming!" they said, in one voice.

"What is it that has given them so much pleasure?" thought Mikháylov. He had forgotten about that picture which he had painted three years before. He had forgotten all the sufferings and transports which he had gone through with that picture, when for several months he had incessantly, day and night, busied himself with it, — had forgotten that he always forgot his finished pictures. He did not even like to look at it, and had exhibited it only because he was expecting an Englishman, who intended to buy it.

"That is just an old study," he said.

"How beautiful!" said Goleníshchev, who, too, had apparently come sincerely under the spell of this picture.

Two boys were fishing with angling-rods in the shade of a willow. The elder boy had just thrown in his line and was carefully taking the float past the bush, all absorbed in his work, while the other, younger than he, was lying in the grass, leaning his tousled blond head on his hands, and looking with his pensive blue eyes at the water. What was he thinking about?

The enthusiasm expressed before this picture stirred in Mikháylov his former agitation. but he feared and did

not like this idle feeling for the past, and so, though these praises pleased him, he wanted to draw the attention of his visitors to a third picture.

But Vrónski asked whether the picture was not for sale. For Mikháylov, who was all excited by his visitors, it was very distasteful now to speak of monetary affairs.

"It is exhibited for sale," he replied, scowling gloomily.

When the visitors had left, Mikháylov sat down in front of the painting of Pilate and Christ, and in his imagination repeated what had been said about it and what, though unsaid, had been in the minds of these visitors. And strange to say, that which had such weight with him while they were present, and when he mentally transferred himself to their point of view, suddenly lost all meaning for him. He began to look at his picture with his whole artistic eye, and arrived at a state of confidence in the perfection and, therefore, in the importance of his picture, which he needed for that tension which excluded all other interests, and under which alone he was able to work.

Christ's leg was not exactly right in the foreshortening. He took his palette and began to work. As he corrected the leg, he kept looking at John's figure in the background, which the visitors had not taken note of, but which, he knew, was the acme of perfection. Having finished the leg, he wanted to take up that figure, but he felt too agitated for that. He was equally unable to work when he was cold or when he was too deeply touched and saw things too well. There was only one stage in this transition from cold to inspiration, when work was possible for him. But on that day he was too much agitated. He wanted to cover the picture, but he stopped and, holding the sheet with his hand and smiling blissfully, for a long time looked at John's figure. Finally, as though tearing himself regretfully away, he pulled down the sheet, and weary, but happy, went to his house.

Vrónski, Anna, and Goleníshchev were exceedingly animated and merry on their way home. They talked about Mikháylov and his pictures. The word "talent," by which they meant an inborn, almost physical, ability, independent of mind and heart, and by which they wished to name everything that the artist was experiencing, occurred quite frequently in their conversation, for they needed it in order to name that of which they did not have the slightest conception, but still wanted to talk about. They said that it could not be denied that he had talent, but that his talent did not have a chance to get developed for lack of education, — the common misfortune of our Russian artists. But the picture with the boys had made an impression upon them, and they willy-nilly returned to it again and again. "How charming! How well he did it, and how simple! He does not himself know how nice it is. Yes, I must not miss it, — I must buy it," said Vrónski.

XIII.

MIKHÁYLOV sold Vrónski his picture, and agreed to paint Anna's portrait. He came on the appointed day, and began to work.

Beginning with the fifth sitting the portrait struck everybody, especially Vrónski, not only by its likeness, but also by its peculiar beauty. It was strange how Mikháylov could have discovered that particular beauty. "It was necessary to know and love her, in order to discover that sweet, spiritual expression of hers," thought Vrónski, though it was only through the portrait that he discovered that sweet, spiritual expression. But this expression was so true, that it appeared to him and to others as though they had known it long ago.

"I have been struggling so long, and have not achieved anything," he said about his portrait, "and he only looked at her, and got it done. That's what technique means!"

"It will come," Goleníshchev consoled him, being convinced that Vrónski had talent and, above all, culture, which gave an elevated view of art. Goleníshchev's conviction in regard to Vrónski's talent was also supported by this, that he needed Vrónski's sympathy and praises for his articles and ideas, and he felt that the praises and the support ought to be mutual.

In a strange house, especially in Vrónski's palazzo, Mikháylov was an entirely different man from what he was in his studio. He was inimically respectful, as though fearing to get on an intimate footing with people whom he did not respect. He addressed Vrónski as

"Your Serenity," and, in spite of Anna's and Vrónski's invitations, never remained to dinner, and never came except to the sittings. Anna was kinder to him than to any one else, and grateful to him for her portrait. Vrónski was more than civil to him, and apparently was interested in his judgment about his picture. Goleníshchev never let an opportunity slip to impress Mikháylov with the proper conceptions of art. But Mikháylov remained equally cold to all. Anna felt by his glance that he liked to look at her, but he avoided talking with her. In response to Vrónski's remarks about his art, he kept stubborn silence, and he was as stubbornly silent when Vrónski's picture was shown to him, and obviously was annoyed by Goleníshchev's talk, and made no replies to him.

Altogether Mikháylov, with his reserved and disagreeable, almost hostile, attitude, did not please them, when they came to know him better. And they were glad when the sittings were over: they had a beautiful portrait, and he stopped visiting them.

Goleníshchev was the first to express the idea, which all had, that Mikháylov was simply jealous of Vrónski.

"Let us say he does not envy, because he has *talent*; but it vexes him to see that a courtier and a rich man, a count at that (they hate all that), is doing the same without the least difficulty, perhaps even better than he, who has devoted his whole life to it. Especially the education, which he has not."

Vrónski defended Mikháylov, but in the depth of his soul he believed Goleníshchev because, according to his thinking, a man of another, lower world must envy him.

Anna's portrait, — one and the same, and painted from nature by him and by Mikháylov, ought to have shown Vrónski the difference between himself and Mikháylov; but he did not see it. After Mikháylov had finished his portrait, he stopped painting Anna, having concluded that

it was superfluous now. However, he continued to work on his picture of mediæval life. And he himself, and Goleníshchev, and especially Anna, found that it was very good, because it more nearly resembled famous paintings than did Mikháylov's.

In the meantime Mikháylov, in spite of the fact that Anna's portrait had fascinated him, was even more glad than they that the sittings were ended, and he no longer needed to hear Goleníshchev's discourses about art, and could forget all about Vrónski's painting. He knew that he could not forbid Vrónski's pampering himself with art; he knew that he, like all dilettanti, had the full right to paint what they pleased, — still it was annoying to him. A man could not be prohibited from making for himself a big doll of wax, and kissing it. But if this man came with his doll and seated himself in front of a lover and began to caress his doll, as a lover caresses the woman he loves, the lover would be vexed. It was just such annoyance that Mikháylov experienced at the sight of Vrónski's art; he felt amused, and annoyed, and sorry, and offended.

Vrónski's infatuation for painting and the Middle Ages did not last long. He had so much taste in art that he could not finish his picture. The picture just came to a standstill. He had a dim presentiment that its defects, not very noticeable in the beginning, would become striking, if he continued to work on it. The same happened to him as to Goleníshchev, who felt that he had nothing to say, and who kept deceiving himself with the belief that his idea had not yet matured, and that he was keeping it in mind and preparing material. But while Goleníshchev was furious and tormented by it, Vrónski could not deceive and torment himself, or get enraged at all. He simply, with his characteristic determination, without giving any explanations or justifying himself, stopped busying himself with painting.

But, without this occupation, his life and that of Anna, who was surprised at his disenchantment, appeared to them so dull in the Italian town; the palazzo suddenly became so obviously old and dirty; the spots on the curtains, the cracks in the floors, the broken stucco of the cornices, were such an eyesore; and always the same Goleníshchev, the Italian professor, and German traveller had become so tiresome, that it was necessary to make a change in life. They decided to go to Russia, to live in the country. In St. Petersburg Vrónski intended to divide the estate with his brother, while Anna would see her son. The summer they intended to pass in Vrónski's large homestead.

XIV.

LEVÍN had been married for three months. He was happy, but not in the sense in which he had expected it. At every step he found disappointments in his former dreams, and a new unexpected enchantment. He was happy, but, upon entering into his domestic life, he saw at every step that it was not at all what he had imagined it to be. He experienced at every step what a man might experience who, admiring the smooth, happy motion of a boat on a lake, should seat himself in it. He saw that it was not sufficient to sit erect without rocking, but that it was necessary to figure out, without forgetting himself for a moment, whither to row; that the water was below, and that it was necessary to propel himself; and that the unaccustomed hands smarted; that it was easy to look on, but that to do it was very hard, even though it afforded much pleasure.

When he had been a bachelor and had looked at other people's domestic lives, with their petty cares, quarrels, and jealousy, he had only smiled contemptuously in his soul. In his future marital life there not only could not be, he was convinced, anything resembling it, but even all the external forms, it seemed to him, would in no way resemble those in the lives of others.

And suddenly, instead, his life with his wife not only had not assumed any especial forms, but, on the contrary, was composed of those same petty trifles, which he had despised so much before, but which now, against his will, received an unusual, incontrovertible importance. And

Levín saw that the arrangement of all those details was not at all so easy as he had imagined before.

Although Levín assumed that he had most exact ideas about domestic life, he, like all men, involuntarily imagined it only as an enjoyment of love from which nothing was to detract, and from which he was not to be deflected by petty cares. According to his opinion, he was to do his work, and rest from it in the happiness of love. She was to be loved, and that was all.

But, like all men, he forgot that she, too, had to work. And he marvelled how she, that poetical, charming Kitty, could, not only in the first weeks, but even in the first days of their married life, think, remember, and worry about the table-cloths, the furniture, the mattresses for guests, the tray, the cook, the dinner, and so on. Even while he was a bachelor he had been amazed by that definiteness with which she had refused to go abroad and had decided to go into the country, as though she knew something that had to be done, and outside her love could think also of extraneous matters. That had offended him then, and even now her petty cares and worries had offended him several times. But he saw that all that was necessary for her.

And he, loving her, could not help but admire her cares, himself not knowing why, and ridiculing them. He laughed when he saw her place the furniture which was brought from Moscow, and fixing up his room and hers in a new way, and hanging the curtains, and arranging the future apartments for the guests and for Dolly, and getting the room ready for her new maid, and giving the old cook orders about the dinner, and entering into discussions with Agáfyá Mikháylovna and keeping her away from the larder. He saw that the old cook laughed, looking at her in delight and listening to her queer, impossible orders; he saw that Agáfyá Mikháylovna pensively and kindly shook her head at the new orders of the young

mistress in the pantry; he saw that Kitty was uncommonly sweet when she, laughing and weeping, came to inform him that maid Másha was in the habit of looking upon her as a young lady, and so nobody would obey her. This seemed sweet, but strange to him, and he thought that it would be better without it.

He did not appreciate that feeling of change which she experienced now, since formerly, at home, she might have wanted, say, some cabbage with kvas, or candy, and neither the one nor the other was to be had, while now she could order anything she pleased, buy stacks of candy, spend as much money as she wanted, and order any pastry whatsoever.

She now dreamed with joy of Dolly's arrival with her children, especially because she would be able to order for each child its favourite pastry, and Dolly would appreciate her new arrangement. She herself did not know why or wherefore, but the housekeeping had an irresistible attraction for her. Feeling instinctively the approach of spring, and knowing that there would be also stormy days, she was making her nest as well as she knew how and was hurrying at the same time to make it and to learn how to do it.

This petty anxiety of Kitty, so contrary to Levín's exalted ideal of happiness in his first period, was one of his disenchantments, and this sweet anxiety, the meaning of which he did not comprehend, but could not help loving, was one of his new enchantments.

The other disenchantment and enchantment were their quarrels. Levín had never been able to imagine that between him and his wife there could be any other relations than those of tenderness, respect, and love, and yet they had a quarrel the very first few days, when she said that he did not love her, but himself only, and burst out weeping, and waved her hands in despair.

Their first quarrel was due to the fact that Levín had

gone to a new out-farm and had come back half an hour too late, having lost his way in his attempt to find a shorter way back. He was driving home, thinking all the time of her, of her love, of his happiness, and the nearer he came, the more did his tenderness flame up for her. He rushed into the house with the same sentiment, which was even stronger than what he felt the time he arrived at the house of the Shcherbátskis, in order to propose to her. And suddenly he was met by a dejected expression, such as he had never before seen in her. He wanted to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

“What is the matter?”

“You are enjoying yourself —” she began, wishing to be calmly sarcastic.

But the moment she opened her mouth reproachful words of senseless jealousy, of everything which had tormented her during that half-hour, which she had passed motionless at the window, broke loose from her. He then for the first time understood clearly what he had not understood when, after the wreathing, he had taken her from the church. He saw that she was not only near to him, but that he himself did not know where she ended and he began. He understood it from that tormenting feeling of doubling, which he experienced at that time. In the first moment he was offended, but that very second he felt that he could not be offended by her, because she was he himself. During that first moment he experienced a sensation, such as a man experiences when, having received a heavy blow from behind, he angrily turns around with the desire of revenge, in order to discover the guilty person, and convinces himself that it was he who had accidentally struck himself, that there was no cause for being angry, and that the pain must be borne and allayed.

He never again felt this with such force, but on that occasion he could not for a long time regain his composure. A natural feeling demanded of him that he should

justify himself and prove her guilt to her ; but to prove her guilt would mean to irritate her even more and to widen the breach which was the cause of all the sorrow. One habitual feeling urged him to take the guilt off himself and transfer it to her ; another, a stronger feeling, urged him to smooth matters over as quickly as possible, without giving the breach a chance to become widened. It was painful to remain under such an unjust accusation, but it was still worse to pain her by justifying himself. Like a man half-asleep and tortured by pain, he wanted to tear off and throw away the ailing spot, but, coming to his senses, he felt that the ailing spot was he himself. All that was necessary to do was to help the ailing spot bear the pain, and this he tried to do.

They made up. Being conscious of her guilt, though she did not tell him so, she became more tender to him, and they experienced a new, doubled happiness of love. But this did not keep the conflicts from being repeated, and very often at that, from most unexpected and insignificant causes. These conflicts were frequently due to the fact that they did not yet know what was of importance for each other, and that during that first period they both frequently were in ill humour. When one was in good humour, and the other out of sorts, their peace was not disturbed ; but when they both happened to be in ill humour, their conflicts arose from incomprehensible, insignificant causes, so that they later were absolutely unable to make out what they had been quarrelling about. Of course, when both of them were in a happy frame of mind, their joy of life was doubled. Still, at first they had a hard time of it.

During all that first period they felt very vividly the tension, as it were, a jerking toward one side or the other, of the chain by which they were united. Altogether, that honeymoon, that is, the first month after their wedding, of which, from hearsay, Levín had expected so

much, was not only far from being honeyed, but remained in their memories as a most oppressive and humiliating period of their lives. Both of them alike tried in later life to blot from their memories all the monstrous, disgraceful circumstances of that unhealthy time, when they were rarely in a normal mood, — rarely themselves.

Only in the third month of their married life, after their return from Moscow, whither they went for a month did their life become more even.

XV.

THEY had just come back from Moscow, and were glad to be left alone. He sat in the cabinet at a writing-table and wrote. She, in the same dark lilac dress, which she had worn during the first days of her wedded life, and which she now put on again, sat on a sofa, the same ancient leather sofa which had been standing in his grandfather's and father's cabinet, and worked on some English embroidery.

He was thinking and writing, feeling her presence all the time. His occupations, both with the farm and with the book, in which he was going to lay down the foundations of the new agriculture, had not been abandoned by him; but, as formerly his occupations and ideas had appeared to him small and insignificant in comparison with the darkness which had covered his whole life, so they now seemed unimportant and small in comparison with the life before him, which was bathed in the bright light of happiness. He continued his occupations, but now felt that the centre of gravity of his attention had passed to something else, and that therefore he now looked differently and more clearly at the whole matter. Formerly this matter had been to him a salvation from life. Formerly he used to feel that without this work his life would be too gloomy. Now his occupations were necessary for him, in order that life might not be too monotonously bright.

Again taking up his papers and reading over what he had written, he found to his pleasure that the business was

worth being attended to. Many of his former ideas appeared superfluous and radical to him, and many lacunæ became clear to him, as he refreshed the whole matter in his memory. He was now writing a new chapter on the causes of the unfavourable condition of agriculture in Russia. He was trying to prove that the poverty of Russia was due not only to the irregular distribution of landed property and to a false tendency, but that it had been aided of late by the external civilization with which Russia had been abnormally inoculated, especially by the roads of communication, the railroads, which had brought in their train the centralization in the cities, the development of luxury, and, in consequence of it, and to the injury of agriculture, the development of manufacturing industries, of the credit system, and of its concomitant, — the stock exchange gambling. It seemed to him that, with a normal development of a country's wealth, all these phenomena made their appearance only when considerable labour had already been spent on agriculture, and when it had entered on regular, at least on definite, conditions; that the wealth of a country must grow evenly, especially in such a way that the other branches of wealth should not get ahead of agriculture; that the roads of communication ought to correspond to a given state of agriculture; that with our irregular exploitation of the soil, the railways, which had been called into existence not by economical, but by political necessity, were premature, and, instead of promoting agriculture, which all had expected of them, they got the start of agriculture and, calling forth the development of the industries and of credit, arrested it; and that, just as a one-sided and premature development of one organ in an animal would be a hindrance to its general development, so, for the general development of Russia's wealth, the credit, the roads of communication, the intensified manufacturing activity, unquestionably necessary for Europe, where they were timely, had with us only

done harm, by removing the chief pressing question of the organization of agriculture.

While he was writing on his book, she was thinking of how unnaturally attentive her husband had been to the young Prince Chárski, who had very tactlessly paid her attention on the day previous to their departure. "He is jealous, that's it," she thought. "O Lord! How sweet and silly he is! He is jealous of me! If he only knew that they all are nothing more to me than Peter the cook," she thought, looking with a strange feeling of proprietorship at the back of his head and his red neck. "Though it is a pity to tear him away from his occupation (Oh, he will have time for it!), I must see his face; will he feel that I am looking at him? I want him to turn around — I want it, yes!" and she opened her eyes wider, wishing thus to increase the action of her glance.

"Yes, they divert to themselves all the sap and give a false lustre," he muttered, stopping in his writing, and, feeling that she was looking at him and smiling, he turned around.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling, and getting up.

"He did turn around," she thought.

"Nothing, I just wanted you to turn around," she said, looking at him and trying to make out whether he was annoyed, or not, for being disturbed.

"How happy we two are together! That is, I at least," he said, walking over to her, and beaming with a smile of happiness.

"I am so happy! I won't go anywhere, least of all to Moscow."

"What have you been thinking about?"

"I? I have been thinking — No, no, go, write! Don't divert your attention," she said, puckering her lips, "and I, you see, have to cut these little holes."

She took the scissors, and began to cut.

"Yes, do tell me, what was it?" he said, seating him-

self near her, and following the circular motion of the small scissors.

"Oh, what have I been thinking about? I was thinking of Moscow, and of the back of your head."

"Why should I have such happiness? It's unnatural. It is too good," he said, kissing her hand.

"I, on the contrary, feel that the better, the more natural it is."

"You have a little braid here," he said, carefully turning her head around. "A little braid. Here it is, you see. No, no, let us attend to business!"

But the business was not attended to, and they leaped away from each other like guilty persons, when Kuzmá came in to inform them that tea was served.

"And have they come from town?" Levín asked Kuzmá.

"They have just come, — they are taking the things out."

"Come at once," she said, leaving his cabinet, "or I will read the letters without you. And let us play a piece for four hands!"

When he was left alone, he put away all his note-books in the new portfolio which she had bought for him, and washed his hands in the new wash-stand with the new, elegant appurtenances, which had all made their appearance with her. Levín smiled at his thoughts and disapprovingly shook his head at them; a feeling akin to despair was tormenting him. There was something shameful, effeminate, Capua-like, as he called it, in his present life. "It is not good to continue living that way," he thought. "Three months have almost passed, and I have hardly done a thing. To-day was almost the first time that I began to work in earnest, and what? I just began, and threw it away again. I have even almost abandoned my habitual work. I hardly go out to look after the farm. Now I hate to leave, and now again I

see that she is lonely. And I used to think that life before marriage barely creeps on and does not count, and that after marriage the real life would begin. And here three months have very nearly passed, and I have never before passed my time so idly and so uselessly. No, that won't do, — I must begin. Of course, she is not to blame. I cannot reproach her for anything. I ought to have been firmer myself, — I ought to have hedged in my manly independence. Else I might get used to it, and accustom her too — Of course, it is not her fault — ” he said to himself.

But it is hard for a discontented man not to accuse somebody else, especially the one who is nearest to him, of what he is dissatisfied with. And Levín had a dim idea that it was not exactly she who was to blame (she could not be blamed for anything), but her education, which was too superficial and frivolous (“that fool of a Chárski: I know, she wanted to stop him, but did not know how”). “Yes, besides her interest in the house (that she has), besides her toilet, and besides the English embroidery, she has no serious interests, neither interest in her work, in the housekeeping, in the peasants, nor in the music, in which she is pretty good, nor in the reading. She is doing nothing, and is completely satisfied.” Levín in his heart censured this, and did not yet understand that she was preparing herself for that period of activity which was soon to arrive for her, when she would at one and the same time be her husband's wife, and the lady of the house, and would bear, nurse, and bring up children. He did not understand it, but she felt it instinctively, and, preparing herself for that terrible labour, did not rebuke herself for the moments of idleness and happiness of love, which she now enjoyed, merrily making her future nest.

XVI.

WHEN Levín came up-stairs, his wife was sitting at the new silver samovár with the new silver tea service, and, having put Agáfya Mikháylovna with a cup of tea at a small table, was reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a constant and frequent correspondence.

"You see, your lady has placed me here, telling me to stay with her," said Agáfya Mikháylovna, smiling a friendly smile at Kitty.

In these words of Agáfya Mikháylovna Levín read the unravelling of the drama, which of late had taken place between Agáfya Mikháylovna and Kitty. He saw that, in spite of all the annoyance caused Agáfya Mikháylovna by the hostess, who had taken the reins of government into her own hands, Kitty had none the less conquered her and made herself loved by her.

"I have read this letter to you," said Kitty, handing him a misspelled letter. "This is from that woman, I think, who is with your brother —" she said. "I have not read it. And this is from my family and from Dolly. Think of it! Dolly took Grísha and Tányá to the children's ball at the Sarmátskis; Tányá was a marquise."

But Levín was not listening to her; blushing, he took the letter of Márya Nikoláevna, his brother Nikoláy's paramour, and began to read it. This was the second letter from her. In the first letter she had written that his brother had driven her away without cause, and she added with touching naïveté that, though she was in

misery, she did not ask for anything, but that she was oppressed by the thought that Nikoláy Dmítrievich, on account of the feebleness of his health, was perishing, and so she asked his brother to look after him. Now she wrote differently. She had found Nikoláy Dmítrievich, had again come together with him in Moscow, and had gone with him to a provincial city, where he had received an appointment. There he had quarrelled with his chief and had gone back to Moscow, but had fallen so ill on his way there that he would hardly get up again, she wrote. "He kept mentioning your name, and he has no more money."

"Read it, — Dolly is writing about you," Kitty began, smiling; but she suddenly stopped, as she noticed her husband's changed expression.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"She writes to me that my brother Nikoláy is dying. I must go there."

Kitty's face suddenly changed. Her thoughts of Tánya as a marquise, of Dolly, — all that vanished.

"When will you go?" she asked.

"To-morrow."

"I will go with you, — may I?" she asked.

"Kitty, what is this?" he said, reproachfully.

"What do you mean?" she said, as though offended because he had received her proposition reluctantly and with annoyance. "Why can't I go with you? I will not bother you. I —"

"I am going there because my brother is dying," said Levín. "Why do you want —"

"Why? For the same reason that you are going there."

"And at such an important minute she is thinking only of being lonely without me," thought Levín. And this excuse in so important a matter angered him.

"That is impossible," he said, sternly.

Seeing that matters were approaching a quarrel, Agáfya

Mikháylovna softly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice her. The tone of voice in which her husband had said the last words offended her, more especially because he obviously did not believe what she had said.

"And I tell you that if you go, I will go with you. I will, by all means," she said, hurriedly and angrily. "Why is it impossible? Why do you say that it is impossible?"

"Because I have to travel God knows over what roads, and stop God knows in what hotels. You will only embarrass me," said Levín, trying to be calm.

"Not in the least. I need nothing. Where you can be, I, too —"

"Well, if for no other reason than because that woman is there, whom you must not meet."

"I do not know and do not want to know who is there or what is there. I know that my husband's brother is dying, and that my husband is going to see him, and I am going with my husband in order —"

"Kitty, don't get angry! Consider, this matter is so important that it pains me to think that you are mistaking the feeling of weakness, the desire not to be left alone. Well, if you will be lonely by yourself, go to Moscow!"

"Yes, you *always* ascribe mean, contemptible thoughts to me," she said, with tears of insult and anger. "I feel no weakness, nothing — I feel that it is my duty to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, but you want to offend me on purpose, — you purposely do not want to understand —"

"Really, this is terrible. To be a kind of a slave!" Levín shouted, getting up, and no longer able to restrain his rage; but at the same moment he felt that he was striking himself.

"Why did you marry, then? You might have been

free. Why, if you regret it?" she said, jumping up, and running into the drawing-room.

When he went in after her, she was sobbing and weeping.

He began to speak, trying to find the words which could calm, if not convince, her. But she was not listening to him, and would not consent to anything. He bent down to her and took her resisting hand. He kissed her hand, her hair, again her hand, — she was silent all the time. But when he took her face with both his hands and said, "Kitty!" she suddenly regained her composure, wept a little and made up with him.

It was decided that they would go together on the next day. Levín told his wife that he believed her statement that she wanted to go with him only in order to be useful to him, and admitted that the presence of Márya Nikoláevna at his brother's did not present anything indecent; but in the depth of his soul he went on his journey dissatisfied with her and with himself. He was dissatisfied with her because she could not make up her mind to stay without him when it was necessary to do so (and how strange it was for him to think that he, who but recently had not dared to believe that happiness that she would love him, now felt unhappy because she loved him too much!) and dissatisfied with himself because he had not stood his ground. Still less could he, in the depth of his soul, admit that she had nothing to do with that woman who was with his brother, and he thought with dread of all the possible conflicts that they might have to encounter. The mere fact that his wife, his Kitty, would be in the same room with that woman made him shudder in disgust and terror.

XVII.

THE hotel in the provincial city, where Nikoláy Levín was lying, was one of those provincial hotels which are arranged according to the latest improvements, with the best intentions of cleanliness, comfort, and even elegance, but which, from the public which frequent it, are with extraordinary rapidity transformed into dirty taverns, with pretensions of modern improvements, and which by force of these pretensions become much worse than the old, simply dirty hotels. This hostelry had already reached that state; and the soldier in a dirty uniform, who was smoking a cigarette at the entrance and was supposed to represent the porter, and the iron, open-work, gloomy, disagreeable staircase, and the careless servant in a dirty dress coat, and the guest parlour with a dusty wax bouquet adorning the table, and the dirt, dust, and recklessness on all sides, and at the same time a certain new, modern, self-satisfied, railway restlessness of this hotel, produced on the Levíns, after their young life, a very oppressive effect, especially since the false impression which the hotel produced was by no means in harmony with what awaited them.

As is always the case, it turned out, after the question what price they wanted to pay for a room, that not a single good room was to be had: one good room was occupied by a railway inspector, another by a Moscow lawyer, a third by Princess Astáfev, who was up from the country. There was left only a dirty room, the one adjoining another which was to be given up in the evening. Annoyed

at his wife because what he had expected had come to pass, namely, that at the moment of his arrival, when his heart was sinking at the thought of what his brother was doing, he had to busy himself with her, instead of running up to his brother, Levín led her to the room assigned to him.

"Go, go!" she said, looking at him with a timid, guilty glance.

He silently left the room, and immediately fell in with Márya Nikoláevna, who had heard of his arrival, and did not dare to come in. She was just the same that he had seen her in Moscow: she wore the same woollen dress, and her arms and neck were as bare, and she had the same dull, good-natured, somewhat filled out, pockmarked face.

"Well? How is he? How?"

"Very badly. He can't get up. He has been waiting for you. He — You — are with your wife."

Levín did not at first understand what it was that embarrassed her, but she immediately explained it to him.

"I will go away, — I will go to the kitchen," she said. "He will be glad. He has heard of her, and he knows her, and remembers her from abroad."

Levín understood that she was talking of his wife, and did not know what to say to her.

"Come, come!" he said.

But the moment he moved away, the door of his room opened, and Kitty looked out. Levín blushed both from shame and from vexation at his wife, who had placed him and herself in such an embarrassing predicament; but Márya Nikoláevna blushed even more. She writhed, and blushed to tears, and, clutching the end of her kerchief with both her hands, she twisted it with her red fingers, not knowing what to say or what to do.

At first Levín saw an expression of eager curiosity

in the glance with which Kitty looked at that terrible woman, who was so incomprehensible to her; but that lasted only a moment.

"Well? How is he?" she turned to her husband, and then to her.

"You must not talk in the corridor!" Levín said, looking angrily at a gentleman who, with a quivering motion of his legs, was walking down the corridor, as though bent on some business of his.

"Well, then, come in!" said Kitty, turning to Márya Nikoláevna, who had regained her composure; but, upon noticing her husband's frightened face, "or go, go, and send for me!" she said, returning to her room.

Levín went to see his brother.

He had never expected to see what he saw and felt there. He had expected to find the same condition of self-deception, which, he had heard, is so frequently found with consumptives, and which had so startled him during the fall visit of his brother. He had expected to find more definite physical signs of the approaching death, a greater weakness, greater leanness, but still nearly the same situation. He had expected that he himself would experience the same feeling of regret for the loss of his beloved brother, and of terror in the presence of death, which he had experienced then, but in a higher degree. And he was prepared for it; but he found something quite different.

In the small, dirty room, the painted wainscot of which was soiled with spittle, and behind the thin partition of which a voice was heard, in an atmosphere that was saturated with the stifling exhalations of impurities, on a bed which was removed from the wall, lay the body, covered with a quilt. One arm of this body was above the coverlet, and its large, rake-like hand was in an incomprehensible manner attached to the middle of a long pipe. The head was lying sidewise on a pillow. Levín could see

the scanty, sweaty hair over his temples and the stretched, almost translucent brow.

"This terrible body cannot possibly be brother Nikoláy," thought Levín. But he went up nearer, saw the face, and doubt became impossible. In spite of the terrible change in the face, Levín had but to look at those living eyes which were raised to the newcomer, to notice that slight motion of the mouth under the matted moustache, in order to understand the terrible truth that this dead body was his living brother.

The sparkling eyes looked sternly and reproachfully at the brother who was entering. And with this glance a living relation was at once established between the two. Levín at once felt the rebuke in the gaze which was directed at him, and repented his own happiness.

When Konstantín took his hand, Nikoláy smiled. It was a faint, scarcely perceptible smile, and, in spite of it, the stern expression of the eyes was not changed.

"You did not expect to find me this way," he said, with difficulty.

"Yes — no," said Levín, getting mixed in his words. "Why did you not let me know before, that is, all the time of my wedding? I made inquiries everywhere."

It was necessary to speak, in order not to keep silence, and he did not know what to say, the more so since his brother made no reply; he only looked without taking his eyes off, and evidently entered into the meaning of every word. Levín informed his brother that his wife had come with him. Nikoláy expressed his satisfaction, but said that he was afraid he would frighten her with his condition. A silence ensued. Suddenly Nikoláy stirred and began to say something. Levín expected something very significant and important, to judge from the expression of his face, but Nikoláy began so talk about his health. He complained of the local doctor and was

sorry not to have a famous Moscow physician, and Levín saw that he still had hope.

Choosing the first minute of silence, Levín got up, wishing to free himself at least for a minute from the oppressive feeling, and said that he wanted to go and bring his wife.

"All right, and I will have them clean up a little. It is dirty here, and it stinks, I think. Másha, clean up!" the sick man said, speaking with difficulty. "And when you get through cleaning up, go out!" he added, looking interrogatively at his brother.

Levín made no reply. Coming out into the corridor he stopped. He had said that he would bring his wife, but now, as he gave to himself an account of the feeling which he was experiencing, he decided that, on the contrary, he would try to persuade her not to go to see the sick man. "Why should she suffer as I do?" he thought.

"Well? How is it?" Kitty asked, with frightened face.

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible! Why did you come?" said Levín.

Kitty was silent for a few seconds, looking timidly and sorrowfully at her husband; then she went up to him and took his elbow with both her hands.

"Konstantín! Take me to him! It will be easier for us together. You just take me there! Take me there, if you please, and then leave me!" she said. "You must understand that it is much harder for me to see you and not see him. There I may be useful both to you and to him. Please, let me go!" she implored her husband, as though the happiness of her life depended upon it.

Levín had to give in, and, regaining his composure and entirely forgetting about Márya Nikoláevna, he went with Kitty to his brother.

Stepping lightly, and looking all the time at her husband and showing him a brave, compassionate face, she

entered the room of the sick man and, turning leisurely around, closed the door. With inaudible steps she walked over to the bedside of the patient and, taking up a position so that he would not have to turn his head, immediately took the skeleton of his huge hand into her own fresh, youthful hand, pressed it, and began to speak to him with that inoffensive, compassionate, soft animation, which is characteristic only of women.

"We met at Soden, but were not acquainted," she said. "You did not imagine that I should become your sister."

"Would you have recognized me?" he asked, with a smile which had begun to beam on his face as she entered the room.

"Yes, I should. How nice it was of you to let us know. Not a day passed but that Konstantín spoke of you and was uneasy."

But the sick man's animation did not last long.

Even before she had finished speaking his face again assumed a stern, reproachful expression of envy, which the dying man has for the living.

"I am afraid that you are not quite comfortable here," she said, turning away from his steady gaze, and examining the room. "We shall have to ask the hotel-keeper to give you another room," she said to her husband, "and then, he must be nearer to us."

XVIII.

LEVÍN could not look with equanimity at his brother; he could not himself be natural and calm in his presence. Whenever he came to see the patient, his vision and attention were instinctively dulled, and he did not see or distinguish the details of his brother's situation. He smelled the terrible odour, saw the dirt, the disorder, and the agonizing situation, and the groans, and felt that no aid could be given. It did not even occur to him to examine all the details of the sick man's situation, to think of how his body was lying under the coverlet, how his lean shanks or his back were bent, and whether it was not possible to make him rest more comfortably, and to do something by which he would feel, if not better, at least less badly. A chill ran down his back when he began to think of all these details. He was firmly convinced that nothing could be done either to protract his life, or alleviate his pain. And his consciousness of the impossibility of aid was felt by the sick man and irritated him. And this made Levín more dejected still. It was painful for him to be in the room of the sick man, and more painful still to keep away from it. And he went out under all kinds of pretexts and came in again, unable to be left alone.

But Kitty thought, felt, and acted quite differently. At the sight of the sick man, she felt pity for him. And pity in her feminine heart produced by no means that feeling of terror and loathsomeness which it produced in her husband, but the need of acting, finding out all the

details of his condition, and assisting him. And as there was not the least doubt in her that she must assist him, she did not doubt that it was possible to do so, and at once set herself to work. The very details, the mere thought of which terrified her husband, immediately attracted her attention. She sent for a doctor, sent to the apothecary's, had her maid, who had come with her, and Márya Nikoláevna sweep, dust, and wash, and herself washed, and placed something under the coverlet. At her command certain things were brought into the room of the sick man, and taken out again. She several times went to her room, paying no attention to the men that she met, and fetched sheets, slips, towels, and shirts.

The lackey, who in the guest-hall was serving dinner to some engineers, several times came with an angry face in response to her call, and could not help carrying out her commands, for she gave them with such kind insistence that it was absolutely impossible to get away from her. Levín did not approve of it all; he did not believe that any good would come from it for the patient. More than anything he was afraid that the patient might become irritated. But the patient, though he seemed to be indifferent to it, did not get angry, but only was ashamed and seemed to be interested in everything she did with him. Upon returning from the doctor, to whom Kitty had sent him, Levín, opening the door, found the patient at a moment when, by Kitty's order, his underwear was being changed. The long white skeleton of the back, with enormous, prominent shoulder-blades and protruding ribs and vertebræ, was uncovered, and Márya Nikoláevna and the lackey got mixed on the shirt-sleeve, and were unable to direct the long, pendent arm into it. Kitty, who quickly closed the door after Levín, was not looking in that direction; but the sick man groaned, and she quickly walked over to him.

"Be quick!" she said.

"Don't come!" the sick man said, angrily. "I shall myself —"

"What are you saying?" Márya Nikoláevna asked him.

But Kitty had heard him and had made out that he felt embarrassed and ill at ease to be naked in her presence.

"I am not looking, I am not!" she said, turning his arm. "Márya Nikoláevna, go on the other side and fix it!" she added.

"Please go and bring me the bottle in the small bag!" she turned to her husband. "You know, in the side pocket. They will soon be through getting the room in order."

When Levín came back with the little bottle, he found the patient lying down, and everything about him changed. The oppressive odour had given way to the odour of scented vinegar, which, thrusting forward her lips and puffing up her ruddy cheeks, Kitty was blowing through the atomizer. Dust was not to be seen anywhere, and under the bed there was a rug. On the table were neatly arranged bottles and a decanter, and lay folded some underwear and Kitty's English embroidery. On another table, near the patient's bed, stood something to drink, a candle, and powders. The sick man himself, washed and combed, was lying on clean sheets, on high pillows, in a clean shirt with a white collar about his unnaturally thin neck, and, with a new expression of hope, looking steadily at Kitty.

The doctor, whom Levín had found at the club and had brought with him, was not the one that had been attending to Nikoláy Levín, and with whom he was dissatisfied. The new doctor took out his stethoscope and auscultated the patient; he shook his head, prescribed a medicine, and with especial care explained, first how to take the medicine, and then how to diet him. He prescribed raw or

very softly boiled eggs, and seltzer with milk boiled at a certain temperature. When the doctor left, the patient said something to his brother; but Levín made out the last words only: "Your Kátya," but from the way he looked at her, Levín understood that he was praising her. He called up Kátya, as he called her.

"I feel much better now," he said. "With you I should soon get well. How nice it is!" He took her hand and drew it toward his lips, but, as though fearing that that might be disagreeable to her, changed his mind, let go of her, and only patted her. Kitty took this hand in both of hers and pressed it.

"Now, place me on my left side, and go to bed!" he said.

Nobody had heard what he had said, but Kitty understood him. She did understand it, because she mentally watched him, to see whether he did not need anything.

"On the other side," she said to her husband, "he always sleeps on the other side. Turn him over, as it is not pleasant to call the servants. I can't do it. Can't you?" she turned to Márya Nikoláevna.

"I am afraid," replied Márya Nikoláevna.

No matter how terrible it was for Levín to embrace that terrible body with his hands and to get hold under the coverlet of those places which he did not wish to know of, he submitted to his wife's influence, assumed a determined expression, such as his wife had seen in him before, and, putting down his hands, took hold of him, but, in spite of his great strength, was surprised at the strange weight of those emaciated limbs. While he was turning him, and feeling his neck embraced by an enormous, lean arm, Kitty rapidly, inaudibly turned the pillow, and beat it, and fixed the patient's head and his hair, which had again matted on his brow.

The sick man retained his brother's hand in his own. Levín felt that he wanted to do something with his hand

and was pulling it in some direction. Levín submitted with a sinking heart. Yes, he drew it up to his mouth and kissed it. Levín was convulsed with sobs and, unable to utter a word, left the room.

XIX.

"HE has hidden it from the wise, but has revealed it to babes and the unwise." Thus Levín thought of his wife, as he talked with her on that evening.

Levín was thinking of the Gospel saying not because he regarded himself as wise. He did not consider himself wise, but he could not help knowing that he was more intelligent than his wife and Agáfya Mikháylovna, and he could not help knowing that when he thought of death he thought of it with all the powers of his soul. He knew also that many great minds of men, whose thoughts he had read, had reflected on it, and did not know one-hundredth part of what his wife and Agáfya Mikháylovna knew of it. However different these two women were, Agáfya Mikháylovna and Kátya, as his brother Nikoláy had called her and as it now pleased Levín to call her, they were alike in this respect. Both knew without the least doubt what life was and what death, and, though they could not answer and would not even have comprehended the questions that presented themselves to Levín, neither the one nor the other had any doubt about the meaning of this phenomenon, and looked upon it in precisely the same way, sharing this view with millions of other men. The proof that they knew full well what death was consisted in this, that, without doubting for a moment, they knew what was to be done with dying men, and were not afraid of them. But Levín and many others, who might be able to say a good many things about death, did evidently not know,

for they were afraid of death and were absolutely at a loss what to do when people died. If Levín had been left alone with his brother Nikoláy, he would have looked in terror at him, and would have waited in still greater terror for what was to come, without being able to do anything.

Moreover, he did not know what to say, how to look, how to walk. To talk of extraneous matters seemed to him offensive, impossible; to talk of death, of gloomy things, was also impossible. To be silent, was again impossible. "If I look at him, he will think that I am studying him, or am afraid; if I do not look, he will think that I am thinking of something else. If I walk on tiptoes, he will be dissatisfied; and it is embarrassing to walk on the flat of one's foot." But Kitty obviously did not think, and did not have the time to think of herself; she was thinking of him, because she knew something, and everything turned out well. She told him about herself, and about her wedding, and she smiled, and pitied, and caressed him, and talked of his chances of recovery, and everything turned out well; consequently she knew. The best proof that her activity and that of Agáfyá Mikháylovna were not instinctive, animal-like, unintelligent, was that, in addition to the physical care, the alleviation of suffering, both Agáfyá Mikháylovna and Kitty demanded for the dying person something else, something more important than physical care, something that had nothing in common with physical conditions. Agáfyá Mikháylovna, in speaking of the deceased old man, had said, "Well, thank God, he made his confession and received the extreme unction, — God grant everybody such a death!" Even thus Kitty, in addition to all the cares about the linen, the manner of bedding, the medicine, had managed the very first day to persuade the sick man to make his confession and receive his extreme unction.

On returning from the sick man to their two rooms for the night, Levín sat down with lowered head, not knowing what to do. He not only could not think of supper, getting ready to retire, and what else there was to do, but he was not even able to talk to his wife: he was ashamed. Kitty, on the contrary, was more active than ever. She ordered up a supper, herself unpacked the things, herself helped to make the beds, and did not forget to sprinkle them with Dalmatian powder. She had the stimulus and the rapidity of reflection, which in men make their appearance before a battle, before a struggle, in perilous and decisive moments of life, — those moments when a man once for all shows that all his past has not been in vain, but a preparation for that minute.

Everything proceeded rapidly with her, and it was not yet midnight when all the things were neatly and accurately put away, in such a peculiar manner that the hotel room resembled home — her own apartments: the beds were made, the brushes, combs, and looking-glasses put away, and the tidies spread.

Levín found it unpardonable now to eat, sleep, or even speak, and felt that every motion of his was indecent. But she laid out the brushes and did it all in such a way that there was nothing offensive about it.

However, they could not eat, and could not fall asleep for a long time, and even did not lie down for quite awhile.

"I am very glad that I have persuaded him to receive his extreme unction to-morrow," she said, sitting in her sack before her folding mirror, and combing her soft, odorous hair with a fine tooth comb. "I have never seen it, but I know, mamma has told me, there are prayers in it about recovery."

"Do you really think that he might recover?" asked Levín, looking at the constantly disappearing narrow part on the back of her round little head, every time she drew the comb forward.

"I asked the doctor: he says that he cannot live more than three days. But how can they know? Still, I am glad that I have persuaded him," she said, looking sidewise through her hair at her husband. "Everything is possible," she added, with that especial, somewhat cunning expression, which was always on her face when she talked of religion.

After their conversation about religion, which they had when they were affianced, neither he nor she ever spoke of it again, but she carried out her religious duties, attending church and praying, with the ever calm consciousness that that was necessary. In spite of his assurances to the contrary, she was firmly convinced that he was just such a Christian as she, if not a better one, and that everything which he said about it was merely one of his funny masculine vagaries, like his statement about the English embroidery, of which he said that other people darned holes, while she cut them out, and so forth.

"Yes, that woman, Márya Nikoláevna, was not able to arrange it all," said Levín. "And — I must confess, I am very glad that you have come. You are such purity that —" He took her hand and did not kiss it (to kiss her hand while death was so near seemed improper to him), but only pressed it with a guilty expression, looking into her radiant eyes.

"You would have felt so agonized if you had been alone," she said, and, raising high her hands, which had covered her cheeks that were flushed with joy, she braided her hair on the back of her head, and pinned it up. "No," she continued, "she did not know — Fortunately I learned a great deal in Soden."

"Were there such patients there?"

"Worse ones."

"What is terrible for me is that I cannot help seeing him the fine fellow he used to be — You will not believe what a fine young man he was, — but I did not understand him then."

"I believe you, indeed. How I feel that we *should have been* friends," she said, and, frightened at her own words, she looked at her husband, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Yes, *should have been*," he said, sadly. "Here is one of those men of whom we say that they are not for this world."

"However, we have many more days before us, and so we must go to sleep," said Kitty, looking at her tiny watch.

XX.

DEATH.

ON the following day the sick man confessed and received his extreme unction. During the ceremony Nikoláy Levín prayed fervently. In his large eyes, which were directed toward the image that was placed on a card-table with a coloured cloth, there was expressed such impassioned supplication and hope that Levín felt terribly to look on. Levín knew that this impassioned supplication and hope would only make harder for him his parting from life, which he loved so much. He knew his brother and the march of his thoughts; he knew that his unbelief had not grown out of the fact that it was easier for him to live without faith, but because the modern scientific explanations of phenomena had step by step pushed out belief, and so he knew that his present return was not legitimate, not having taken place by means of that same thought, but was only temporary and selfish, with the senseless hope of recovery. Levín knew also that Kitty had intensified this hope by her stories of marvellous recovery, which she had heard. Levín knew all that; and it was agonizing for him to look at this imploring, hopeful glance and at that emaciated hand, which with difficulty rose and made the sign of the cross on his tightly stretched brow, his prominent shoulders, and rattling, empty chest, that no longer could hold that life for which the sick man was begging. During the ceremony, Levín did what he, the unbeliever, had done a thousand times before. He said,

turning to God, "If Thou existest, let this man get well (that has happened many a time), and Thou wilt save him and me."

After the anointing, the sick man suddenly began to feel much better. He did not cough once for the period of an hour, smiled, kissed Kitty's hand, thanking her with tears, and said that he was feeling comfortable, had no pain anywhere, and felt an appetite and strength. He even raised himself without any aid when the soup was brought, and asked for another cutlet. No matter how hopeless he was and how obvious it seemed, in looking at him, that he could not get well, Levín and Kitty were during that hour in the same happy state of excitement, and timid, lest they should be mistaken.

"Is he better?" — "Yes, much better." — "Remarkable." — "Nothing remarkable about it." — "Still, he is better," they said in a whisper, smiling at each other.

This delusion did not last long. The sick man fell calmly asleep, but half an hour later a cough awoke him. And suddenly all hopes vanished in those who surrounded him, and in himself. The actuality of suffering, without any doubt, even without any memory of former hopes, destroyed them in Levín, in Kitty, and in the patient himself.

Without even recalling what he had believed in half an hour before, as though it was embarrassing to think of it, he asked to be given iodine to inhale from a glass covered with a piece of perforated paper. Levín handed him the glass, and the same gaze of impassioned hope, with which he had received his extreme unction, was now directed upon his brother, imploring him for the confirmation of the doctor's words that the inhaling of iodine produced wonders.

"Well, is Kitty not here?" he rattled in his throat, looking around, when Levín reluctantly confirmed the doctor's words. "No, how can one say — I enacted all

that comedy for her sake. She is so sweet, but you and I cannot deceive ourselves. This I believe in," he said, and, pressing the glass with his bony hand, he began to breathe over it.

At about eight o'clock in the evening Levín and his wife were drinking tea in their room, when Márya Nikoláevna came running in out of breath. She was pale, and her lips were trembling.

"He is dying!" she whispered. "I am afraid he will die at once."

They both ran into his room. He was sitting up in his bed, leaning on his arm, bending his long back, and dropping his head low.

"How are you feeling?" Levín asked him, in a whisper, after a silence.

"I feel that I am going," Nikoláy muttered, speaking with difficulty, but with extraordinary precision, squeezing the words out. He did not raise his head, but only raised his eyes upward, without attaining his brother's face. "Kátya, go away!" he said again.

Levín jumped up and in a commanding whisper made her leave the room.

"I am going," he said again.

"What makes you think so?" Levín asked, to be saying something.

"Because I am going," he repeated, as though having taken a liking to this expression. "It is the end."

Márya Nikoláevna came up to him.

"You had better lie down, — it will be more comfortable for you," she said.

"I shall be lying soon," he said, softly, "dead," he added sarcastically, — angrily. "Well, put me down if you want to!"

Levín put his brother on his back, sat down beside him and, without drawing breath, looked at his face. The dying man lay with his eyes closed, but on his

brow the muscles moved now and then, as with a man who is thinking a deep, laborious thought. Levín involuntarily thought with him about what was going on in him, but, in spite of all his efforts of thought to keep up with him, he saw by the expression of that calm, stern face and by the play of the muscle above his eyebrow, that for the dying man was being cleared up more and more what for Levín remained just as dark.

"Yes, yes, that is so," the dying man said, slowly, with stops. "Wait." Again he was silent. "That is it!" he suddenly said, in a drawling voice, as though everything had become clear to him. "O Lord!" he said, drawing a deep breath.

Márya Nikoláevna felt his legs.

"They are getting cold," she whispered.

For a long, long time, as it seemed to Levín, the sick man lay motionless. Levín was growing weary from the tension of thinking. He felt that, in spite of all his effort of thought, he could not understand what it was that was so. He felt that he had long ago fallen behind the dying man. He could no longer think of the question of death itself, but involuntarily the thought occurred to him of what he would have to do now, directly: to close his eyes, dress him, order a coffin. And, strange to say, he felt completely cold, and did not experience either sorrow, or loss, or, still less, pity for his brother. If he did now have any feeling for his brother, it was rather envy of that knowledge which the dying man now possessed, but which he could not have.

He sat for a long time with him, waiting for his end. But the end did not come. The door opened, and Kitty appeared. Levín rose in order to stop her. But just as he was getting up, he heard the dying man move.

"Don't go away!" said Nikoláy, extending his hand.

Levín gave him his hand and angrily motioned to his wife to leave.

With the hand of the dying man in his own, he sat for half an hour, an hour, another hour. He now no longer thought of death. He was thinking of what Kitty was doing. Who was living in the adjoining room? Had the doctor his own house? He was hungry and sleepy. He cautiously straightened out his hand and felt his brother's legs. They were cold, but he was breathing. Levín again wanted to go out on tiptoe, but the sick man stirred again and said, "Don't go away!"

.

Day began to break. The condition of the sick man was still the same. Levín quietly straightened out his hand, without looking at the dying man, went to his room, and fell asleep. When he awoke he learned, not that his brother had died, as he had expected, but that he had come back to his former state. He was again sitting up, coughing, eating, talking, and again had stopped speaking of death, again expressed his hope of recovery, and had grown more irritable and gloomy than before. Nobody, neither his brother nor Kitty, could pacify him. He was angry with everybody and spoke rudely to all; he blamed them for his sufferings and demanded that a famous doctor be brought to him from Moscow. To all the questions put to him as to how he felt, he replied alike, with an expression of malice and reproach, "I suffer terribly, intolerably!"

The sick man suffered more and more, especially from the bed-sores, which it was no longer possible to cure, and kept growing more and more angry at those who were about him, accusing them of everything, and especially of not having brought down the doctor from Moscow. Kitty tried everything to make him comfortable, — to pacify him; but everything was in vain, and Levín saw that she herself was physically and morally worn out, though she did not acknowledge the fact. That

feeling of death, which had been evoked in all by his parting with life on the night when he had called for his brother, was destroyed. All knew that he would inevitably die soon, and that he was half-dead already. All wished for but one thing, — that he might die as soon as possible, and all, concealing it, gave him medicine from a bottle, tried to find other medicines for him, and deceived him, and themselves, and one another. All that was a lie, a base, offensive, blasphemous lie. And by this lie, both on account of the peculiarity of his character and because he more than anybody loved the dying man, Levín was most painfully affected.

Levín, who had long been busy with the thought of conciliating the brothers, at least before death, had written to Sergyé Ivánovich. Having received an answer, he read that letter to the dying man. Sergyé Ivánovich wrote that he could not himself come, but in touching words asked his brother's forgiveness.

The sick man did not say anything.

“What shall I write to him?” asked Levín. “I hope you are not angry with him.”

“No, not in the least!” Nikoláy replied, annoyed by the question. “Write to him to send me a doctor!”

Another three agonizing days passed. His death was now desired by everybody who saw him, by the hotel servant, by the proprietor of the hotel, by all the guests, by the doctor, by Márya Nikoláevna, Levín, and Kitty. The sick man was the only one who did not experience that feeling, but, on the contrary, was angry because the doctor had not been brought, and continued to take medicine and to talk of life. Only at rare moments, when opium made him for a minute forget his incessant pain, he in a half-slumber now and then gave expression to what was in his soul more strongly than it was in them, “Oh, if only the end would come!” or, “When will it end?”

The sufferings grew apace and did their work, preparing him for death. There was not a position in which he did not suffer, not a minute in which he forgot himself, not a spot nor part of his body which did not give him excruciating pain. Even the recollections, impressions, and thoughts of his body now evoked in him the same loathing as did his body. The sight of other people, their speeches, his own recollections, — all that was painful to him. Those who surrounded him felt it and unconsciously did not take the liberty of moving freely in his presence, or speaking, or expressing their wishes. His whole life blended in one feeling of suffering and of a desire of freeing himself from it.

In him apparently was taking place that change which was to make him look upon death as a gratification of his desires, as on a piece of happiness. Formerly, every separate desire, evoked by suffering or privation, like hunger, fatigue, thirst, had been gratified by functions of the body, which gave him pleasure; but now, privation and suffering were not gratified, and an attempt at gratifying them only evoked new suffering. And thus all the wishes were blended into one, — into a desire to free himself from all sufferings and from their source, — his body. But he did not have any words for the expression of this desire of liberation, and so he did not speak of it, but from force of habit asked for the gratification of those desires which no longer could be gratified.

“Put me on the other side!” he said, and immediately after asked to be put back again. “Give me some soup! — Take away the soup! — Say something, — why are you silent?” But the moment they began to talk, he shut his eyes and expressed fatigue, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival in the city, Kitty grew ill. She had a headache and vomited, and could not leave her bed all the morning.

The doctor declared that her illness was due to fatigue and agitation, and prescribed mental rest for her.

After dinner, however, Kitty got up and went, as always, with her embroidery to the sick man's room. He looked sternly at her, as she entered, and smiled contemptuously as she said that she had been ill. All that day he kept clearing his nose and groaning pitifully.

"How do you feel?" she asked him.

"Worse," he said, speaking with difficulty. "It hurts."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Everywhere."

"It will end to-day, you will see," said Márya Nikoláevna, in a whisper, but loud enough for the sick man, who was very sensitive, as Levín had observed, to hear what she had said. Levín hushed her, and looked at the sick man. Nikoláy had heard her; but these words did not produce any effect upon him. His glance was still reproachful and strained.

"What makes you think so?" Levín asked her, when she stepped out into the corridor after him.

"He has been picking at himself," said Márya Nikoláevna.

"What do you mean by picking at himself?"

"Like this," she said, pulling at the folds of her woollen dress. Levín had, indeed, noticed that the sick man had all the day been picking at himself, as though wishing to pull something off.

Márya Nikoláevna's prediction came true. Toward evening the sick man was no longer able to raise his hands and only looked in front of him, without changing the fixed, concentrated expression of his gaze. Even when his brother and Kitty bent over him, so that he might see them, he continued to look in the same way. Kitty sent for a priest to read the prayer for the dying.

While the priest read the prayer, the dying man did not show any sign of life; his eyes were shut. Levín, Kitty,

and Márya Nikoláevna were standing at the bed. The prayer had not yet been finished by the priest, when the dying man stretched himself, sighed, and opened his eyes. Having ended his prayer, the priest placed the cross to the cold brow, then slowly wrapped it up in the scapulary and, standing silently for about two minutes, touched his cold, bloodless, huge hand.

"He has departed," said the priest, about to step aside; but suddenly the matted moustache of the dying man moved, and in the stillness could be heard definite, piercing sounds, proceeding from the depth of the breast:

"Not entirely — it will be soon."

A minute later the face was lighted up, a smile appeared under the moustache, and the gathered women began busily to dress the deceased man.

The sight of his brother and the nearness of death stirred in Levín's soul that feeling of terror before the insolubility and, at the same time, the nearness and inevitableness of death, which had assailed him on that autumn evening when his brother had come to see him. This feeling was now even stronger than it had been; even less than before did he now feel himself able to understand the meaning of death, and still more terrible did that inevitableness appear to him; but now, thanks to the nearness of his wife, this feeling did not evoke despair in him: in spite of death, he felt the necessity of living and of loving. He felt that love had saved him from despair, and that this love under the menace of despair was growing stronger and purer.

The mystery of death had not yet been accomplished and was not yet solved, when another mystery, which was just as insoluble, rose and called him to love and life.

The doctor confirmed his suspicion about Kitty. Her indisposition was due to pregnancy.

XXI.

FROM the moment that Aleksy y Aleks ndrovich understood from Betsy's and Step n Ark devich's explanations that all that was demanded of him was that he should leave his wife alone, without annoying her by his presence, and that his wife herself wished that, he was at such a loss what to do that he could not make up his mind to anything, did not know what he himself wanted now, and, giving himself into the hands of those who took such pleasure in attending to his affairs, gave his assent to everything. Only when Anna had left the house and the English governess sent to him to inquire whether she was to dine with him, or separately, he for the first time understood his position clearly, and was frightened at it.

The most difficult part of his situation was that he was positively unable to combine and harmonize his past with what was now. It was not that past when he had lived happily with his wife that embarrassed him. He was beyond suffering. The transition from that past to the knowledge of his wife's infidelity, — that condition was hard, but comprehensible, to him. If his wife had left him then, when she informed him of her infidelity, he would have been grieved and unhappy, but he would not have been in that hopeless, incomprehensible situation, in which he felt himself now to be. He was absolutely unable to harmonize his recent forgiveness, his meekness, his love for his ailing wife and a stranger's child with what was now, that is, with his being left alone, disgraced,

ridiculed, not needed by any one, and despised by everybody, as though it all were a reward for what he had done.

The first two days after his wife's departure, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich received callers and his manager, went to the meeting of the committee, and came out to dine in the dining-room, as usual. Without accounting to himself why he was doing it all, he during these two days strained all the powers of his soul in order to look calm and even indifferent. Replying to the questions of what was to be done with Anna Arkádevna's things and rooms, he made the greatest effort over himself in order to appear like a man for whom the incident was not unforeseen and had nothing unusual about it, and he attained his end: no one could observe any signs of despair in him. But two days after her departure, when Kornéy handed him a bill from a milliner's, which Anna had forgotten to pay, and informed him that the clerk was waiting, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich told him to bring the clerk in.

"Pardon me, Excellency, for taking the liberty of troubling you. But if you wish that we should turn to her Excellency, will you be so kind as to let us have her address?"

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich fell to musing, as the clerk thought, and suddenly, turning around, sat down at the table. Lowering his head on his hands, he remained for a long time in that posture; he tried several times to speak, but could not.

Comprehending his master's sentiment, Kornéy asked the clerk to come another time. When Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was again left alone, he saw that he no longer was able to endure his rôle of firmness and composure. He ordered the carriage, which was waiting for him, to be unhitched, told Kornéy not to receive any one, and did not come out to dinner.

He felt that it was beyond him to withstand that general

pressure of contempt and malice, which he clearly saw on the countenances of that clerk, and of Kornéy, and of everybody else without exception, whom he had met during those two days. He felt that he could not ward off the hatred of those people, because that hatred was not due to his being bad (in that case he might try to be better), but to his being disgracefully and disgustingly unhappy. He knew that they would be merciless to him for the very reason that his heart was lacerated. He felt that men were destroying him, as dogs kill another dog that is torn to pieces and whimpering from pain. He knew that the only salvation from men was to conceal his wounds, and this he had tried unconsciously to do during those two days, but now he felt himself unable to continue that unequal struggle.

His despair was intensified by the consciousness that he was all alone in his grief. Not only in St. Petersburg, but even elsewhere, he had not a single man to whom he might tell everything which he felt, and who might pity him, not as a superior official, not as a member of society, but simply as a suffering man.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had grown up as an orphan. There were two brothers. Their father they did not remember, and their mother had died when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was ten years old. They had but a small estate. An uncle of theirs, a distinguished official, and at one time the favourite of the late emperor, had educated them.

After graduating from the gymnasium and from the university with medals, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with the aid of his uncle, at once was put on the road of distinguished official preferment, and ever since had abandoned himself to official ambition. Neither in the gymnasium, nor in the university, nor later, while serving, had Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich struck up any friendships. His brother had been his nearest friend, but he had served in the ministry of foreign affairs, had always lived

abroad, and had died soon after Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's marriage.

During his governorship, Anna's aunt, a rich provincial lady, had brought the young governor, who was no longer a young man, and her niece together, and had placed him in such a situation that he had either to declare himself or leave the city. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wavered for a long time. At that time there were as many arguments for this step as there were against it, and there was no decisive cause which would make him become false to his rule, which was, to exercise caution in cases of doubt ; but Anna's aunt had impressed upon him through a friend that he had already compromised the girl, and that his honour demanded that he should propose to her. He proposed, and bestowed on his fiancée and wife all the sentiment of which he was capable.

The attachment which he felt for Anna excluded in his soul the last needs of intimate relations with other people. And now there was not one left among all his acquaintances who was near to him. He had a number of what is called connections ; but there were no relations of friendship. He knew a number of people whom he could invite to dinner, whose sympathy he could invoke in matters that interested him, — such as getting them to exert their influence in obtaining a place for a person, and with whom he could frankly discuss the actions of other men and of the higher authorities ; but the relations to these persons were confined to a sphere which was definitely and unyieldingly circumscribed by custom and by habit, and from which it was not possible to emerge. He had a university comrade, whose friendship he had later cultivated, and with whom he might talk about his personal sorrow ; but that comrade was a curator in a distant educational district. Of the persons in St. Petersburg those who were nearest to him and likely to take interest in him were the manager of his office and the doctor.

Mikhaíl Vasílevich Slyúdin, the manager of his office, was a simple, good, moral man, of whose personal good-will toward him Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was sure ; but their respective official capacities of the last five years had placed a barrier between them for intimate explanations.

Having finished signing the papers, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was silent for quite awhile, looking at Mikhaíl Vasílevich, and several times made an attempt to speak, but could not. He had prepared a sentence, "Have you heard of my sorrow?" But he finally said, as was his wont, "So you will fix it for me," and then dismissed him.

The other man was the doctor, who, too, was kindly disposed toward him ; but it had long been agreed between them by tacit consent that they were both overwhelmed with work, and that they both had to be in a hurry.

Of his female friends, and of the first one among them, of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not think. All women, simply as women, were terrible and loathsome to him.

XXII.

ALEKSYÉY ALEKSÁNDROVICH had forgotten about Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, but she had not forgotten him. During that same oppressive minute of lonely despair she called on him and without having herself announced entered his cabinet. She found him in that attitude, in which he was sitting, leaning his head on his hands.

"*J'ai forcé la consigne,*" she said, entering with rapid steps and breathing heavily from agitation and rapid motion. "I have heard everything! Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, my friend!" she continued, giving a firm pressure to his hand with both of hers, and looking into his eyes with her beautiful, pensive eyes.

Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, frowning, got up and, freeing his hand, moved a chair up for her.

"Won't you be seated, countess? I am not receiving, because I am ill, countess," he said, and his lips began to tremble.

"My friend!" repeated Lídiya Ivánovna, without taking her eyes off him. Suddenly her eyebrows rose with their inner sides, forming a triangle on her forehead, and her homely, yellow face become homelier still; but Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich felt that she was sorry for him and ready to weep. And a meekness of spirit came over him: he seized her chubby hand and began to kiss it.

"My friend!" she said, with a voice that was broken from agitation. "You must not surrender to your grief. Your sorrow is great, but you must find consolation."

"I am all broken up, I am undone, I am no longer a

man!" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, dropping her hand, but continuing to look into her eyes, which were filled with tears. "My situation is the more terrible since I do not find anywhere, not even in myself, a fulcrum."✱

"You will find it — do not look for it in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship," she said, with a sigh. "Our support is to be found in love, that love which He has enjoined upon us. His burden is light," she said, with an ecstatic glance, which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich knew so well. "He will sustain you and aid you."

Although in these words was that meekness of spirit before his exalted sentiments and that new, ecstatic mystical tendency, which of late had been spreading in St. Petersburg, and which Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich thought to be superfluous, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was glad to hear them now.

"I am weak. I am insignificant. I did not foresee anything, and now I do not understand anything."

"My friend!" repeated Lídiya Ivánovna.

"It is not the loss of what is no more, — no, not that!" continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "I do not regret. But I cannot help being ashamed before people for the situation in which I am. It is bad, but I cannot, I cannot."

"It is not you who have committed that exalted act of forgiveness, which I, and all of us, admire, but He, who is dwelling in your heart," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, raising her eyes in transport, "and so you cannot be ashamed of your deed."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich frowned, and, bending his hands, began to crack his fingers.

"You must know all the details," he began, in a thin voice. "A man's strength has its limitations, countess, and I have found mine. This whole day I had to give orders, orders about the house, which result" (he emphasized the word "result") "from my new, lonely situation.

The servants, the governess, the bills — This petty fire burned me, — I was unable to endure it any longer. At dinner — yesterday I almost went away from dinner. I could not bear the look which my son cast at me. He did not ask me for the meaning of all this, but he wanted to, and I could not endure his glance. He was afraid to look at me, but that is not all — ” Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich wanted to mention the bill which had been brought to him, but his voice faltered, and he stopped. Of this bill, on blue paper, for a hat and ribbons, he could not think without pity for himself.

“ I understand it, my friend,” said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. “ I understand it all. You will not find in me aid and consolation, but I have come none the less, in order to aid you, if I can. If I could take from you all those petty, humiliating cares — I understand that you need a woman’s word, a woman’s orders. Do you entrust it to me ? ”

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich silently and gratefully pressed her hand.

“ We shall look together after Serézha. I am not strong in practical affairs. But I will take it upon me, — I will be your housekeeper. Don’t thank me ! I am not doing this alone — ”

“ I cannot help thanking you.”

“ No, my friend, do not surrender yourself to this feeling, of which you speak, — to be ashamed of what is a Christian’s highest height : ‘ He who humbles himself, shall be raised up.’ And you cannot thank me. You must thank Him, and implore His assistance. In Him alone shall we find peace, consolation, salvation, and love,” she said, and, raising her eyes to heaven, she began to pray, as Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich could tell from her silence.

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich listened to her now, and those expressions which before had appeared to him superfluous, if not downright disagreeable, now seemed natural and

consoling to him. Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich did not like that new, ecstatic spirit. He was a believer, who was interested in religion mainly from its political side, and the new doctrine, which permitted itself certain new interpretations, was from principle distasteful to him, as opening the door for discussion and analysis. Formerly he used to look coldly and even hostilely at this new doctrine, and with Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who was infatuated by it, he did not discuss it, but cautiously passed her challenge in silence. But now he for the first time listened with pleasure to her words, and inwardly did not retort to them.

"I am very, very thankful to you both for your deeds and for your words," he said, when she was through praying.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna once more pressed both the hands of her friend.

"Now, I go to work," she said, with a smile, after a silence, and drying the tears that were left on her face. "I am going to Serézha. I will turn to you only in extreme cases." And she got up and went out.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna went to Serézha's rooms, and there, drenching the cheeks of the frightened boy with her tears, said to him that his father was a saint and that his mother had died.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna fulfilled her promise. She really took upon herself all the cares of the arrangement and running of Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's house. But she did not exaggerate, when she said that she was not strong in practical matters. All her orders had to be modified, because they were impracticable; they were modified by Kornéy, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's valet, who imperceptibly to all, now managed the whole of Karénin's house and, calmly and carefully, informed his master, while dressing him, what was needed. But Lídiya Ivánovna's aid was none the less real in the highest degree: she gave

Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich a moral support in the consciousness of her love and respect for him, and especially in that, as it gave her consolation to think, she had almost converted him to Christianity, that is, from a passive and indifferent believer had changed him into a fervent and firm advocate of that new interpretation of the Christian tenets, which of late had been disseminated in St. Petersburg.

It was easy for Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich to be persuaded of this interpretation. Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich, like Lídiya Ivánovna and other people who shared their views, was completely devoid of the depth of imagination, that spiritual quality, thanks to which the pictures which imagination evokes become so real that they demand a correspondence with other representations and with reality. He saw nothing impossible or inconsistent in the conception that death, which existed for unbelievers, did not exist for him, and that, since he was in possession of the fullest belief, of the measure of which he himself was the judge, there were no sins in his soul, and that he experienced a full salvation even here upon earth.

It is true, Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich was dimly conscious of the lightness and faultiness of this conception, and he knew that when he, without thinking that his forgiveness was the action of a higher power, had surrendered himself to that direct feeling, he had experienced greater happiness than when, as now, he thought at every moment that Christ was dwelling in his soul, and that, in signing documents, he was doing His will ; but it was necessary for Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich to think so ; in his humiliation he needed that height, even though it be only imaginary, from which he, despised by everybody, might despise the rest, and so he held on to this imaginary salvation.

XXIII.

COUNTRESS LÍDIYA IVÁNOVNA had, as a very young, enthusiastic girl, been married to a rich, distinguished, good-natured, and very debauched merry fellow. In the second month her husband had abandoned her and, to her ecstatic assurances of her love, had replied only by ridicule and even hostility, which the people, who knew the good heart of the count and who saw no defects in ecstatic Lídiya, were quite unable to account for. Since then, though not divorced, they had been living separated, and whenever husband and wife met, he treated her with invariable sarcasm, the cause of which no one had been able to explain.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had long ago stopped being in love with her husband, but since then had always been in love with somebody. She used to be in love with several persons at a time, both men and women ; she was in love with nearly all people who were distinguished in one way or another. She was in love with all the new royal princes and princesses, who entered into family relationship with the imperial family ; she had been in love with a metropolitan, with a vicar, and with a priest. She had been in love with a journalist, with three Slavs, with Komisárov ; with a minister, a doctor, an English missionary, and with Karénin. All these loves, now growing weaker, now stronger, did not interfere with her standing in the most wide-spread and complex relations with court life and with society. But ever since

she, after the calamity which had befallen Karénin, had taken him under her especial protection, and ever since she had begun to work in Karénin's house, caring for his welfare, she had come to feel that all her other loves were not the real thing, but that she now was sincerely in love with Karénin only. The love which she now experienced seemed to her more powerful than any of her previous feelings. Analyzing her feeling and comparing it with the previous ones, she saw clearly that she would not have been in love with Komisárov, if he had not saved the emperor's life, nor with Rístich-Kudzhitski, if there did not exist a Slavic question, but that she loved Karénin for his own sake, for his exalted, misunderstood soul, for his thin voice, so agreeable to her, for his drawling intonations, for his weary look, for his character, and for his soft white hands with the swollen veins. She was not only glad to meet him, but she was trying to find in his face signs of that impression which she was producing upon him. She wanted to find favour with him, not only by her speeches, but also by her person. For his sake she now paid more attention to her toilet than ever. She caught herself dreaming of what might have happened if she were unmarried, and he free. She blushed from agitation when he entered the room ; she could not repress a smile of delight whenever he told her something pleasant.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had for several days been in the greatest agitation. She had learned that Anna and Wrónski were in St. Petersburg. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had to be saved from an interview with her ; he had even to be saved from the agonizing knowledge of the fact that that terrible woman was in the same city with him, and that he might meet her at any moment.

Lídiya Ivánovna found out through her acquaintances what those *despicable people*, as she called Anna and Wrónski, intended to do, and tried during those days so to guide the movements of her friend that he should not

meet them. A young adjutant, a friend of Vrónski's, through whom she had received the information, and who was trying to get a concession through Lídiya Ivánovna, told her that they had finished their business and were going to leave on the following day. Lídiya Ivánovna was beginning to calm down, when on the following morning she was handed a note, the handwriting of which she recognized in terror. It was Anna Karénin's hand. The envelope was as thick as bast; on the elongated paper there was a monogram, and the letter was perfumed.

"Who brought it?"

"A hotel factotum."

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna could not for a long time sit down to read the letter. The agitation gave her a fit of asthma, to which she was subject. When she quieted down, she read the following French letter.

"MADAME LA COMTESSE:—The Christian sentiments which fill your heart give me, I feel, the unpardonable boldness to write to you. I am unhappy through my separation from my son. I implore you to be permitted to see him once more before my departure. Pardon me for reminding you of me. I turn to you and not to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich for no other reason than that I do not wish to cause any suffering to that magnanimous man by reminding him of me. Knowing your friendship for him, I feel that you will understand me. Will you send Serézha to me, or shall I come to the house at an appointed hour, or will you let me know where and when I can see him outside the house? I do not anticipate a refusal, knowing the magnanimity of him on whom this depends. You cannot imagine that ardent desire to see him which I am experiencing, and therefore you cannot imagine the gratitude which your aid will evoke in me.

"ANNA."

Everything in that letter provoked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna: the contents, the reference to magnanimity, and especially the tone, which to her seemed to be too easy.

"Tell him there will be no answer," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. She immediately took the blotting-case and wrote Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich that she hoped to see him at one o'clock at the congratulation at court.

"I have to speak to you about an important and sad matter. We shall there agree where. Best of all it would be at my house, where I shall have them prepare *your* tea. It is necessary. He gives us the cross, but He also gives us the strength," she added, in order to prepare him a little.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was in the habit of writing two or three notes a day to Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich. She was fond of that process of communication with him, for it possessed that element of elegance and mysteriousness which were lacking in their personal relations.

XXIV.

THE congratulation was over. The people, departing, met and talked about the latest news of the day, the newly distributed rewards, and the transpositions of important officials.

"Why not give the ministry of war to Countess Márya Borísovna, and make Princess Vatkóvski a chief of staff?" said a gray-haired old man in a uniform with gold lace, talking to a tall beauty of a maid of honour, who was asking him about promotions.

"And make me an adjutant," the maid of honour replied, smiling.

"You have already that appointment. You are in the ecclesiastic department. And your assistant is Karénin."

"Good day, prince!" said the old man, pressing the hand of one who joined them.

"What are you saying there about Karénin?" asked the prince.

"He and Putyátov have received the Aleksándr Névski."

"I thought he already had it."

"No. Look at him!" said the old man, pointing the embroidered hat to Karénin, in court uniform, with the new red ribbon across his shoulder, who had stopped at the door of the hall, with one of the influential members of the Imperial Council. "He is happy and satisfied like a copper penny," he added, stopping to press the hand of an athletic, fine-looking gentleman of the chamber.

"No, he has grown old," said the gentleman of the chamber.

"From cares. He does nothing but write projects now. He will not let an unfortunate man out of his hands before he has expounded everything according to all the paragraphs."

"How old he looks. *Il fait des passions*. I think Countess Lídiya Ivánovna is now jealous of his wife."

"Please don't say anything bad about Countess Lídiya Ivánovna."

"Is there anything bad in her being in love with Karénin?"

"Is it true that Anna Karénin is here?"

"That is, not here, in the palace, but in St. Petersburg. I met her yesterday with Alekseyéy Vrónski, *bras dessus, bras dessous*, on Morskáya Street."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas* —" began the gentleman of the chamber, but he stopped, to let a person belonging to the imperial family pass, and to bow.

Thus they kept talking about Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, condemning him and laughing at him, while he, barring the way to a member of the Imperial Council, whom he had caught, and not for a moment changing his position, so as not to lose him, was expounding to him, article after article, his financial project.

Almost at the identical time that Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's wife had left him, there had happened to him that most grievous of events for an official, — the cessation of his upward movement in the service. This cessation had taken place, and all saw it clearly, but Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich did not yet acknowledge the fact that his career had come to an end. Whether it was his conflict with Strémov, or his misfortune with his wife, or simply that he had reached his predestined limits, — it became clear to everybody during that year that his official arena was closed. He still occupied an important place, — he was a member of many commissions and committees; but he was a man who had gone out and from whom nothing

more was expected. No matter what he said or proposed, he was listened to as though what he proposed had been known for quite awhile and was precisely what was not wanted. But Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich did not feel it, and, on the contrary, being removed from the direct participation in the governmental activity, now more clearly than ever saw the defects and blunders in the activity of others, and considered it his duty to point out the means for remedying them. Soon after his separation from his wife, he began to write his note about the new courts, the first of an endless number of useless notes on all the branches of the administration which he was fated to write.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich not only did not notice his hopeless position in the official world and was not grieved by it, but more than ever was satisfied with his activity.

"He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how that he may please his wife; he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord," says Apostle Paul, and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who now was guided in all his affairs by the Gospel, frequently thought of that text. It seemed to him that ever since he was left without his wife, he with these very projects served the Lord more than ever.

The obvious impatience of the member of the Council, who wanted to get away from him, did not embarrass Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich; he stopped expounding only when the member, taking advantage of the passage of a person belonging to the imperial family, slipped away from him.

Being left alone, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich lowered his head to collect his thoughts, then looked absently about him, and went toward the door, where he expected to find Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"How strong and physically well they all are," he

thought, looking at the stalwart gentleman of the chamber with well-groomed, perfumed side-whiskers, and at the red neck of the prince in a tightly fitting uniform, past whom he had to walk. "It is correctly said that everything in the world is evil," he thought, looking askance at the calves of the gentleman of the chamber.

Leisurely moving his legs, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with his habitual look of fatigue and dignity, bowed to these gentlemen, who had been speaking of him, and, looking at the door, tried with his eyes to find Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"Ah, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich!" said the old man, with a malicious sparkle of his eyes, while Karénin came abreast with him and inclined his head with a cold gesture. "I have not yet congratulated you," said the old man, pointing to his newly received ribbon.

"Thank you," replied Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "What a *beautiful* day we have," he added, emphasizing the word "beautiful," as was his wont.

He did not know that they had been laughing at him, but he did not expect anything but enmity from them: he was used to that.

He saw rising from the corset the yellow shoulders of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, who had entered through the door, and he saw her beautiful, pensive eyes, and he smiled and showed his undimmed white teeth, and walked over to her. Lídiya Ivánovna's toilet had cost her a great deal of labour, like all her toilets of late. The aim of her toilet was now the very opposite of what it had been thirty years before. At that time she had wished to adorn herself, and the more the better. Now, on the contrary, she was of necessity dressed up so much out of proportion with her age and figure that she had but the one care that the contrast between these adornments and her looks should not be too glaring. She was successful in this so far as Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was concerned, and was attractive to

him. To him she was the only island, not only of friendship, but even of love, amidst a sea of hostility and ridicule which surrounded him.

As he passed between rows of sarcastic glances, he naturally was attracted by her loving gaze, as a plant is attracted to the light.

"I congratulate you," she said to him, indicating his ribbon with her eyes.

Repressing a smile of joy, he shrugged his shoulders and shut his eyes, as though to say that that could not give him any pleasure. Countess Lídiya Ivánovna knew well that it was one of his chief joys, though he never acknowledged it.

"How is our angel?" asked Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, meaning Serézha.

"I can't say that I am entirely satisfied with him," said Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich, raising his brows and opening his eyes. "Sítnikov, too, is not satisfied with him." (Sítnikov was the pedagogue to whom Serézha's worldly education was entrusted.) "As I have told you, there is in him a certain coldness toward those chief questions which ought to touch the soul of every man and of every child," he began to expound his views, in matters of the only subject which interested him outside his official duties. — in the education of his son.

When Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich with Lídiya Ivánovna's aid had returned to life and activity, he had felt it his duty to busy himself with the education of his son, who was left on his hands. Having never before busied himself with questions of education, Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich devoted some time to the theoretical study of the subject. He read several books on anthropology, pedagogics, and didactics, formed for himself a plan of education, and, having invited the best St. Petersburg pedagogue to guide him, set out to work. And this work was a source of constant interest to him.

"Yes, but the heart? I see in him his father's heart, and with such a heart a child cannot be bad," said Lídiya Ivánovna, in transport.

"Yes, perhaps — So far as I am concerned, I am doing my duty. That is all I can do."

"Come to my house!" said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, after a moment's silence. "We have to talk about what for you is a sad affair. I would give anything to free you from certain reminiscences, but others do not think so. I have received a letter from *her*. *She* is here, in St. Petersburg."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich shuddered at the mention of his wife, but his face immediately assumed that dead immobility, which expressed his absolute helplessness in this matter.

"I expected it," he said.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna cast an ecstatic glance at him, and tears of delight before the grandeur of his soul appeared in her eyes.

XXV.

WHEN Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich entered the small, cosy cabinet of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, which was filled with old porcelain and with pictures on the walls, the hostess was not yet there.

She was changing her dress.

On a round cloth-covered table stood a China tea service and a silver spirit-lamp teapot. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich absently examined the endless familiar portraits which adorned the cabinet, and, seating himself at the table, opened the Gospel, which was lying upon it. The rustle of the countess's silk gown diverted his attention.

"Now we shall quietly sit down," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, with an agitated smile hurriedly making her way between the table and the sofa, "and have a chat while drinking our tea."

After a few words of preparation, Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, breathing heavily, and blushing, placed the letter which she had received into Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's hands.

After he had read the letter, he for a long time kept silence.

"I take it that I have no right to refuse her," he said, timidly, raising his eyes.

"My friend! You see no evil in anybody."

"On the contrary, I see that everything is evil. But is it just —"

In his countenance was indecision and the supplication

for advice, support, and guidance in what to him was an incomprehensible matter.

"No," Countess Lídiya Ivánovna interrupted him, "there is a limit for everything. I understand immoral-ity," she said, not quite sincerely, for she never could understand what it was led women to become immoral, "but I do not understand that cruelty, and to whom? To you! How can she stay in the same city in which you are? Yes, one is never too old to learn. And I am learning to understand your height and her baseness."

"And who shall cast the stone?" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, apparently satisfied with his rôle. "I have forgiven her everything and so cannot deprive her of what is the necessity of love for her, — of the love for her son."

"But is it love, my friend? Is it sincere? Granted you have forgiven, you still forgive — but have we a right to act upon the soul of that angel? He considers her dead. He prays for her and asks God to forgive her her sins — And it is better so. And what is he going to think now?"

"I have not thought of it," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, apparently agreeing with her.

Countess Lídiya Ivánovna covered her face with her hands and kept silence. She was praying.

"If you ask for my advice," she said, disclosing her face, after she had prayed, "I advise you not to do it. Do I not see how you are suffering, how this has opened all your wounds? But, of course, you always forget about yourself. What can it all lead to? To new sufferings on your part, and to torments for the boy. If anything human is left in her, she herself must not wish it. No, I do not advise you without wavering and, if you give me the permission, I will write to her."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich gave his consent, and Countess Lídiya Ivánovna wrote the following French letter to her:

“MY DEAR MADAM : — The mention of you to your son might lead to questions on his part, to which it is impossible to give any reply without infusing the child’s soul with the spirit of condemnation of what to him ought to be holy, and so I beg you to take your husband’s refusal in the spirit of Christian love. I invoke the Almighty’s mercy upon you. COUNTESS LÍDIYA.”

This letter achieved that secret end which Countess Lídiya Ivánovna concealed from herself. It offended Anna to the depth of her soul.

On the other hand, Alekseyé Aleksándrovich, on returning home from Lídiya Ivánovna, was unable on that day to devote himself to his usual occupations and to find that spiritual calm of a believing and saved man, which he had experienced before.

The memory of his wife, who was so very guilty toward him and toward whom he was such a saint, as Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had justly said to him, ought not to have embarrassed him ; but he was not calm ; he was unable to understand the book which he was reading, could not dispel the agonizing memories of his relations to her, of those mistakes which, as it now seemed to him, he had made in respect to her. The recollection of the manner in which he, on returning from the races, had received her confession of infidelity (especially the recollection that he had demanded only the observation of external decorum, and had not called him out to a duel) tormented him like repentance. He was also tormented by the recollection of the letter which he had written to her, — especially his forgiveness, which nobody wanted, and his cares about another man’s child burned his heart with shame and regret.

And just such a feeling of shame and regret he experienced now, as he passed in review all his past with her, and as he recalled the awkward words with which, after long hesitation, he had proposed to her.

"But wherein is my guilt?" he said to himself. And his question always evoked another question in him, whether those other people, those Vrónskis and Oblónskis, those gentlemen of the chamber with fat calves, felt differently, loved differently, married differently. And he thought of a whole series of those lush, strong, undoubting men, who involuntarily and always directed his curious attention upon themselves. He tried to drive off those thoughts; he tried to convince himself that he was not living for the present, temporal life, but for the eternal one, and that in his heart there was peace and love. But that in this temporal, insignificant life he had made, as he thought, some insignificant errors tormented him as though there was not that eternal salvation, in which he believed. But this temptation did not last long, and soon there was reëstablished in Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich's soul that calm and elevation, by dint of which he could forget what he did not wish to remember.

111

XXVI.

"WELL, Kapitónych," said ruddy, merry Serézha, on his return from a walk on the day preceding his birthday, handing his full sleeveless coat to the tall, old porter, who was smiling down from the height of his stature upon the little man, "has the wrapped-up official been here to-day? Did papa receive him?"

"Yes. The moment the manager went out, I announced him," said the porter, with a merry twinkle. "Please, I will take it off."

"Serézha!" said the Slavic tutor, stopping at the door which led to the inner apartments. "Take it off yourself!"

But Serézha, though he had heard his tutor's feeble voice, paid no attention to him. He was standing, holding on to the porter's sash, and looking into his face.

"Well, did papa do for him what is necessary?"

The porter gave an affirmative nod.

The wrapped-up official, who had come seven times to ask Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich about something, had interested Serézha and the porter. Serézha once met him in the vestibule and heard him pitifully ask the porter to announce him, saying that he and his children would have to starve.

Having met him a second time in the vestibule, Serézha had taken interest in him.

"Well, was he very glad?" he asked.

"I should say so! He almost jumped as he went away from here."

"Have they brought anything?" asked Serézha, after a silence.

"Well, sir," the porter said, in a whisper, shaking his head, "there is something from the countess."

Serézha understood at once that what the porter meant was that there was a present from Countess Lídiya Ivánovna for his birthday.

"You don't say? Where is it?"

"Kornéy took it in to papa. It must be a fine thing."

"How big is it? Like this?"

"A little smaller, but it is good."

"A book?"

"No, a thing. Go, go! Vasíli Lukích is calling you," said the porter, upon hearing the approaching steps of the tutor, carefully opening the boy's little hand in the half pulled-off glove, with which he was holding on to the sash, and nodding to Vúnich.

"Vasíli Lukích, in a minute!" Serézha replied, with that merry and loving smile, which always vanquished strict Vasíli Lukích.

Serézha was too jolly, too happy, not to share with his friend the porter the joyous bit of family news which he had learned on his walk in the Summer Garden from a niece of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna. This joy seemed to him particularly important on account of its coincidence with the joy of the official, and of his own joy at his being about to get a toy. It seemed to Serézha that it was a day when everybody ought to be glad and happy.

"Do you know, papa has received an Aleksándr Névski."

"Of course I know. People have been coming to congratulate him."

"Well, is he glad?"

"How can one help being glad of an imperial favour? It means he has deserved it," the porter said, sternly and seriously.

Serézha fell to musing, gazing at the porter's face, which he had studied to its minutest details, especially at his chin which hung between the gray side-whiskers, and which no one had seen but Serézha, who always looked at him from underneath.

"Well, and when did your daughter come to see you last?"

The porter's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

"She can't come on week-days. They have to study. And you too have to study, sir, so go!"

Upon arriving in the room, Serézha, instead of sitting down to study, told the teacher his supposition that what had been brought was an engine. "What do you think?" he asked.

But Vasíli Lukích was thinking only that he had to study his grammar lesson for the teacher, who would come at two o'clock.

"Just tell me, Vasíli Lukích," he suddenly asked, as he was already sitting at the work-table and holding the book in his hands, "what is greater than the Aleksándr Névski? You know papa has received the Aleksándr Névski."

Vasíli Lukích replied that the Vladímír was greater than the Aleksándr Névski.

"And higher than that?"

"Higher than that is the Andréy Pervozvánný."

"And higher than the Andréy?"

"I do not know."

"What, you do not know?" and Serézha, leaning on his hands, buried himself in thought.

His reflections were of the most complex and varied character. He was considering the possibility of his father suddenly receiving the Vladímír and the Andréy, and how he in consequence of it would be much kinder to-day at his lesson, and how he himself would get all the decorations, when he should be a big man, and every-

thing higher than the Andréy, that they might invent. The moment they should invent one, he would earn it. They would invent something higher still, and he would earn it.

The time passed in these reflections and, when the teacher arrived, the lesson about the adverbs of time and place and mode of action was not prepared, and the teacher was not only dissatisfied, but even chagrined. This chagrin of the teacher touched Serézha. He did not feel guilty for not having studied the lesson; no matter how much he had tried to do so, he could not learn it; so long as the teacher talked to him, he believed and, as it were, understood, but the moment he was left alone he absolutely failed to recall or understand that such a short and intelligible word as "suddenly" should be an adverb expressing a mode of action; however it might be, he felt sorry for having caused the teacher grief.

He chose a minute when the teacher silently looked into the book.

"Mikhaíl Ivánovich, when will your name-day be?" he suddenly asked.

"You had better think of your work; a name-day has no meaning for an intelligent being,—it is just such a day as any other on which it is necessary to work."

Serézha looked fixedly at his teacher, at his scanty beard, and at his spectacles, which had slipped below the notch that he had on the nose, and he fell to thinking, so that he no longer heard anything of what his teacher was explaining to him. He knew that the teacher was not thinking of what he was saying; he felt it by the tone in which it was said. "But why have they all plotted to say this in the same fashion, all that tedious and useless stuff? Why does he repel me? Why does he not love me?" he asked himself, in sadness, without being able to discover an answer.

XXVII.

AFTER the teacher came his father's lesson. Before his father's arrival, Serézha seated himself at the table, playing with his knife, and began to think. One of Serézha's favourite occupations during his walks was to find his mother. He did not in general believe in death, especially in her death, although Countess Lídiya Ivánovna had told him that it was so, and his father had confirmed her, and so, after he had been told that she was dead, he tried to find her every time he was out for a walk. Every plump, graceful woman with black hair was his mother. At the sight of such a woman a feeling of tenderness rose in his soul, so that he choked and tears came to his eyes. And he waited for her just to come up and lift her veil. All her face would be visible; she would smile, would embrace him; he would smell her aura, would feel the tenderness of her hand, and would weep from joy, just as once when he had been lying in the evening at her feet, and she had tickled him, and he had roared with laughter and bitten her white ring-bedecked hand. Later, when he had accidentally learned from the nurse that his mother was not dead, and his father and Lídiya Ivánovna had explained to him that she was dead so far as he was concerned, because she was not good (which he never could believe, for he loved her), he had still continued to look for her and to expect her. That morning there had been in the Summer Garden a lady in a lilac veil, whom he had watched with a sinking heart, thinking that it was she, while she was moving up

toward them. This lady had not quite reached them and had disappeared somewhere. To-day Serézha felt, more powerfully than ever, an outburst of love for her, and now, while waiting for his father, he entirely forgot himself and cut up the edge of the table with his penknife, looking in front of him with his beaming eyes, and thinking of her.

"Papa is coming!" Vasíli Lukích disturbed his reverie.

Serézha jumped up, ran toward his father, and kissed his hand, looking fixedly at him and trying to find signs of joy for having received his Aleksándr Névski.

"Have you had a good walk?" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, sitting down in a chair, moving up toward him the Old Testament, and opening it. Although Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich had frequently told Serézha that every Christian ought to know sacred history, he himself had often to consult the Old Testament.

"Yes, it was very jolly, papa," said Serézha, sitting down sidewise on the chair and rocking it, which was contrary to the rule. "I saw Nádenka." (Nádenka was Lídiya Ivánovna's niece, who was being brought up by her). "She told me that you received a new decoration. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, please, don't rock!" said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "In the second place, it is not the reward, but the labour, that is sweet. And I wish that you may understand this. Now, if you are going to work and to study, just to get rewards, the work will seem hard; but if you will work" (said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, recalling how the consciousness of duty had supported him that morning in his dull labour, which consisted in the signing of 118 papers) "loving that work, you will find your reward in it."

Serézha's eyes, which had been sparkling with tenderness and merriment, grew dim, and drooped under his father's glance. It was that same, old, familiar tone,

which his father had always used toward him, and with which Serézha had already learned to fall in. His father always talked to him — so Serézha felt — as though he were addressing an imaginary boy, one of those that you read of in books, and that are entirely unlike Serézha. And so Serézha always tried to simulate that book boy before his father.

“I hope you understand this,” said his father.

“Yes, papa,” replied Serézha, pretending to be that imaginary boy.

The lesson consisted in learning by heart a number of verses from the Gospel, and of the repetition of the beginning of the Old Testament. The verses from the Gospel Serézha knew fairly well, but just as he was reciting them, he lost himself so much in the contemplation of his father’s frontal bone, which so abruptly turned at the temples, that he got mixed up and transferred the end of a verse with the same word to the beginning of the next. It was evident to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich that he did not understand what he was saying, and that irritated him.

He frowned and began to explain what Serézha had heard many times before and never could memorize, because he understood it too well, — something like the statement that “suddenly” was an adverb of mode of action. Serézha looked with a frightened glance at his father, and was thinking of but one thing, — whether his father would make him repeat what he had said, as frequently happened, or not. And this thought so terrified Serézha that he no longer understood anything. But his father did not make him repeat it, and passed over to the lesson from the Old Testament. Serézha told well the incidents themselves, but when it came to answering the questions what certain incidents meant, he knew nothing, though he had already been punished for this lesson. But the place where he was absolutely unable to say anything,

and writhed, and cut the table, and rocked on his chair, was when he had to speak of the antediluvian patriarchs. Of these he knew only one, Enoch, who was taken alive to heaven. Formerly he used to remember the names, but now he had forgotten them completely, especially because Enoch was his favourite person from the whole Old Testament, and because with the taking of Enoch alive to heaven there was in his head connected a whole long procession of ideas, to which he now surrendered himself, looking with an arrested glance at his father's watch-chain and at the almost unfastened button of his waistcoat.

In death, of which they had so often told him, he positively refused to believe. He did not believe that the people whom he loved could die, and especially that he himself would die. That was absolutely impossible and incredible to him. But he was told that all would die. He even asked people in whom he believed, and they told him the same; his nurse said so, too, although reluctantly. But Enoch had not died, consequently not all died. "And why can't everybody be so deserving before God as to be taken alive to heaven?" thought Serézha. Bad people, that is, those whom Serézha did not love, might die, but all good people could be like Enoch.

"Well, what patriarchs are there?"

"Enoch, Enos."

"You have said that before. This is bad, Serézha, very bad. If you do not try to learn that which is needed most by a Christian," said his father, getting up, "what else will interest you? I am dissatisfied with you, and Peter Ignátich" (that was the chief pedagogue) "is dissatisfied with you — I shall have to punish you."

The father and the pedagogue were both dissatisfied with Serézha, and, indeed, he studied very poorly. But it could in no way be said that he was a dull boy. On the contrary, he was much brighter than those boys whom

the pedagogue set up as an example to Serézha. From his father's standpoint he did not want to learn what he was taught. In reality, he could not learn it. He could not do so, because in his soul there were more peremptory demands than those which his father and pedagogue made on him. These demands were contradictory to theirs, and he simply struggled with his educators.

He was nine years old, — he was a child ; but he knew his soul : it was dear to him, and he guarded it, as the eyelid guards the eye, and without the key of love did not admit any one to his soul. His educators complained that he did not want to study, but his soul was brimful of the thirst of learning. And he learned from Kapitónych, from the nurse, from Nádenka, from Vasíli Lukích, and not from his teachers. That water which the father and the pedagogue had been waiting to have come down on their wheels had long ago percolated and was working in another place.

The father punished Serézha by not letting him go to Nádenka's, Lídiya Ivánovna's niece ; but this punishment turned out to Serézha's advantage. Vasíli Lukích was in good humour and taught him how to make windmills. The whole evening passed at working at them and in dreaming about how to make a windmill so as to be able to turn on it, — to catch hold of the sails, or tie himself to them and turn around. Of his mother Serézha did not think the whole evening, but, as he lay down in his bed, he suddenly thought of her and prayed in his own words that his mother might stop hiding to-morrow, on his birthday, and might come to him.

"Vasíli Lukích, do you know what I have added to my prayer ?"

"To study better ?"

"No."

"About the toys ?"

"No. You will not guess. It is fine, but it is a

secret! If it comes to pass, I will tell you. Have you guessed it?"

"No, I can't guess it. Tell me!" said Vasíli Lukích, smiling, which he rarely did. "Well, lie down, and I will put out the light."

"I can see better without the light for what I have been praying. Well, I came very near giving away my secret!" Serézha said, laughing merrily.

When the candle was taken away, Serézha heard and felt his mother. She was standing over him and caressing him with a loving glance. But there appeared the windmills and the penknife, and everything got mixed up, and he fell asleep.

XXVIII.

UPON arriving in St. Petersburg, Vrónski and Anna stopped in one of the best hotels: Vrónski separately, in the lower story, and Anna up-stairs, with the child, the wet-nurse, and the maid, in a large suite consisting of four rooms.

On the first day after his arrival Vrónski went to see his brother. He there found his mother, who had come from Moscow on business matters. His mother and his sister-in-law met him as usual; they asked him about his foreign travel, spoke of common acquaintances, and did not with one word mention his liaison with Anna. His brother, on the contrary, who on the following day went to see Vrónski, himself asked him about her, and Aleksyéy Vrónski told him frankly that he looked upon his liaison with Anna as upon a marriage; that he hoped to get a divorce for her, when he would marry her, but that until then he considered her as much his wife as any other, and begged him so to inform his mother and his wife.

"If the world does not approve it, it makes no difference to me," said Vrónski, "but if my relatives want to remain in friendly relations with me, they must be in the same relations with my wife."

The elder brother, who had always respected the judgment of the younger brother, was not quite sure whether he was right or wrong so long as the world had not decided the question; for his own part he did not have any objection to it, and with Aleksyéy went to see Anna.

In his brother's presence, Vrónski addressed Anna as "you," as always before strangers, and treated her as an intimate acquaintance, but it was understood that his brother knew of their relations, and it was mentioned that Anna was going to Vrónski's estate.

In spite of all his worldly experience, Vrónski was, on account of the new situation in which he found himself, in a terrible delusion. One would think that he understood that society was closed for him and Anna; but just now some indistinct combinations rose in his head that so it had been of old, but that now, with the rapid progress (imperceptibly to himself he now had become an advocate of every progress), the view of society had changed, and that the question whether they would be received in society, or not, was not yet solved. "Of course," he thought, "court society will not receive us, but friends can and must understand it as is proper."

It is possible for a man to sit several hours in one position, with his legs under him, if he knows that nothing is keeping him from changing the position; but if he knows that he is compelled to sit so on his legs, he will get the cramps, and his legs will jerk and twitch in the direction in which he wants to stretch them. It was precisely this that Vrónski experienced in respect to society. Though he knew in the depth of his heart that society was closed to him, he tried to find out whether society would not change and receive them. But he very soon observed that, although society was open for him personally, it was closed to Anna. As in the cat-and-mouse game, the hands, which were raised for him, immediately fell before Anna.

One of the first ladies of St. Petersburg society, whom Vrónski saw, was his cousin Betsy.

"At last!" she met him joyously. "And Anna? How glad I am! Where do you stop? I can imagine how terrible our St. Petersburg must be to you after your charm-

ing travels. I imagine your honeymoon in Rome. How about the divorce? Have you achieved it?"

Vrónski noticed that Betsy's delight was diminished, when she learned that there was not yet any divorce.

"They will cast a stone at me, I know," she said, "but I will come to see Anna; yes, I will, by all means. Are you going to stay here long?"

And, indeed, that very day she came to see Anna; but her tone was quite different from what it had been before. She evidently prided herself on her boldness and wanted Anna to appreciate the fidelity of her friendship. She stayed not more than ten minutes, talking of society news, and at leaving said:

"You have not told me when there will be a divorce. Of course, I have thrown the cap beyond the mill, but other raised collars will give you the cold shoulder until you are married. And that is so simple nowadays. *C'est fait*. So you are going to leave on Friday? What a pity I shall not see you again!"

From Betsy's tone Vrónski might have understood what he had to expect from society; but he made another attempt in his family. He had no hopes in his mother. He knew that his mother, who had been so enthusiastic about Anna during their first acquaintance, now was inexorable to her because she was the cause of interfering with her son's career. But he placed great hopes in Vára, his brother's wife. It seemed to him that she would not cast a stone, and would with simplicity and determination go to see Anna and receive her at her house.

On the day after his arrival, Vrónski went to see her and, finding her alone, expressed his wish to her.

"You know, Aleksyéy," she said, after listening to all he had to say, "how I love you and how prepared I am to do anything for you; but I have kept silent because I knew that I could not be useful to you or to Anna Arká-

devna," she said, enouncing "Anna Arkádevna" with special distinctness. "Do not think that I am condemning her. Never. Perhaps I should have done the same in her place. I do not enter, and I cannot enter, into the details," she said, timidly looking at his gloomy face. "But the thing has to be called by its name. You want me to go and call on her and receive her, and thus rehabilitate her in society; but you must understand that I *cannot* do it. I have daughters who are growing up, and I must live in society for my husband's sake. Well, suppose I go to see Anna Arkádevna; she will understand that I cannot invite her to the house, or that I must do it in such a way that she would not meet those who look differently at it: that will offend her. I cannot lift her up —"

"But I do not consider her to have fallen more than hundreds of women whom you receive!" Vrónski interrupted her, more dejectedly still. He rose in silence, seeing that the decision of his sister-in-law was inflexible.

"Aleksyáy, don't be angry with me! Please, understand that it is not my fault," said Várya, looking at him with a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you," he said, just as gloomily, "but I am doubly grieved. It grieves me because it breaks our friendship, — I won't say it breaks it, but weakens it. You understand that for me, too, it cannot be otherwise."

And with this he left the room.

Vrónski understood that all further attempts were fruitless, and that it was necessary to remain the few days in St. Petersburg as in a strange city, avoiding all communication with his former world, in order not to be subjected to unpleasantness and insult, which were so painful to him. One of the chief annoyances of their stay in St. Petersburg was that Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich and his name seemed to be everywhere. It was impossible to

begin saying anything but that the conversation turned upon Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich ; it was impossible to go anywhere without meeting him. At least it so seemed to Vrónski, just as it seems to a man with a sore finger that he is constantly striking that finger against something.

The stay in St. Petersburg seemed the more oppressive to Vrónski since during that time he observed in Anna a new mood, which was incomprehensible to him. Now she seemed to be in love with him, and now she grew cold, nervous, and impenetrable. She was tormented by something and concealed something from him, and did not seem to notice those insults which poisoned his life, and which ought to have been even more painful to her, with her sensitive feeling.

XXIX.

ONE of Anna's purposes in returning to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy, the thought of this meeting had been constantly agitating her. And the nearer she came to St. Petersburg, the greater did the joy and importance of that meeting appear to her. She did not even ask herself how this meeting was to be brought about. It seemed natural and easy to her to see her son, when she should be in the same city with him; but, upon her arrival in St. Petersburg, her present position in society suddenly dawned upon her, and she saw that it was difficult to arrange this meeting.

She had now been two days in the city. The thought of seeing her son had not left her for a moment, but she had not yet seen him. She felt that she did not have the right to go straight to the house, where she might meet Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. She might not be admitted, and could be insulted. To write to her husband and enter into relations with him was painful for her to think of: she could be calm only so long as she did not think of her husband. To see her son out walking, having found out where and when he was taken out, was not enough for her: she had been preparing herself so much for this meeting, had so much to tell him, and wanted so much to embrace and kiss him. Serézha's old nurse might help her and tell her what to do. But the nurse was no longer in Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's house. Two days had passed in this wavering and in the search for the nurse.

Having learned of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's close

relations with Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, Anna on the third day decided to write to her a letter, which cost her much labour, and in which she purposely said that the permission to see her son depended on her husband's magnanimity. She knew that if the letter should be shown to him, he, continuing in his rôle of magnanimity, would not refuse her.

The factotum who had carried the letter brought her back a most cruel and unexpected answer, that there would be no reply. She had never before felt so humiliated as at the moment when she called up the factotum and heard from him the detailed account of how he had been waiting and finally was told that there would be no answer. Anna felt humiliated and insulted, but she saw that Countess Lídiya Ivánovna was right from her point of view. Her sorrow was the more strong since it was all her own. She could not and would not share it with Vrónski. She knew that the question of meeting her son would seem an unimportant affair to him, though he was the chief cause of her misfortune. She knew that he would never be able to understand all the depth of her suffering; she knew that she would hate him for his cold tone, if she mentioned it to him. And of this she was afraid more than of anything else in the world, and so concealed from him everything which concerned her son.

Having stayed at home a whole day, she tried to find a means of seeing her son, and finally dwelt on her determination to write to her husband. She was already composing that letter, when a note was brought to her from Lídiya Ivánovna. The countess's silence had humbled and vanquished her; but the note, everything she read between the lines, so irritated her, that malice seemed so revolting to her in comparison with her impassioned, legitimate tenderness for her son, that she became excited against others, and stopped accusing herself.

"That coldness, that hypocrisy of sentiments!" she said to herself. "All they want is to insult me and torment the child, and me to submit! Never! She is worse than I. I, at least, do not lie." And she decided at once that to-morrow, on the very birthday of Serézha, she would go directly to her husband's house, would bribe the people, would deceive, and would by all means see her son and destroy that monstrous deceit with which they had surrounded the unfortunate boy.

She went to a toy shop, bought a lot of toys, and laid the plan for her actions. She would come early in the morning, at eight o'clock, when Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich would, in all probability, not yet be up. In her hands she would have money, which she would give to the porter and to the lackey, that they might let her in, and, without raising her veil, she would say that she came from Serézha's godfather to congratulate the boy, and that she was enjoined to place the toys near his bed. The only thing she did not prepare was the words which she would say to her son. No matter how much she thought of these, she could not invent them.

On the next day, at eight o'clock, Anna all alone left the hired carriage and rang the bell at the main entrance of what used to be her house.

"Go and see what they want! It is some lady," said Kapitónych, who was not yet dressed, and in his overcoat and galoshes looked out of the window at the lady covered with a veil, and standing at the very door. The porter's assistant, a young lad, whom Anna did not know, had barely opened the door for her when she stepped in, and, taking a three-rouble bill out of her muff, hurriedly stuck it into his hand.

"Serézha — Sergyéy Alekseyéich," she muttered, walking up-stairs. Having examined the bill, the porter's assistant stopped her at the next glass door.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

She did not hear his words and made no reply.

Observing the confusion of the unknown lady, Kapitónych himself came out to her, let her in through the door, and asked her what she wanted.

"From Prince Skorodúmov to Sergyéy Aleksyéich," she muttered.

"He is not up yet," the porter said, scanning her fixedly.

Anna had not at all expected that the entirely unchanged surroundings of the antechamber of the house, in which she had lived for nine years, would affect her so powerfully. One after another joyful and painful memories rose in her soul, and for a moment she forgot what she had come for.

"Will you be so kind as to wait a little?" said Kapitónych, taking off her fur coat.

As he was doing this, he looked into her face, recognized her, and silently made a low bow before her.

"If you please, your Excellency," he said to her.

She wanted to say something, but her voice refused to utter any sounds; looking at the old man with guilty entreaty, she ascended the staircase with rapid, light steps. Bending his whole body forward, and catching his galoshes on the steps, Kapitónych ran after her, trying to get ahead of her.

"The teacher is there, — he may be undressed yet. I will announce you."

Anna continued to walk on the familiar staircase, without understanding what the old man was telling her.

"This way, to the left, if you please. Pardon me for its not being clean. He is now in the former sofa-room," the porter said, puffing. "If you please, your Excellency, just wait a minute, I will look in," he said, and, running past her, he opened the tall door a little and was lost behind it. Anna stopped, waiting for the porter.

"He has just awakened," said the porter, coming out again.

Just as the porter was saying this, Anna heard the sound of a childish yawn. Just by the one sound of this yawn alone Anna recognized her son and saw him alive before her.

"Let me in, let me in, go away!" she said, entering through the tall door. To the right of it stood a bed, and on the bed a boy sat up in his unbuttoned shirt and, bending over with his little body and stretching himself, was finishing his yawn. Just as his lips were coming together they were compressed into a blissfully sleepy smile, and with this smile he slowly and sweetly threw himself again back on the bed.

"Serézha!" she whispered, walking inaudibly up to him.

During her separation from him, and during the outburst of love which she had experienced of late, she had imagined him as a boy of four years of age, as which she had loved him most. Now he was even not such as she had left him; he was still farther removed from what he had been at four years, and had grown taller and thinner. What was that! How thin his face was, how short his hair! How long his arms! How he had changed since she had left him! But it was he, with the shape of his head, his lips, his soft little neck and broad shoulders.

"Serézha!" she repeated over the child's ear.

He again raised himself on his elbow, turned his tousled head to either side, as though looking for something, and opened his eyes. Softly and inquisitively he looked for several seconds at his mother, who was standing motionless before him, then he suddenly smiled a blissful smile and, again closing his sticky eyes, threw himself, not backwards, but toward her, into her arms.

"Serézha! My darling boy!" she muttered, out of breath, and embracing his chubby body.

"Mamma!" he muttered, moving around so as to touch her arms with the different parts of his body.



“ ‘ To-day is my birthday.’ ”

With a sleepy smile, his eyes still remaining closed, he at the headboard of his bed threw his chubby little arms about her shoulders, pressed close to her, surrounding her with that pleasant odour of sleep and with that warmth which only children have, and began to rub his face against her neck and shoulders.

"I knew it," he said, opening his eyes. "To-day is my birthday. I knew that you would come. I will get up at once."

And, saying this, he was beginning to fall asleep again.

Anna surveyed him eagerly. She saw that he had grown and changed in her absence. She recognized and yet did not recognize his bare legs, now so large, which stretched forth from the coverlet, those thinned cheeks, and those clipped, short locks of hair on the back of his head, which she used to kiss so much. She touched all these parts and could not say a word, — the tears choked her.

"What are you crying about, mamma?" he said, now completely awake. "Mamma, what makes you cry?" he called out, in a tearful voice.

"I will not cry — I am crying for joy. I have not seen you for such a long time. I won't, I won't," she said, swallowing her tears, and turning away from him. "Well, it is time for you to get dressed," she added, regaining her composure. Keeping silence and still holding his hands, she sat down beside his bed on a chair, on which his clothes were laid out.

"How do you dress yourself without me? How —" she wanted to begin to speak simply and merrily, but could not, and again turned away.

"I do not wash in cold water, — papa has told me not to. And have you not seen Vasíli Lukích? He will be here. You are sitting on my clothes!"

And Serézha laughed out loud. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma, darling, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, again throwing himself upon her and embracing her. It was as though, seeing her smile, he now clearly understood what had happened.

"You don't want that," he said, taking her hat off. And, as though he saw her anew without her hat, he began to kiss her once more.

"What did you think about me? Did you think that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You did not, my friend?"

"I knew it, I knew it!" he repeated his favourite sentence, and, taking hold of her hand, which was patting his hair, he pressed its palm to his mouth and kissed it.

XXX.

IN the meantime, Vasíli Lukích, who at first did not understand who the lady was, and then learned from their conversation that it was that mother who had abandoned her husband, and whom he did not know, since he had come to the house after she had left, was in doubt whether to enter or not, or whether to communicate with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. Finally, reflecting that his duty consisted in waking Serézha at a stated hour, and that, therefore, it was not for him to consider who was sitting there, whether his mother or any one else, but that he had to perform his duty, he dressed himself, walked over to the door and opened it.

But the caresses of mother and son, the sounds of their voices, and what they were saying, — all that made him change his intention. He shook his head and, heaving a sigh, closed the door. “I will wait another ten minutes,” he said to himself, clearing his throat, and drying his tears.

In the meantime the servants of the house were strongly agitated. All had learned that the lady had come and that Kapitónych had admitted her, and that she now was in the nursery, where the master was in the habit of coming at nine o’clock, and all understood that a meeting of husband and wife was impossible and had to be prevented. Kornéy, the valet, went down to the porter’s lodge and inquired who had let her in, and, upon learning that Kapitónych had received and accompanied

her, he reproached the old man for it. The porter kept a stubborn silence, but when Kornéy said that he ought to be discharged for it, Kapitónych rushed up to him and, swinging his hand in front of Kornéy's face, said :

"Yes, you would not have let her in ! I have served here for ten years and have received from her nothing but kindness, but you would have gone up to her and said, 'If you please, get out !' You are awfully clever, aren't you ? That's it ! You had better look after yourself, and stop fleecing the master, and carrying off genet furs !"

"Lubber !" Kornéy said, contemptuously, turning around to the nurse, who had just come in. "Judge yourself, Márya Efímovna ! He let her in without saying a word to anybody," Kornéy turned to her. "Aleksyáy Aleksándrovich will come out soon, and will go to the nursery."

"Trouble, trouble !" said the nurse. "Kornéy Vasílevich, you had better hold back the master, and I will go and try to get her away. Trouble, trouble !"

When the nurse entered the nursery, Serézha was telling his mother about how he and Nádenka had fallen, and rolled down-hill, and had turned three somersaults. She heard the sounds of his voice, saw his face, and the play of his expression, and felt his hand, but did not understand what he was saying. It was necessary to go away, to leave him, — that was all she thought and felt. She heard the steps of Vasíli Lukích, who had come to the door and cleared his throat, and she heard the steps of the approaching nurse ; but she remained sitting as though petrified, unable to begin speaking, or to get up.

"My darling lady !" said the nurse, walking over to Anna, and kissing her hand and shoulders. "What a joy God has sent to our birthday boy ! You have not changed a bit !"

"Oh, nurse, dear, I did not know that you were in the house," Anna said, for a moment coming to her senses,

"I do not live here. I am living with my daughter, and I just came to congratulate, Anna Arkádevna, dear!"

The nurse suddenly burst out into tears, and once more began to kiss her hand.

Serézha, with a smile and with beaming eyes, holding on with one hand to his mother, and with the other to the nurse, was stamping his bare, fat little feet on the carpet. The tenderness of his beloved nurse for his mother roused him to delight.

"Mamma! She comes to see me often, and when she comes —" he began, but stopped, noticing that the nurse was saying something in a whisper to his mother, and that on his mother's face was expressed fright and something resembling shame, which was so unbecoming to her. She went up to him.

"My darling!" she said.

She could not say "Good-bye!" but the expression of her face said it, and he understood her. "Dear, dear Kútik!" she used a name by which she had called him as a baby. "You will not forget me? You —" but she could not say anything more.

How many words she later thought of that she might have said to him! But now she was quite unable to say anything. But Serézha understood everything she wanted to tell him. He understood that she was unhappy and loved him. He even understood what the nurse had said in a whisper. He had heard the words, "Always at nine o'clock," and he understood that they were talking about his father, and that his father and mother could not meet. That he understood; but he could not understand why fright and shame suddenly appeared on her face. She is not at fault, and yet she is afraid and ashamed of something. He wanted to put a question, which would clear up his doubt, but he did not dare to put it; he saw that she was suffering, and he was sorry for her. He silently pressed close to her and said, in a whisper:

"Don't go away yet! He will not come so soon."

His mother pushed him aside, in order to see whether he was thinking of what he was saying, and in the frightened expression of his face she read that he was not only talking of his father, but, as it were, asking her what he ought to think of him.

"Serézha, my darling," she said, "love him, — he is much better than I, and I am guilty toward him. When you grow up, you will judge us."

"Nobody is better than you!" he cried, in despair, through tears. Taking hold of her shoulders, he began to press her to his breast with all his might, his hands trembling from the tension.

Just then the door opened, and Vasíli Lukích entered. At the other door, steps were heard, and the nurse said in a frightened whisper, "He is coming," and handed Anna her hat.

Serézha dropped down on his bed and began to sob, covering his face with his hands. Anna took these hands away, once more kissed his wet face, and with rapid steps left the room. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was walking toward her. When he saw her, he stopped and inclined his head.

Although she had just said that he was better than she, at the rapid glance which she cast upon him, taking in his whole figure, with all its details, a feeling of disgust and of malice against him and of envy on account of her son took possession of her. With a rapid motion she dropped her veil and, increasing her step, almost ran out of the room.

She had not had time to take out, and so brought home again, those toys which the day before she had selected in the shop with so much love and sorrow.

XXXI.

No matter how strongly Anna had wished for a meeting with her son, and how long she had been thinking of it and preparing herself for it, she had not expected that it would affect her so powerfully. On returning to her lonely apartments in the hotel, she for a long time could not understand what she was there for. "Yes, all is ended, and I am again alone," she said to herself. Taking off her hat, she seated herself in a chair which was standing near the fireplace. Fixing her motionless eyes on the bronze clock, which was standing on a table between the windows, she began to think.

A French maid, whom she had brought from abroad, came in to ask her whether she wished to be dressed. She looked in surprise at her and said, "Later!" The lackey offered her coffee. "Later!" she said.

The Italian wet-nurse, having dressed the girl, brought her in and took her over to Anna. The chubby, well-fed girl, on seeing her mother, as always, turned her bare little hands, that were covered with pieces of threads, with their palms downward and, smiling with her toothless mouth, began to move her little hands as a fish moves its fins, making a rustling sound with them on the starched folds of her embroidered skirt. It was not possible to keep from smiling and kissing the little girl; it was not possible to keep from giving her a finger, of which she got hold, screaming, and leaping up with her whole body. It was not possible to keep from offering her the lip, which she, intending it as a kiss, took into her little mouth. And

Anna did all that, and took her into her arms, and rocked her up and down, and kissed her fresh cheek and bared little elbows; but at the sight of this child, it became clearer to her that the feeling which she had for her was not even love in comparison with what she experienced in respect to Serézha. Everything in the girl was sweet, but all that for some reason did not take such hold of her heart. On her first child, even though from a man who was not to her liking, had been expended all the powers of unsatisfied love; the girl had been born under the most oppressive of conditions, and not even one-hundredth part of the cares had been bestowed upon her which had been bestowed on her first-born. Besides, in the girl everything was still in the future, while Serézha was almost a man, a beloved man; in him already struggled thoughts and feelings; he comprehended, he loved, he judged her, she thought, as she recalled his words and glances. And she was for ever separated from him, not only physically, but also spiritually, and it was impossible to mend matters.

She gave the girl back to the wet-nurse, dismissed her, and opened a medallion, in which was Serézha's portrait when he was of about the same age as the girl. She got up and, taking off her hat, picked up from the table an album, in which were photographs of her son at different ages. She wanted to compare the photographs and began to take them out of the album. She took them all out. One was left, the last and best photograph. He wore a white shirt and straddled a chair, knitting his brow and smiling with his mouth. That was his most characteristic and best expression. With her small, agile hand, which on that day moved its slender white fingers with unusual tension, she several times got hold of the corner of the photograph, but it tore off, and she could not get it out. The paper-knife was not on the table, and so she took out the photograph which faced it (it was that of Vrónski,

take his home, for around her and long to have, and when
it pulled at her heart, she applied it to her face. She
said, looking at Vronski's picture, and suddenly recalling
who was the cause of her present misfortune. She had
not once thought of him during that whole morning.
But now, as she saw that manly, noble, so familiar, dear
face, she suddenly was seized by an unexpected outburst
of love for him.

"But where is he? How is it he leaves me alone with
my suffering?" she suddenly thought, with a feeling of
reproach, forgetting that she herself had concealed from
him everything which referred to her son. She sent word
to him that she wanted him to come to her at once; she
waited for him with trepidation, thinking of the words
with which she would tell him everything, and of those
expressions of his love which would console her. The
messenger returned with the answer that he had a guest,
but that he would come at once, and wished to know
whether she would receive him with Prince Yáshvin, who
had just arrived in St. Petersburg. "He will not come by
himself, and he has not seen me since yesterday's dinner,"
she thought. "He will not come in such a way that I
may tell him everything, but in company with Yáshvin."
And suddenly she was assailed by the strange thought
"What if he no longer loves me?"

And passing in review the incidents of the last few days,
it appeared to her that she saw in everything a confirma-
tion of that terrible thought: the fact that he had not
dined at home the day before, and that he insisted that
they should occupy separate quarters in St. Petersburg,
and that he now was not coming by himself, as though
avoiding a private meeting.

"But he must tell me so. I must know it. If I know
it, I shall know what to do," she said to herself, unable to
imagine the situation in which she would be on becoming
sure of his indifference. She thought that he had ceased

loving her and she felt herself near to despair, and so she was unusually agitated. She [] for the maid, and went to the boudoir. While dressing herself, she busied herself more than ever with her toilet, as though, if he had stopped loving her, he could again return to his love because she would have on the dress and the coiffure which were especially becoming to her.

She heard a bell before she was through dressing.

When she made her appearance in the drawing-room, it was not he, but Yáshvin, who met her glance. He was looking at the pictures of her son, which she had forgotten on the table, and was in no hurry to look up at her.

"We are acquainted," she said, placing her small hand on the huge hand of Yáshvin, who was embarrassed (which was so strange with his immense stature and coarse face). "We have been acquainted since the races of last year. Give them to me!" she said, with a rapid motion taking away from Vrónski the pictures, which he had been examining, and looking significantly at him with her sparkling eyes. "Were there any good races this year? Instead of them I saw this year the races in the Corso at Rome. I know, you do not like life abroad," she said, with a gentle smile. "I know you and all your tastes, though I have not met you often."

"I am very sorry for that, because my tastes are mostly all vicious," said Yáshvin, biting at his left moustache.

Having talked for a little while, and observing that Vrónski was looking at his watch, Yáshvin asked her how long she would remain in St. Petersburg, and, unbending his huge frame, he took hold of his cap.

"I think not very long," she said, in confusion, looking at Vrónski.

"So we shall not see each other again?" said Yáshvin, getting up, and turning to Vrónski. "Where do you dine?"

"Come to dine with me!" Anna said, with determina-

tion, as though angry with herself for her embarrassment, but blushing, as she always did, whenever she indicated her situation to a new man. "The dinner is not good here, but at least you will see him. Of all his regimental friends Aleksyáy loves none so much as you."

"Very glad to," said Yáshvin, with a smile, from which Vrónski saw that he had taken a liking to Anna.

Yáshvin bowed and went away. Vrónski remained in the room.

"Are you going, too?" she asked him.

"I am too late now," he replied. "Go! I will catch up with you," he called down to Yáshvin.

She took his hand and looked fixedly at him, rummaging in her thoughts for something to tell him in order to retain him.

"Wait, I have to tell you some things," and, taking his short hand, she pressed it against her neck. "You don't mind my having invited him to dinner, do you?"

"You did well," he said, with a calm smile, which displayed his serried row of teeth, and kissing her hand.

"Aleksyáy, have you not changed toward me?" she said, pressing his hand with both of hers. "Aleksyáy, I am suffering here. When shall we leave?"

"Soon, soon. You will not believe how hard our life here is to me, too," he said, drawing his hand away.

"Well, go, go!" she said, with indignation, and walking rapidly away from him.

XXXII.

WHEN Vrónski returned home, Anna had not yet come back. Soon after he had left, a lady, he was told, came to see her, and they went away together. The fact that she had gone without leaving word where she was ; that she had not yet returned ; that she had gone out somewhere in the morning without telling him anything about it, — everything, together with the strangely animated expression of her face, with which she in Yáshvin's presence had almost pulled her son's photographs out of his hands, caused him to reflect. He decided that it was necessary to have an explanation with her. And he waited for her in her drawing-room. But Anna did not return alone, but brought with her her aunt, an old maid, Princess Oblónski. It was the same lady that had come in the morning, and with whom Anna had driven out to make purchases. Anna did not seem to notice the expression of Vrónski's worried and questioning face, and merrily told him what she had bought in the morning. He saw that something peculiar was taking place in her : in her sparkling eyes, as they in passing dwelt on him, there was strained attention, and in her speech and motions was that nervous quickness and grace which had so fascinated him during the first time of their intimacy, but which now agitated and frightened him.

Dinner was set for four. All were ready to go into the small dining-room, when Tushkévich arrived with a message to Anna from Princess Betsy. Princess Betsy begged to be excused for not having come to bid her good-

bye ; she was not well, and begged Anna to come to see her between half-past six and nine o'clock. Vrónski looked at Anna when the time was mentioned, which showed that measures had been taken that she should not meet any one, but Anna did not seem to notice it.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot come between half-past six and nine," she said, with the faintest smile.

"The princess will be very sorry."

"I too."

"You, no doubt, are going to hear Patti?" said Tushkévich.

"Patti? You give me a good idea. I should like to go if we could get a box."

"I can get it," Tushkévich offered his services.

"I should be very, very much obliged to you," said Anna. "But won't you dine with us?"

Vrónski gave a barely perceptible shrug with his shoulders. He absolutely failed to understand what Anna was doing. Why had she brought that old princess? Why had she invited Tushkévich to dinner? And, most surprising of all, why did she send him to get her a box? How could she think in her situation of going to an engagement of Patti, where all the society she knew would be? He looked at her with a serious glance, but she replied to him with that provoking, half-merry, half-desperate glance, the meaning of which he could not understand. At dinner Anna was offensively happy ; she seemed to be coquetting with Tushkévich and with Yáshvin. When they rose from dinner, and Tushkévich went to get a box, and Yáshvin went out to smoke, Vrónski went with him down-stairs, to his rooms. After staying there for awhile, he ran up-stairs. Anna was already dressed in a light-coloured silk dress with velvet trimmings, which she had had made for herself in Paris, with décolleté bosom, and with costly white lace on her head, which encased her face and most advantageously set off her bright beauty.

"Do you really mean to go to the theatre?" he said, trying not to look at her.

"Why do you ask in such a frightened tone?" she said, again offended because he did not look at her. "Why should I not go?"

She did not seem to understand the meaning of his words.

"Of course there is no reason," he said, frowning.

"That's what I say," she said, purposely not understanding the irony of his tone, and calmly turning her long, perfumed glove.

"Anna, for God's sake, what is the matter with you?" he said, trying to wake her, just as her husband had once spoken to her.

"I do not understand what you are asking about."

"You know that you can't go there."

"Why? I will not go by myself. Princess Várvara has gone to get dressed, — she will go with me."

He shrugged his shoulders, with a look of consternation and despair.

"But do you not know —" he began.

"I do not want to know!" she almost shouted. "I do not want to. Do I repent of what I have done? No, no, and no. And if the same were to happen again from the beginning, I would do it over. For us, for me and for you, only one thing is important, and that is whether we love each other. There are no other considerations. Why do we live here apart, and not see each other? Why can't I go? I love you, and everything else is a matter of indifference to me," she said in Russian, looking at him with a special gleam of her eyes, which was incomprehensible to him, "if you have not changed. Why don't you look at me?"

He looked at her. He saw all the beauty of her face and attire, which was always so becoming to her. But just then it was that very beauty and elegance that irritated him.

“My feeling cannot change, you know, but I beg you not to go, I implore you,” he said, in French, with gentle supplication in his voice, but with coldness in his glance.

She did not hear his words, but saw that coldness of his glance, and so replied, with irritation :

“And I beg you to explain to me why I should not go.”

“Because that may cause you — ” He hesitated.

“I do not understand anything. *Yáshvin n'est pas compromettant* and Princess Várvara is in no way worse than the rest. Ah, here she is.”

XXXIII.

VRÓNSKI for the first time experienced toward Anna a feeling of annoyance, almost resentment, for her intentional misunderstanding of her situation. This feeling was increased by the fact that he could not express to her the cause of his annoyance. If he had told her frankly what he thought, he would have answered :

"To appear in the theatre in this attire, with the princess, who is known to everybody, means not only acknowledging your situation as a ruined woman, but also challenging society, that is, for ever renouncing it."

He could not tell her so. "But why can't she see it, and what is taking place in her?" he said to himself. He felt that at one and the same time his respect for her was diminishing, and the consciousness of her beauty was increasing.

He returned frowning to his room and, sitting down beside Yáshvin, who had stretched out his long legs on a chair and was drinking cognac with Seltzer, ordered the same thing up for himself.

"You talk of Lankóvski's Mighty. It is a good horse, and I advise you to buy him," said Yáshvin, looking at the gloomy face of his companion. "He has slanting haunches, but his legs and head are all you can wish for."

"I think I will take him," replied Vrónski.

The talk about horses interested him, but he did not for a moment forget Anna, involuntarily listening to the sound

of the steps in the corridor, and looking at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Anna Arkádevna begs to announce that she has gone to the theatre."

Yáshvin poured another wine-glass of cognac into the effervescing water, drank it down, and, getting up, buttoned his coat.

"Well, shall we go?" he said, with a faint smile beneath his moustache, and showing by that smile that he understood the cause of Vrónski's gloom, but did not ascribe any importance to it.

"I will not go," Vrónski replied, dejectedly.

"But I have to, — I have promised. Well, good-bye! Come to the parquette seats, take Krasínski's chair!" Yáshvin added, as he was leaving.

"No, I am busy."

"With a wife there is trouble, and with one who is not a wife it is worse still," thought Yáshvin, upon leaving the hotel.

Being left alone, Vrónski rose from his chair and began to pace the room.

"What is to-day? The fourth engagement. Egór and his wife are there, and my mother, no doubt, too. That means that all of St. Petersburg is there. Now she has entered, has taken off her fur coat, and has come forward to the gaze of the world. Tushkévich, Yáshvin, Princess Várvara," he represented to himself. "What about me? Am I afraid, or have I transferred the guardianship to Tushkévich? Look at it as you please, it is stupid, stupid — Why does she place me in such a situation?" he said, waving his hand.

In this motion he struck the little table on which stood the Seltzer and the decanter with the cognac, and almost knocked it down. He wanted to catch it, but only gave it another knock, and so in anger kicked it with his foot and rang the bell.

"If you want to serve with me," he said to the valet who had entered, "you have to remember your business. Never let that happen again! Clean it up!"

The valet, feeling himself innocent, wanted to justify himself, but, upon looking at his master, he saw from his face that all he had to do was to keep quiet, and so, hurriedly bending his frame, he let himself down on the carpet and began to pick up the uninjured and the broken wine-glasses and bottles.

"That is not your business! Send a lackey in to clean up, and get my dress coat ready!"

Vrónski entered the theatre at half-past eight. The performance was in full blast. The theatre servant, an old man, took off his fur coat and, recognizing him, addressed him as "Your Serenity," and advised him not to take a number, but simply to call up Fédor. In the brightly illuminated corridor there was nobody but the servant and two lackeys with fur coats on their arms, who were listening at the door. Through the closed door could be heard the sounds of the cautious staccato accompaniment of the orchestra and of one feminine voice, which distinctly enunciated a musical phrase. The door opened, letting in the servant, who slunk through it, and the phrase, which was reaching the end, struck Vrónski's ear with its full force. But the door was at once closed, and Vrónski did not hear the end of the phrase and the cadence, but he understood from the loud applause that the cadence had come to an end.

When he entered the hall, which was brightly lighted up with lustres and bronze gas-jets, the noise was still being continued. On the stage, the singer, shining with her nude shoulders and diamonds, bending and smiling, was gathering up, with the aid of the tenor, who was holding her hand, the bouquets which kept awkwardly

flying over the footlights. Then she walked over to a gentleman, with a row of hair which was shining in the middle from the pomatum dressing, who with something in his hands was stretching his long arms over the footlights, — and all the public in the parterre, as well as in the boxes, were in a flurry, craning forward, shouting, and clapping hands. The director of the orchestra on his elevation helped in the transmission, and adjusted his white necktie. Vrónski stepped into the middle of the parterre and, stopping, began to look around. On that night he less than ever directed his attention to the familiar, customary surroundings, to the stage, to that noise, to all that familiar, uninteresting, variegated herd of spectators in the chock-full theatre.

In the boxes were the same kind of ladies with the same kind of officers in the background; the same gaily dressed women, — God knew who, — and uniforms, and coats; the same dirty crowd in the gallery, — and in all that mass, in the boxes and in the first rows, there were about forty *real* men and women. And to these oases Vrónski immediately directed his attention, and with them at once entered into relations.

The act had just ended when he came in, and so he did not go to his brother's box, but walked down to the first row and stopped at the footlights with Serpukhovskóy, who, bending his knee and striking his heel against the balustrade, and observing him from a distance, called him up with a smile.

Vrónski had not yet seen Anna and purposely did not look in her direction. But he knew from the direction of the glances where she was. Imperceptibly he looked around, but he did not search for her; expecting the worst, he sought Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich with his eyes. To his luck, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich was not in the theatre on that evening.

“How little of the military there is left in you!”

Serpukhovskóy said to him. "A diplomatist, an artist, that's what it is."

"Yes, ever since my return home I have put on the dress coat," Vrónski replied, smiling, and at once taking out his opera-glass.

"In this, I must say, I envy you. Whenever I return from abroad and put on this," he touched his shoulder-knot, "I feel sorry for my liberty."

Serpukhovskóy had long ago given up his hope that Vrónski would enter the service, but he loved him as of old and now was particularly kind to him.

"It is too bad, you have missed the first act."

Vrónski, who was listening with one ear only, transferred his opera-glass from the *baignoire* to the *bel-étage*, and examined the boxes. Near a lady in a turban and a bald-headed old man, who angrily winked in the glass of the opera-glass as it moved up to him, Vrónski suddenly saw Anna's proud, strikingly beautiful head, which was smiling in a frame of lace. She was in the fifth *baignoire*, within twenty steps from him. She was sitting in front and, turning slightly around, was saying something to Yáshvin. The poise of her head on her beautiful, broad shoulders and the repressed and animated gleam of her eyes and of the whole face reminded him of her as she had been at the ball in Moscow. But at the present time he appreciated her beauty quite differently. In his sentiment for her there was now nothing mysterious, and so her beauty, though it attracted him more powerfully than before, at the same time offended him. She was not looking in his direction, but Vrónski felt that she had already seen him.

When Vrónski again turned his opera-glass toward her, he observed that Princess Várvara was unusually red, and was laughing in an unnatural manner and constantly looking around at the neighbouring box. But Anna, having folded her fan, was striking the red velvet

with it and looking somewhere, and did not see and apparently did not wish to see what was going on in the next box. On Yáshvin's face was that expression which he generally had when he had lost at cards. He was scowling and sticking his left moustache deeper and deeper into his mouth and looking askance at the neighbouring box.

In that box, on the left, were the Kartásovs. Vrónski knew them, and he knew that Anna had been acquainted with them. Kartásov's wife, a small, thin woman, was standing in her box, and, turning her back to Anna, was putting on a wrap, which her husband had handed her. Her face was pale and angry, and she was saying something in an agitated voice. Kartásov, a fat, bald-headed old man, who kept looking back at Anna, was trying to calm his wife. When his wife had left, the husband lagged behind, trying to find Anna with his eyes, and evidently wishing to bow to her. But Anna, who evidently did not notice him on purpose, turning back, was saying something to Yáshvin, who had bent his closely cropped head down to her. Kartásov went out, without bowing, and the box was left empty.

Vrónski did not understand what it was that had happened between the Kartásovs and Anna, but he knew that something humiliating for Anna had happened. This he understood from what he saw, and still more from the face of Anna, who, he knew, had gathered her last strength in order to carry out the rôle which she had taken upon herself. And in this rôle of external calm she was quite successful. Those who did not know her and her circle, who had not heard all the expressions of regret and indignation and surprise of the women, because she had allowed herself to appear in the world, and to show herself so tellingly in her lace attire and in all her beauty, admired the calm and beauty of that woman, and did not suspect that she was experiencing the feeling of a man who is placed in the pillory.

Knowing that something had happened, but not knowing what it was, Vrónski experienced an agonizing alarm and went to his brother's box, hoping to find out something. He purposely selected an aisle of the parterre which was opposite to Anna's box, and, in walking out through it, fell in with the former commander of his regiment, who was talking with two acquaintances. Vrónski heard Karénin's name mentioned, and he observed that the commander hastened to call Vrónski, looking significantly at the speakers.

"Ah, Vronski! When will you come to the regiment? We can't let you go without a banquet. You are our tap-root," said the commander of the regiment.

"I shall not have the time, — I am very sorry, — some other day," said Vrónski. And he ran up-stairs to his brother's box.

The old countess, Vrónski's mother, with her steel-gray locks, was in his brother's box. He met Várya with Princess Sorókin in the corridor of the *bel-étage*.

Having taken the young Princess Sorókin to her mother, Várya took the arm of her brother-in-law and immediately began to speak with him about what interested him. She was agitated as he had never seen her before.

"I find that it is base and low, and Madame Kartásov had no right whatever. Madame Karénin — " she began.

"What is it? I do not know."

"What, you have not heard?"

"You understand that I would be the last to hear it."

"Can there be a meaner creature than that Madame Kartásov?"

"But what has she done?"

"My husband has told me — She has insulted Anna Karénin. Her husband began to speak with her across the box, and his wife made a scene for him. I understand that she said something offensive in a loud voice and left the box."

"Count, your mamma is calling you," said Princess Sorókin, thrusting her head through the box door.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," his mother said to him, with a sarcastic smile. "You do not show yourself any more!"

Her son could see that she could not repress a smile of joy.

"Good evening, mamma! I was coming to see you," he said, coldly.

"Why don't you go to *faire la cour à Madame Karénine*?" she added, when young Princess Sorókin had moved away. "*Elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle.*"

"Mamma, I have asked you not to speak of it," he said, frowning.

"I am saying what everybody is talking about."

Vrónski made no reply, and having said a few words to Princess Sorókin, left the box. At the door he met his brother.

"Ah, Aleksyéy!" said his brother. "What baseness! An idiot, and nothing more — I wanted to go to her. Let us go together!"

Vrónski did not hear what he was saying. He went down-stairs with rapid steps; he felt that he had to do something, but did not know what. The indignation with her for having placed herself and him in such a false situation, together with pity for her sufferings, agitated him. He went down to the parterre and moved up straight to Anna's baignoire. At the box was standing Strémov, who was talking with her.

"There are no more tenors. *Le moule en est brisé.*"

Vrónski bowed to her and stopped, exchanging greetings with Strémov.

"I think you came late and did not hear the best aria," Anna said to Vrónski, looking sarcastically, as he thought, at him.

"I am a poor judge," he said, looking sternly at her.

"Like Prince Yáshvin," she said, smiling, "who finds that Patti sings too loud."

"Thank you," she said, taking into her small hand in the long glove the programme, which Vrónski had picked up. At that moment her beautiful face suddenly twitched. She got up and went to the back of the box.

Observing that during the next act her box was empty, Vrónski, provoking the hisses of the audience, which had grown quiet at the sounds of a cavatina, left the parterre and drove home.

Anna was already there. When Vrónski came to see her, she was still in the same attire in which she had been at the theatre. She was sitting on the first chair by the wall, and looking in front of her. She glanced at him and immediately assumed her former position.

"Anna," he said.

"You, you are to blame for everything!" she exclaimed, with tears of despair and malice in her voice, as she was getting up.

"I begged, I implored you not to go; I knew that it would be unpleasant for you —"

"Unpleasant!" she shouted. "Terrible! No matter how long I live, I shall not forget it. She said that it was disgraceful to sit beside me."

"The words of a foolish woman," he said, "but why risk and provoke —"

"I despise your calm. You must not bring me to that. If you loved me —"

"Anna, what has the question of my love to do with it?"

"Yes, if you loved me as I love you; if you suffered as I do —" she said, looking at him with an expression of fright.

He was sorry for her, and yet annoyed. He assured her of his love, because he saw that that alone would

quiet her now, and did not rebuke her with words, but in his soul he reproached her.

And those assurances of love, which to him appeared so trite that he was ashamed to utter them, she imbibed, and slowly calmed down. On the following day they were fully conciliated, and left for the country.

